

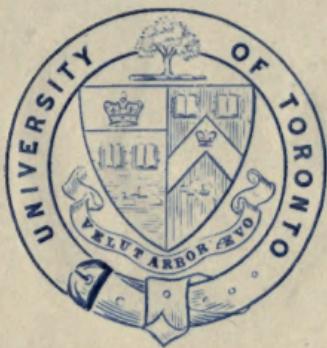
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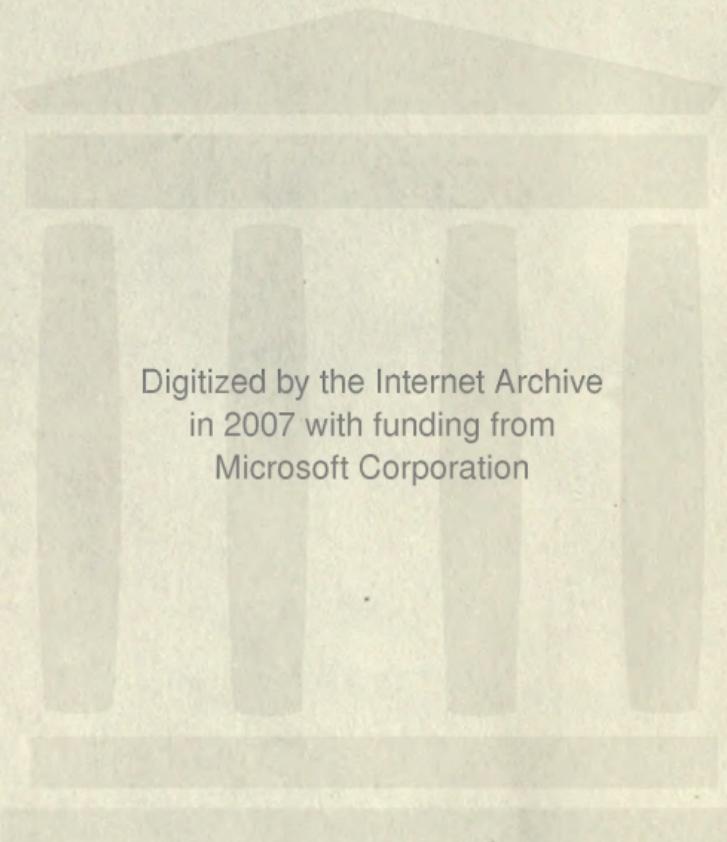
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POEMS FOR TRAVELLERS.

MARY R.J. DU BOIS.



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POEMS FOR TRAVELLERS

COMPILED BY

MARY R. J. DUBOIS



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1909

BOEK VAN DE TRAVAILLER



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TO MY BROTHER

Thanks are due to the following authors and publishers, who have given permission for the use of copyright poems in this book ; to Madame Belloc ("Bessie R. Parkes") for ten of her poems ; to Mr. W. H. Pollock for "*Heidelberg on the Terrace*" ; to Mr. P. E. Warburton for a sonnet by R. E. Egerton-Warburton ; to the Rev. W. Bainbridge-Bell for "*The Azure Grotto*" by Charles D. Bell ; to Messrs. Burns and Oates for several poems by Aubrey de Vere ; to Messrs. Sealy, Bryers and Walker, for the "*Adieu to Brittany*" by Sir Samuel Ferguson ; to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for the lines on Capri (from the "*Human Tragedy*") by Mr. Alfred Austin, and for "*Midnight at Geneva*" by F. T. Palgrave ; to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. for "*The Descent of the Rhone*" by Archbishop Trench ; to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for "*The Legends of the Rhine*" by Bret Harte ; to Mr. W. Heinemann, for two translations from Heine by C. G. Leland ; and to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. for Browning's "*Hervé Riel*."

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THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Byron.

FRANCE.

I.

Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean-waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
 Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
 Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
 Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
 And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
 Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
 And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,

Bear witness for me how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array,
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
 Had swollen the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves,
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
 But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

“And what,” I said, “though Blasphemy’s loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac’s dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The sun was rising, though ye hid his light!”
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
 When France her front deep-scarred and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
 When, insupportable advancing,

Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;

Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O, forgive those dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent,—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows

With bleeding wounds; forgive me that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!

To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built;

A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer,—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils,
Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind?
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,

Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!

O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;

But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee),

Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscurer slaves,
Thou speedst on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,

Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

ARGENTEUIL.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
 Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
 O, write it not my hand,—the name appears
 Already written,—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls, whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs and voluntary pains;
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grots and caverns, shagged with horrid thorn;
 Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep,—
 Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Alexander Pope.

ARLES.

To-day, fair Arles, a harvester thou seemest,
Who sleepest on thy threshing-floor, and dreamest
Of glories past; but a queen wert thou then,
And mother of so brave seafaring men,
The noisy winds themselves aye lost their way
In the great harbor where thy shipping lay.

Rome had arrayed thee in white marble newly,
As an imperial princess decked thee duly.
Thy brow a crown of stately columns wore;
The gates of thy arenas were sixscore;
Thou hadst thy theatre and hippodrome,
So to make mirth in thy resplendent home!

We pass within the gates. A crowd advances
Toward the theatre, with songs and dances.
We join them; and the eager thousands press
Through the cool colonnades of palaces;
As thou, mayhap, a mighty flood hast seen
Rush through a maple-shaded, deep ravine.

Arrived,—O, shame and sorrow!—we saw there
On the proscenium, with bosoms bare,
Young maidens waltzing to a languid lyre,
And high refrain sung by a shrill-voiced choir.
They in the mazes of their dance surrounded
A marble shape, whose name like “Venus” sounded.

The frenzied populace its clamor adds
Unto the cries of lasses and of lads,

Who shout their idol's praises o'er and o'er,—
"Hail to thee, Venus, of joy the bestower!
Hail to thee, Venus, goddess of all grace!
Mother of earth and of the Arlesian race!"

The statue, myrtle-crowned, with nostrils wide
And head high-borne, appears to swell with pride
Amid the incense-clouds; when suddenly,
In horror of so great audacity,
Leaps Trophimus amid the maddened wretches,
And o'er the bewildered throng his arms outstretches.

"People of Arles!" in mighty tones he cried,
"Hear me, even for the sake of Christ who died!"
No more. But, smitten by his shaggy frown,
The idol groaned and staggered, and fell down,
Headlong, from off its marble pedestal.
Fell, too, the awe-struck dancers, one and all.

Therewith went up, as 't were, a single howl;
Choked were the gateways with a rabble foul,
Who through all Arles spread terror and dismay,
So that patricians tore their crowns away;
And all the enraged youth closed round us there,
While flashed a thousand poniards in the air.

Yet they recoiled;—whether it were the sight
Of us, in our salt-crusted robes bedight;
Or Trophimus' calm brow which beamed on them,
As wreathed with a celestial diadem;
Or tear-veiled Magdalen, who stood between us,
How tenfold fairer than their sculptured Venus!

Frédéric Mistral. (Tr. Harriet W. Preston.)

ARRAS.

THE DUKE'S EXEQUY.

Clothed in sable, crowned with gold,
All his wars and councils ended,
Philip lay, surnamed The Bold :
Passing-bell his quittance tolled,
And the chant of priests ascended.

Mailéd knights and archers stand,
Thronging in the church of Arras ;
Nevermore at his command
Shall they scour the Netherland,
Nevermore the outlaws harass ;

Naught is left of his array
Save a barren territory ;
Forty years of generous sway
Sped his princely hordes away,
Bartered all his gold for glory.

Forth steps Flemish Margaret then,
Striding toward the silent ashes ;
And the eyes of arméd men
Fill with startled wonder, when
On the bier her girdle clashes !

Swift she drew it from her waist,
And the purse and keys it carried
On the ducal coffin placed ;
Then with proud demeanor faced
Sword and shield of him she married.

“No incumbrance of the dead
Must the living clog forever;
From thy debts and dues,” she said,
“From the liens of thy bed,
We this day our line dissever.

“From thy hand we gain release,
Know all present by this token!
Let the dead repose in peace,
Let the claims upon us cease,
When the ties that bound are broken.

“Philip, we have loved thee long,
But, in years of future splendor,
Burgundy shall count among
Bravest deeds of tale and song
This, our widowhood’s surrender.”

Back the stately duchess turned,
While the priests and friars chanted,
And the swinging incense burned:
Thus by feudal rite we earned
Greatness for a race undaunted.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

ARVE, THE RIVER.

Not from the sands or cloven rocks
Thou rapid Arve! thy waters flow;
Nor earth within its bosom locks
Thy dark, unfathomed wells below.

Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where the thunder and the blast,
And morning's earliest light are born,
Thou rushest swoln, and loud, and fast,
By these low homes, as if in scorn:
Yet humbler springs yield purer waves;
And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay! for here are flowers and trees;
Warm rays on cottage roofs are here,
And laugh of girls, and hum of bees,—
Here linger till thy waves are clear.
Thou heedest not, thou hastest on;
From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
It rests beneath Geneva's walls.

Rush on,—but were there one with me
That loved one, I would light my hearth
Here, where with God's own majesty
Are touched the features of the earth.
By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
Still rising as the tempests beat,
Here would I dwell, and sleep, at last,
Among the blossoms at their feet.

William Cullen Bryant.

AVIGNON.

The July day drew to a close, the fret of travel past,
The cool and moonlit courtyard of the inn was gained at last,
Where oleanders greeted us between their stately ranks,
As pink and proud as if they grew on native Indian banks;
Seen from our chamber-window's ledge they looked more
strangely fair,

Like blossomed baskets lightly poised upon the summer air.

When came the sultry morning sun, I did not care to go
On dusty roads, but stayed to see my oleanders glow
Within their shadowy oasis; the pilgrimage was long
To Petrarch's home, hot alien winds dried up his dewy song;
Though Laura's cheek, with centuries sweet, still blushes at his
call,

Her blush was not so bright as yours, my oleanders tall.

And fiercer grew the summer day, while in the court below
The white-capped peasant-women trim kept moving to and fro,
With little laughs and endless talks, whose murmur rose to me
Like the spring chats of careless birds from blossomed apple-
tree;

And, hearing it, I blessed the choice that held me there that
day,

With my stately oleanders keeping all the world at bay.

The masonry of Nismes was lost, but still I could not sigh,
For Roman work looks sad when we have bidden Rome
good by;
Prison and castle of the Pope stood close upon the hill,

But of castle and of prison my soul had had its fill—
I knew that blood-stains, old and dark, clung to the inner wall,
And blessed the lovely living bloom of oleanders tall.

Thou pleasant, pleasant courtyard, I make to thee a crown
Of gems, from Murray's casket, then shut the red lid down,
Contented if I still may keep, beneath a sky of blue,
The tender treasure of the day when first my spirit knew
Thy quiet and thy shadow and thy bird-like gossip, all
Enclosed within that sunset wreath of oleanders tall.

Maria Lowell.

BLOIS.

To M. BLANC, IN BLOIS.

Leave the château behind you, black and strong,
With blood upon its front and all along
The tower eight-sided, where are Gorgon heads
 Agape. Pass on, leave tower and town,
Climb the steep hill luxuriantly green,
On whose fresh summit one tall tree alone
Leans, as on shining helmet-top doth lean
A stately plume; a chestnut-tree that spreads
Its arms so far you see it as you come
Dreaming towards it from the antique city's gloom.
The plain below in a blue mist doth lie;
The town like a vast amphitheatre piled
Climbs to the church; the river many-isled
Moves with the sails whose noiseless white wings fly
On the soft wind, and far beyond, Chambord
 Shines with its hundred towers. Before

Your thoughts like birds light on the distant spires
And your keen glance admires,
Close at your feet look down upon
An old stone mansion roofed with slate, that white
And square stands at the green hill's base alone,
Holding itself aloof from stranger sight,
But mid the orchard's bloom expanding bright
With joyous freedom. 'T is my father's roof;
Hither he came after the wars to rest,
And many a time my verse has given proof
To you, dear friend, of how I loved him best,
As you, if you had known him, would have loved!
Think there in precious, thankful ecstasy,
Of all who love you,—mother, sister, proved
And kind; and there for love's sake say of me:
"For the dear friend I weep,
Who sees no more his father, fallen asleep;
Who has lost the sacred strength that did defend
With sure protection all his days,
The truest friend,
Best loved always!"

"No more august old age with glory crowned,
Nor beautiful white hair by sons caressed,
By little children loved. No trumpet sound
Of warlike stories! He doth calmly rest,
And the son mourns, of life's great pride bereft!"
To the true hearts that loved him naught remains
Of the stern veteran saved from bloody plains,
When war was weary, but an empty tomb
And this the orphaned home,
That white below the hill

Stands emptied of his love, although
 It wears a kindly air of welcome still,
 As a vase keepeth fast and sweet
 The odor of the perfumes gone from it.

Victor Hugo. (Tr. Cora Kennedy Aitken.)

BRITTANY.

ADIEU TO BRITTANY.

Rugged land of the granite and oak,
 I depart with a sigh from thy shore,
 And with kinsman's affection a blessing invoke
 On the maids and the men of Arvôr.

For the Irish and Breton are kin,
 Though the lights of antiquity pale
 In the point of the dawn where the partings begin
 Of the Bolg and the Kymro and Gael.

But, though dim in the distance of time
 Be the low-burning beacons of fame,
 Holy Nature attests us, in writing sublime
 On heart and on visage, the same.

In the dark-eye-lashed eye of blue-gray,
 In the open look, modest and kind,
 In the face's fine oval reflecting the play
 Of the sensitive, generous mind;

Till, as oft as by meadow and stream
 With thy Maries and Josephs I roam,
 In companionship gentle and friendly I seem,
 As with Patrick and Brigid at home.

Green, meadow-fresh, streamy-bright land!

Though greener meads, valleys as fair,
Be at home, yet the home-yearning heart will demand,
Are they blest as in Brittany there?

Demand not,—repining is vain;

Yet would God that even as thou
In thy homeliest homesteads, contented Bretagne,
Were the green isle my thoughts are with now!

But I call thee not golden! let gold

Deck the coronal troubadours twine,
Where the waves of the Loire and Garomna are rolled
Through the land of the white wheat and vine,

And the fire of the Frenchman goes up

To the quick-thoughted, dark-flashing eye;
While Glory and Change, quaffing Luxury's cup,
Challenge all things below and on high.

Leave to him—to the vehement man

Of the Loire, of the Seine, of the Rhone—
In the Idea's high pathways to march in the van,
To o'erthrow, and set up the o'erthrown;

Be it thine in the broad beaten ways

That the world's simple seniors have trod,
To walk with soft steps, living peaceable days,
And on earth not forgetful of God.

Nor repine that thy lot has been cast

With the things of the old time before,
For to thee are committed the keys of the past,
O gray monumental Arvôr.

Yes, land of the great Standing Stones,
It is thine at thy feet to survey,
From thy earlier shepherd-kings' sepulchre-thrones,
The giant, far stretching array;

Where, abroad o'er the gorse-covered land,
Where, along by the slow-breaking wave,
The hoary, inscrutable sentinels stand
In their night-watch by History's grave.

Preserve them, nor fear for thy charge;
From the prime of the morning they sprung,
When the works of young Mankind were lasting and large,
As the will they embodied was young.

I have stood on Old Sarum; the sun,
With a pensive regard from the west,
Lit the beech-tops low down in the ditch of the Dun,
Lit the service-trees high on its crest:

But the walls of the Roman were shrunk
Into morsels of ruin around,
And palace of monarch and minster of monk
Were effaced from the grassy-fosSED ground.

Like bubbles in ocean, they melt,
O Wilts, on thy long-rolling plain,
And at last but the works of the hand of the Celt
And the sweet hand of Nature remain.

Even so: though, portentous and strange,
With a rumor of troublesome sounds,
On his iron way gliding, the Angel of Change
Spread his dusky wings wide o'er thy bounds,

He will pass; there'll be grass on his track,
And the pick of the miner in vain
Shall search the dark void; while the stones of Carnac
And the word of the Breton remain.

Farewell; up the waves of the Rance,
See, we stream back our pennon of smoke;
Farewell, russet skirt of the fine robe of France,
Rugged land of the granite and oak!

Samuel Ferguson.

CALAIS.

[Composed by the Seaside, near Calais, August, 1802.]

Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my country,—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here:

W. Wordsworth.

CALAIS SANDS.

A thousand knights have reined their steeds
To watch this line of sand-hills run,
Along the never silent Strait,
To Calais glittering in the sun;

To look toward Ardres' golden field
Across this wide aerial plain,
Which glows as if the Middle Age
Were gorgeous upon earth again.

O that, to share this famous scene,
I saw, upon the open sand,
Thy lovely presence at my side,
Thy shawl, thy look, thy smile, thy hand!

How exquisite thy voice would come,
My darling, on this lonely air!
How sweetly would the fresh sea-breeze
Shake loose some lock of soft brown hair!

But now my glance but once hath roved
O'er Calais and its famous plain;
To England's cliffs my gaze is turned,
O'er the blue Strait mine eyes I strain.

Thou comest! Yes, the vessel's cloud
Hangs dark upon the rolling sea!
O that yon sea-bird's wings were mine,
To win one instant's glimpse of thee!

I must not spring to grasp thy hand,
To woo thy smile, to seek thine eye;

But I may stand far off, and gaze,
And watch thee pass unconscious by,
And spell thy looks, and guess thy thoughts,
Mixed with the idlers on the pier.—
Ah, might I always rest unseen,
So I might have thee always near!
To-morrow hurry through the fields
Of Flanders to the storied Rhine!
To-night those soft-fringed eyes shall close
Beneath one roof, my queen! with mine.

Matthew Arnold.

CANNES.

RACHEL.

Unto a lonely villa, in a dell
Above the fragrant, warm Provençal shore,
The dying Rachel in a chair they bore
Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the Estrelle,
And laid her in a stately room, where fell
The shadow of a marble Muse of yore,—
The rose-crowned queen of legendary lore,
Polymnia,—full on her death-bed. 'T was well!
The fret and misery of our northern towns,
In this, her life's last day, our poor, our pain,
Our jangle of false wits, our climate's frowns,
Do for this radiant Greek-souled artist cease;
Sole object of her dying eyes remain
The beauty and the glorious art of Greece.

Matthew Arnold.

NEAR CANNES.

Here little birds fly low and fold
Their wings to stillness in the shade
Of lines of willow-trees, that hold
Sweet secrets in them unbetrayed;

Though sometimes in a dream of sound,
Half music and half sun, we hear
Ripples of water touch the ground,
And smell the lilies bending near.

Upon the fields the wanton sun
Lies with his yellow locks between
The poppy blooms that one by one
Steal blushing to him through the green.

And tenderest forget-me-nots
That e'er a lover honored yet
With glance made sweet by sweetest thoughts
Are softly in the grasses set.

And yonder by the gleaming road
Whose white feet pass the meadows by,
Mute in an awe-struck dream of God,
The poplars look up to the sky.

Cora Kennedy Aitken.

CARCASSONNE.

“How old I am! I’m eighty years!
I’ve worked both hard and long,
Yet patient as my life has been,

One dearest sight I have not seen,—
It almost seems a wrong;
A dream I had when life was new.
Alas, our dreams! they come not true:
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,—
That lovely city,—Carcassonne!

“One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue,
Fain would I walk five weary leagues,—
I do not mind the road’s fatigues,—
Through morn and evening’s dew.
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes,—that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne.

“They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The Bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds.
Alas! I know not Carcassonne,—
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

“Our Vicar’s right! he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, ‘O guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart

Against Ambition's snare!
 Perhaps in autumn I can find
 Two sunny days with gentle wind,
 I then could go to Carcassonne!
 I still could go to Carcassonne!

"My God and Father! pardon me
 If this my wish offends!
 One sees some hope, more high than he,
 In age, as in his infancy,
 To which his heart ascends!
 My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
 My grandson went to Perpignan;
 But I have not seen Carcassonne,—
 But I have not seen Carcassonne."

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
 Half dreaming in his chair;
 I said, "My friend, come go with me
 To-morrow; then thine eyes shall see
 Those streets that seem so fair."
 That night there came for passing soul
 The church-bells' low and solemn toll.
 He never saw gay Carcassonne.
 Who has not known a Carcassonne?

Gustave Nadaud. (Tr. M. E. W. Sherwood.)

CARNAC.

Far on its rocky knoll descried
 Saint Michael's chapel cuts the sky.
 I climbed;—beneath me, bright and wide,
 Lay the lone coast of Brittany.

Bright in the sunset, weird and still,
It lay beside the Atlantic wave,
As if the wizard Merlin's will
Yet charmed it from his forest grave.

Behind me on their grassy sweep,
Bearded with lichen, scrawled and gray,
The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
In the mild evening of the May.

No priestly stern procession now
Streams through their rows of pillars old;
No victims bleed, no Druids bow;
Sheep make the furze-grown aisles their fold.

From bush to bush the cuckoo flies,
The orchis red gleams everywhere;
Gold broom with furze in blossom vies,
The bluebells perfume all the air.

And o'er the glistening, lonely land
Rise up, all round, the Christian spires.
The church of Carnac, by the strand,
Catches the westering sun's last fires.

And there across the watery way,
See, low above the tide at flood,
The sickle-sweep of Quiberon bay
Whose beach once ran with loyal blood!

And beyond that, the Atlantic wide!—
All round, no soul, no boat, no hail!
But, on the horizon's verge descried,
Hangs, touched with light, one snowy sail!

Ah, where is he, who should have come
 Where that far sail is passing now,
 Past the Loire's mouth, and by the foam
 Of Finistere's unquiet brow,

Home, round into the English wave?—
 He tarries where the Rock of Spain
 Mediterranean waters lave;
 He enters not the Atlantic main.

O, could he once have reached this air
 Freshened by plunging tides, by showers!
 Have felt this breath he loved, of fair
 Cool Northern fields and grass and flowers!

He longed for it—pressed on!—In vain.
 At the Straits failed that spirit brave.
 The South was parent of his pain,
 The South is mistress of his grave.

Matthew Arnold.

CAUDEBEC.

When life is crazy in my limbs,
 And hope is gone astray,
 And in my soul's December fade
 The love-thoughts of its May,
 One spot of earth is left to me
 Will warm my heart again:
 'Tis Caudebec and Mailleraie
 On the pleasant banks of Seine.

The dark wood's coronal on the hill,
The river curving bright,
The graceful barks that rest or play,
Pure creatures of delight,—
O, these are shows by nature given
To warm old hearts again,
At Caudebec and Maillerai
On the pleasant banks of Seine.

The Tuscan's land, I loved it well,
And the Switzer's clime of snow,
And many a bliss me there befell
I nevermore can know:
But for quiet joy of nature's own
To warm the heart again,
Give me Caudebec and Maillerai
On the pleasant banks of Seine.

Arthur Henry Hallam.

CAUTERETZ.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walked to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

CETTE.

A SOUTHERN NIGHT.

The sandy spits, the shore-locked lakes,
Melt into open, moonlit sea;
The soft Mediterranean breaks
At my feet, free.

Dotting the fields of corn and vine,
Like ghosts and huge, gnarled olives stand;
Behind, that lovely mountain-line!
While by the strand

Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright
Far in the bay.

Ah, such a night, so soft, so lone,
So moonlit, saw me once of yore
Wander unquiet, and my own
Vext heart deplore!

But now that trouble is forgot;
Thy memory, thy pain, to-night,
My brother! and thine early lot,
Possess me quite.

The murmur of this Midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave
There where Gibraltar's cannoned steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

For there, with bodily anguish keen,
 With Indian heats at last fordone,
 With public toil and private teen,
 Thou sank'st, alone.

Slow to a stop, at morning gray,
 I see the smoke-crowned vessel come;
 Slow round her paddles dies away
 The seething foam.

A boat is lowered from her side;
 Ah, gently place him on the bench!
 That spirit—if all have not yet died—
 A breath might quench.

Is this the eye, the footstep fast,
 The mien of youth we used to see,
 Poor gallant boy!—for such thou wast,
 Still art to me.

The limbs their wonted tasks refuse,
 The eyes are glazed, thou canst not speak;
 And whiter than thy white burnous
 That wasted cheek!

Enough! The boat, with quiet shock,
 Unto its haven coming nigh,
 Touches, and on Gibraltar's rock
 Lands thee, to die.

* * * *

Matthew Arnold.

CHAMOUNY.

That very day,
 From a bare ridge, we also first beheld
 Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved
 To have a soulless image on the eye
 That had usurped upon a living thought
 That nevermore could be. The wondrous Vale
 Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon,
 With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
 A motionless array of mighty waves,
 Five rivers broad and vast, made rich amends,
 And reconciled us to realities;
 There small birds warble from the leafy trees,
 The eagle soars high in the element;
 There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,
 The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,
 While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,
 Descending from the mountain to make sport
 Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

William Wordsworth.

CHAMOUNY.

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
 Till the dilating soul, enwrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing, there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
 O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink;
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald,—wake, O, wake, and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

* * * * *

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

CLERMONT.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

Amid the throng the Hermit stood; so wan,
Careworn, and travel-soiled; with genius high
Throned on his brow, shrined in his spiritual eye.
The Hermit spake, and through the council ran
A tremor, not of fear; as in the van,
Chafing before embattled chivalry,
A proud steed listens for the clarion's cry,
So sprang they to their feet: and every man,
Pontiff and prince, prelate and peer, caught up
Their swords, and kissed the crosiered hilts, and swore,
As though their lips the sacramental cup
Had touched, Christ's sepulchre to free! The shore
Of Asia heard that sound, in thunder hurled,—

“Deus id vult,”—from Clermont through the world!

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

THE CASTLE OF CLISSON.

Clisson! thy towers, thy depth of sunless caves,
Thy humid corridors that smother sound,
And thy gapped windows whence the violet waves
A sweet farewell to Legend lingering round,
And mingling whispers echoed from afar,
Invite and chain my steps here where thy mysteries are.

The clang of steel smiting thy solid stones
Goes with me as I wind within thy towers;
Thy oubliettes unseal their ancient groans,

And fright the swallows from their airy bowers;
Silks rustle, and the gray of œillets old
Gleams with gemmed arms across the arras fold.

All this is Legend's and fond Fancy's work,
They give a tongue to every silent block;
For, like to Memnon, now no voices lurk,
The sun of Chivalry set, in the dumb rock.
In moody sadness frowns the sequestered pile,
Where only wild flowers live, and scarcely sunbeams smile.

Below thy festering feet the undaunted wave
Whirls with a song past roofs no more profaned,
And the wood-dove rebuilds above the grave
Of other doves in what from spoils reclaimed,
Of that sweet grove where Eloisa's woes
Sighed to the quivering leaves from yon dark cave's repose.

Here her strong spirit felt how vain the lore,
Heaped from all Eld, to dam pale passion's course,
Wish chasing wish more burning than before,
And her heart emptied to its inmost source,
To madden with new waters and swift growing
Of Love's wild passion-flower beside its flowing.

Thy cavern-like yon murderous tower is still,
It throbs no more with fiery sighs like thine;
The lizard glances past its portals chill,
And withered vine-leaves over it entwine;
The paths around are choked, and bear no more
Feet chased by passionate breath along that glowing shore.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

CLISSON.

It was a dark autumnal day
When first to Clisson I would stray ;
The groves were clad in brown and green,
To suit the interval between
The parting friend and coming foe
So sure to lay their beauties low.
Thick hedge-rows, groves, and small rich fields,
The region that surrounds it yields ;
Methought I spied at each brake pass
The peasants risen in a mass,
Intrenched within the pathless wood,
Where hostile legions were withstood
By rustics all like heroes now,
With sacred cause and holy vow.

But changed abruptly all I found,
Descending o'er a rugged ground ;
Until I reached a deep ravine,
The Sèvre winding on between ;
When suddenly there raised its head,
All spectral-like, quite causing dread,
The vast huge pile, so dark and hoary,
Whose checkered fame aye lives in story,
While stretched along and at its feet
I saw the village winding street
Far scattered up and down, and strange ;
Just such as on some Alpine range
Will lead you to the welcome spot
Where soon fatigues are all forgot.

Long grass-grown steps cut o'er the rock
Which shelves down in a mighty block
Conduct you to the portals grand
Which green with ivy proudly stand.
There now, within these crumbling walls,
Lives recent Fame that pity calls,
When standing o'er that fatal well
Down whose dark depths the victims fell,
Who fought to stay an impious hand
And cruel despots to withstand.
Then on I strayed through towers vast
That now stand open to the blast,
All roofless, split on every side,
Where owls and bats can well abide,
Such canopies of creeping flowers
Combine with walls to make their bowers,
Through courts where huge trees cast a shade
As in some haunted forest glade,
Through many a grim, spacious room
Where all is desolation, gloom;
Each window still with iron barred,
As suiting manners stern and hard,
If possible, more dreary still,
From such left traces of the skill
Which fashioned all things that you see,
If not for pain, with mystery.

Kenelm Henry Digby.

CORSICA.

How raptured fancy burns, while warm in thought
I trace the pictured landscape; while I kiss
With pilgrim lips devout the sacred soil
Stained with the blood of heroes. Cyrnus, hail!
Hail to thy rocky, deep indented shores,
And pointed cliffs, which hear the chafing deep
Incessant foaming round thy shaggy sides.
Hail to thy winding bays, thy sheltering ports,
And ample harbors, which inviting stretch
Their hospitable arms to every sail:
Thy numerous streams, that bursting from the cliffs
Down the steep channelled rock impetuous pour
With grateful murmur: on the fearful edge
Of the rude precipice, thy hamlets brown
And straw-roofed cots, which from the level vale
Scarce seen, amongst the craggy hanging cliffs
Seem like an eagle's nest aerial built.
Thy swelling mountains, brown with solemn shade
Of various trees, that wave their giant arms
O'er the rough sons of freedom; lofty pines,
And hardy fir, and ilex ever green,
And spreading chestnut, with each humbler plant,
And shrub of fragrant leaf, that clothes their sides
With living verdure; whence the clustering bee
Extracts her golden dews: the shining box
And sweet-leaved myrtle, aromatic thyme,
The prickly juniper, and the green leaf
Which feeds the spinning worm; while glowing bright
Beneath the various foliage, wildly spreads

The arbutus, and rears his scarlet fruit
Luxuriant, mantling o'er the craggy steeps;
And thy own native laurel crowns the scene.
Hail to thy savage forests, awful, deep;
Thy tangled thickets, and thy crowded woods,
The haunt of herds untamed; which sullen bound
From rock to rock with fierce, unsocial air,
And wilder gaze, as conscious of the power
That loves to reign amid the lonely scenes
Of unquelled nature: precipices huge,
And tumbling torrents; trackless deserts, plains
Fenced in with guardian rocks, whose quarries teem
With shining steel, that to the cultured fields
And sunny hills which wave with bearded grain,
Defends their homely produce. Liberty,
The mountain goddess, loves to range at large
Amid such scenes, and on the iron soil
Prints her majestic step. For these she scorns
The green enamelled vales, the velvet lap
Of smooth savannahs, where the pillow'd head
Of luxury reposes; balmy gales,
And bowers that breathe of bliss. For these, when first
This isle emerging like a beauteous gem
From the dark bosom of the Tyrrhene main,
Reared its fair front, she marked it for her own,
And with her spirit warmed. Her genuine sons,
A broken remnant, from the generous stock
Of ancient Greece, from Sparta's sad remains,
True to their high descent, preserved unquenched
The sacred fire through many a barbarous age:
Whom nor the iron rod of cruel Carthage,

Nor the dread sceptre of imperial Rome,
 Nor bloody Goth, nor grisly Saracen,
 Nor the long galling yoke of proud Liguria,
 Could crush into subjection. Still unquelled
 They rose superior, bursting from their chains,
 And claimed man's dearest birthright, liberty :
 And long, through many a hard unequal strife,
 Maintained the glorious conflict; long withstood,
 With single arm, the whole collected force
 Of haughty Genoa and ambitious Gaul.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

CRESSY. (CRECY.)

THE BALLAD OF CRECY.

What man-at-arms, or knight
 Of doughty deeds in fight,—
 What king whose dauntless might
 Still lives in story,
 Deserves such fame as one
 Who, when his sight was gone,
 Fought till he fell,—King John,
 Bohemia's glory?

That fatal August day
 The French and English lay
 Drawn up in dread array,
 With bows and lances,
 Determined then to try
 Which host could bravest die,
 Which host would soonest fly,—
 England's or France's.

The morning light revealed,
On Crécy's famous field,
Armed with his spear and shield,
 This fearless foeman,
Who, with his old blind eyes,
Will for his French allies
Do battle till he dies,—
 And fly from no man!

His bridle-rein he tied
To a good knight's at his side,
Among the French to ride,
 That saw astounded
Who with their foremost prest,
His shield before his breast,
His long spear set in rest,—
 The trumpet sounded!

Full tilt against their foes,
Where thickest fell the blows,
And war-cries mingling rose,
 “St. George!” “St. Denys!”
Driven by the trumpet's blare
Where most the English dare,
And where the French despair,—
 He there and then is!

Up, down, he rode, and thrust;
Unhorsed, knights rolled in dust;
Whom he encounters must
 Go down or fly him;

All round the bloody field
Spears rattle on his shield,
But none can make him yield;
Few venture nigh him.

Here, there, he rides until
His horse perforce stands still:
He spurs it, but it will
 No longer mind him;
It cannot stir for fright,
So desperate now the fight,
Death on the left, the right,
 Before, behind him!

But this, so blind was he,
The old king could not see;
An he had seen, pardie!
 His soul delighting
Had faster rained down blows
Upon his puny foes,
And in the dark death-throes
 Had gone out fighting!

When the last rout was done,
And when the English won,
They found the brave King John,
 Who fought so lately,
Stone dead,—his old blind eyes
Uplooking to the skies,
As he again would rise
 And battle greatly!

They bore him to his rest,
 His shield upon his breast,
 Where blazoned was his crest,—
 Three ostrich feathers;
 Under, in gold, was seen
 The royal words, "Ich Dien,"
 Which most kings now think mean,—
 Save in foul weathers!

Not so the Black Prince thought,
 Who then at Crécy fought,
 And old John's valor caught,
 And was victorious.
 "Who serve like him," quoth he,
 "Commend themselves to me;
 Such royal servants be
 Forever glorious."

Richard Henry Stoddard.

DOMREMY.

JOAN OF ARC.

Amid these wilds
 Often to summer pasture have I driven
 The flock; and well I know these woodland wilds,
 And every bosomed vale and valley stream
 Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
 Beside yon valley stream, that up the ascent
 Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and watched
 The beck roll glittering to the noontide sun,
 And listened to its ceaseless murmuring,

Till all was hushed and tranquil in my soul,
 Filled with a strange and undefined delight
 That passed across the mind like summer clouds
 Over the vale at eve; their fleeting hues
 The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
 Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
 How beautiful.

In solitude and peace

Here I grew up, amid the loveliest scenes
 Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
 As the white mists of morning rolled away,
 To see the upland's wooded heights appear
 Dark in the early dawn, and mark the slope
 With gorse-flowers glowing, as the sun illumed
 Their golden glory with his deepening light;
 Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
 To lay me down, and watch the floating clouds,
 And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
 Their ever-varying forms; and O, how sweet!
 To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
 And hasten to our little hut, and hear
 The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

Robert Southey.

JOAN OF ARC.

At thee the mocker sneers in cold derision,
 Through thee he seeks to desecrate and dim
 Glory for which he hath no soul or vision,
 For "God" and "Angel" are but sounds with him.
 He makes the jewels of the heart his booty,
 And scoffs at man's belief and woman's beauty.

Yet thou—a lowly shepherdess!—descended
 Not from a kingly but a godly race,
 Art crowned by Poesy! Amid the splendid
 Of heaven's high stars she builds thy dwelling-place,
 Garlands thy temples with a wreath of glory,
 And swathes thy memory in eternal story.

The base of this weak world exult at seeing
 The fair defaced, the lofty in the dust;
 Yet grieve not! There are godlike hearts in being
 Which worship still the beautiful and just.
 Let Momus and his mummers please the crowd,
 Of nobleness alone a noble mind is proud.

Friedrich Schiller. (Tr. James Clarence Mangan.)

ERMENONVILLE.

FOR THE CENOTAPH AT ERMENONVILLE.

Stranger! the man of nature lies not here:
 Enshrined far distant by the scoffer's side
 His relics rest, there by the giddy throng
 With blind idolatry alike revered.
 Wiselier directed have thy pilgrim feet
 Explored the scenes of Ermenonville. Rousseau
 Loved these calm haunts of solitude and peace;
 Here he has heard the murmurs of the lake,
 And the soft rustling of the poplar grove,
 When o'er its bending boughs the passing wind
 Swept a gray shade. Here, if thy breast be full,
 If in thine eye the tear devout should gush,
 His spirit shall behold thee, to thine home
 From hence returning, purified of heart.

Robert Southey.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

The lights and shadows of long ago
In the grand old Forest of Fontainebleau
Go with me still wherever I go.

I range my pictures around my room,
Won from the forest's light and gloom;
Not yet shall they sink to an auction's doom.

They wake me again to the painter's moods;
They take me back to the wonderful woods,
The wild, dream-haunted solitudes.

They come as Memory waves her wand;
And I think of the days when with busy hand
I painted alone in the forest grand.

I see the old gnarled oak-trees spread
Their boughs and foliage over my head.
About the mossy rocks I tread.

Under the beeches of Fontainebleau,
In the green dim dells of the Bas-Bréau,
Mid ferns and laurel-tufts I go;

Or up on the hills, while the woods beneath
Circle me round like a giant-wreath,
Plunge knee-deep in the purple heath;

Then down to a patch of furzy sand,
Where the white umbrella and easel stand,
And the rocks lie picturesque and grand.

The mellow autumn with fold on fold
Has dressed the woods with a bronzy gold,
And scarlet scarfs of a wealth untold.

The tall gray spotted beeches rise
And seem to touch the unclouded skies,
And round their tops with clamorous cries

The rooks are wheeling to and fro;
And down on the brown leaf-matting below
The lights and the shadows come and go.

O calm, deep days, when labor moved
With wings of joy to the tasks beloved,
And art its own best guerdon proved!

For such it was, when long ago
I sat in my leafy studio
In the dear old Forest of Fontainebleau.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

HARFLEUR.

HENRY THE FIFTH BEFORE HARFLEUR.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

William Shakespeare.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

[Henry IV, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant
land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

O, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land!

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"

"And if our standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain.
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
O, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright!

Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night!

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

LA GARAYE.

Ruins! A charm is in the word:
It makes us smile, it makes us sigh,
'T is like the note of some spring bird
Recalling other springs gone by,
And other wood-notes which we heard
With some sweet face in some green lane,
And never can so hear again!

Ruins! They were not desolate
To us,—the ruins we remember:
Early we came and lingered late,
Through bright July or rich September;
With young companions wild with glee,
We feasted 'neath some spreading tree,
And looked into their laughing eyes,
And mocked the echo for replies.
O eyes and smiles and days of yore,
Can nothing your delight restore?
Return!

Return? In vain we listen;
Those voices have been lost to earth!
Our hearts may throb, our eyes may glisten,
They'll call no more in love or mirth.
For, like a child sent out to play,
Our youth hath had its holiday,
And silence deepens where we stand
Lone as in some foreign land,
Where our language is not spoken,
And none know our hearts are broken.

Ruins! How we loved them then!
How we loved the haunted glen
Which gray towers overlook,
Mirrored in the glassy brook.
How we dreamed, and how we guessed,
Looking up, with earnest glances,
Where the black crow built its nest,
And we built our wild romances;
Tracing in the crumbled dwelling
Bygone tales of no one's telling!

This was the chapel; that the stair;
Here, where all lies damp and bare,
The fragrant thurible was swung,
The silver lamp in beauty hung,
And in that mass of ivied shade
The pale nuns sang, the abbot prayed.

This was the kitchen. Cold and blank
The huge hearth yawns; and wide and high
The chimney shows the open sky;
There daylight peeps through many a crank
Where birds immuned, find shelter dank,
And where the moonlight shineth through,
Echoes the wild tu-whit to-whoo
Of mournful owls, whose languid flight
Scarce stirs the silence of the night.

This is the courtyard, damp and drear!
The men-at-arms were mustered here:

Here would the fretted war-horse bound,
Starting to hear the trumpet sound;
And captains, then of warlike fame,
Clanked and glittered as they came.
Forgotten names! forgotten wars!
Forgotten gallantry and scars!
How is your little busy day
Perished and crushed and swept away!

Here is the lady's chamber, whence
With looks of lovely innocence
Some heroine our fancy dresses
In golden locks or raven tresses,
And pearl-embroidered silks and stuffs,
And quaintly quilted sleeves and ruffs,
Looked forth to see retainers go,
Or trembled at the assaulting foe.

This was the dungeon; deep and dark!
Where the starved prisoner moaned in vain
Until death left him, stiff and stark,
Unconscious of the galling chain
By which the thin bleached bones were bound
When chance revealed them under ground.

O Time, O ever-conquering Time!
These men had once their prime:
But now succeeding generations hear
Beneath the shadow of each crumbling arch
The music low and drear,

The muffled music of thy onward march,
Made up of piping winds and rustling leaves
And plashing rain-drops falling from slant eaves,
And all mysterious unconnected sounds
With which the place abounds.

Time doth efface
Each day some lingering trace
Of human government and human care:
The things of air
And earth usurp the walls to be their own;
Creatures that dwell alone,
Occupy boldly; every mouldering nook
Wherein we peer and look
Seems with wild denizens so swarming rife,
We know the healthy stir of human life
Must be forever gone!

The walls where hung the warriors shining casques
Are green with moss and mould;
The blindworm coils where queens have slept, nor asks
For shelter from the cold.

The swallow,—he is master all the day,
And the great owl is ruler through the night;
The little bat wheels on his circling way
With restless flittering flight;
And that small black bat, and the creeping things,
At will they come and go,
And the soft white owl with velvet wings
And a shriek of human woe!
The brambles let no footstep pass
By that rent in the broken stair,

Where the pale tufts of the windle-stræ grass
Hang like locks of dry dead hair;
But there the keen wind ever sweeps and moans,
Working a passage through the mouldering stones.

O Time, O conquering Time!
I know that wild wind's chime
Which, like a passing bell
Or distant knell,
Speaks to man's heart of death and of decay;
While thy step passes o'er the necks of kings
And over common things,—
And into earth's green orchards making way,
Halts, where the fruits of human hope abound,
And shakes their trembling ripeness to the ground.
But hark, a sudden shout
Of laughter! and a nimble giddy rout,
Who know not yet what saddened hours may mean,
Come dancing through the scene!

Ruins! ruins! let us roam
Through what was a human home,
What care we
How deep its depths of darkness be?
Follow! Follow!
Down the hollow
Through the bramble-fencing thorns
Where the white snail hides her horns;
Leap across the dreadful gap

To that corner's mossy lap,—
Do, and dare!
Clamber up the crumbling stair;
Trip along the narrow wall,
Where the sudden rattling fall
Of loosened stones, on winter nights,
In his dreams the peasant frights;
And push them, till their rolling sound,
Dull and heavy, beat the ground.

Now a song, high up and clear,
Like a lark's enchanting the ear;
Or some happy face looks down,
Looking, O, so fresh and fair,
Wearing youth's most glorious crown,
One rich braid of golden hair:
Or two hearts that wildly beat,
And two pair of eager feet,
Linger in the turret's bend,
As they side by side ascend,
For the momentary bliss
Of a lover's stolen kiss;
And emerge into the shining
Of that summer day's declining,
Disengaging clasping hands
As they meet their comrade bands;
With the smile that lately hovered
(Making lips and eyes so bright),
And the blush which darkness covered
Mantling still in rosy light!

Ruins! O, ye have your charm;
Death is cold, but life is warm;
And the fervent days we knew
Ere our hopes grew faint and few,
Claim even now a happy sigh,
Thinking of those hours gone by:
Of the wooing long since passed,—
Of the love that still shall last,—
Of the wooing and the winning;
Brightest end to bright beginning;
When the feet we sought to guide
Tripped so lightly by our side,
That, as swift they made their way
Through the path and tangled brake,
Safely we could swear and say
We loved all ruins for their sake!
Gentle hearts, one ruin more
From amongst so many score,—
One, from out a host of names,
To your notice puts forth claims,
Come! with me make holiday,
In the woods of La Garaye,
Sit within those tangled bowers,
Where fleet by the silent hours,
Only broken by a song
From the chirping woodland throng.
Listen to the tale I tell;
Grave the story is, not sad;
And the peasant plodding by
Greets the place with kindly eye
For the inmates that it had!

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LA QUENILLE.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

I waited at La Quenille, ten miles or more
 From the old Roman sources of Mont Dore;
 Travellers to Tulle this way are forced to go,
 An old high-road from Lyons to Bordeaux.
 From Tulle to Brives the swift Corrèze descends,
 At Brives you've railway, and your trouble ends.
 A little bourg La Quenille: and from the height
 The mountains of Auvergne are all in sight,—
 Green pastoral heights, that once in lava flowed,
 Of primal fire the product and abode,—
 And all the plateaus, and the lines that trace
 Where in deep dells the waters find their place.
 Far to the south, above the lofty plain,
 The Plomb de Cantal lifts his towering train.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

MARSEILLES.

Thou fair Marseilles, who openest on the sea
 Thy haughty eyes and gazest languidly,
 As though naught else were worthy to behold,
 And, though the winds rage, dreamest but of gold,
 When Lazarus preached to thee, thou didst begin
 Those eyes to close, and see the night within,
 And to the fountain of L'Huveaune speeding,
 The source whereof Magdalene's tears were feeding,
 Didst wash thy sins away; and in this hour
 Art proud once more; but other storms may lower.
 Forget not, then, amid thy revelries,
 Whose tears they are that bathe thine olive trees!

Frédéric Mistral. (Tr. Harriet W. Preston.)

MARMOUTIER.

THE MONK OF MARMOUTIER.

There is a convent on the Alban hill,
Round whose stone roots the gnarled olives grow;
Above are murmurs of the mountain rill,
And all the broad campagna lies below;
Where faint gray buildings and a shadowy dome
Suggest the splendor of eternal Rome.

Hundreds of years ago these convent walls
Were reared by masons of the Gothic age:
The date is carved upon the lofty halls,
The story written on the illumined page.
What pains they took to make it strong and fair
The tall bell-tower and sculptured porch declare.

When all the stones were placed, the windows stained,
And the tall bell-tower finished to the crown,
One only want in this fair pile remained,
Whereat a cunning workman of the town
(The little town upon the Alban hill)
Toiled day and night his purpose to fulfil.

Seven bells he made, of very rare device,
With graven lilies twisted up and down;
Seven bells proportionate in differing size,
And full of melody from rim to crown;
So that when shaken by the wind alone
They murmured with a soft Aeolian tone.

These being placed within the great bell-tower,
And duly rung by pious skilful hand,
Marked the due prayers of each recurring hour,
And sweetly mixed persuasion with command.
Through the gnarled olive-trees the music wound,
And miles of broad campagna heard the sound.

And then the cunning workman put aside
His forge, his hammer, and the tools he used
To chase those lilies; his keen furnace died;
And all who asked for bells were hence refused.
With these his best his last were also wrought,
And refuge in the convent walls he sought.

There did he live, and there he hoped to die,
Hearing the wind among the cypress-trees
Hint unimagined music, and the sky
Throb full of chimes borne downwards by the breeze;
Whose undulations sweeping through the air
His art might claim as an embodied prayer.

But those were stormy days in Italy;
Down came the spoiler from the uneasy North,
Swept the campagna to the bounding sea,
Sacked pious homes and drove the inmates forth;
Whether a Norman or a German foe
History is silent, and we do not know.

Brothers in faith were they; yet did not deem
The sacred precincts barred destroying hand.

Through those rich windows poured the whitened beam,
Forlorn the church and ruined altar stand.
As the sad monks went forth, that selfsame hour
Saw empty silence in the great bell-tower.

The outcast brethren scattered far and wide;
Some by the Danube rested, some in Spain:
On the green Loire the aged abbot died,
By whose loved feet one brother did remain,
Faithful in all his wanderings: it was he
Who cast and chased those bells in Italy.

He, dwelling at Marmoutier, by the tomb
Of his dear father, where the shining Loire
Flows down from Tours amidst the purple bloom
Of meadow-flowers, some years of patience saw.
Those fringed isles (where poplars tremble still)
Swayed like the olives of the Alban hill.

The man was old, and reverend in his age;
And the "Great Monastery" held him dear.
Stalwart and stern, as some old Roman sage
Subdued to Christ, he lived from year to year,
Till his beard silvered, and the fiery glow
Of his dark eyc was overhung with snow.

And being trusted, as of prudent way,
They chose him for a message of import,
Which the "Great Monastery" would convey
To a good patron in an Irish court;
Who by the Shannon sought the means to found
St. Martin's offshoot on that distant ground.

The old Italian took his staff in hand,
And journeyed slowly from the green Touraine,
Over the heather and salt-shining sand,
Until he saw the leaping-crested main,
Which, dashing round the Cape of Britanny,
Sweeps to the confines of the Irish Sea.

There he took ship, and thence with laboring sail
He crossed the waters, till a faint gray line
Rose in the Northern sky; so faint, so pale.—
Only the heart that loves her would divine,
In her dim welcome, all that fancy paints
Of the green glory of the Isle of Saints.

Through the low banks, where Shannon meets the sea,
Up the broad waters of the River King
(Then populous with a nation), journeyed he,
Through that old Ireland which her poets sing;
And the white vessel, breasting up the stream,
Moved slowly, like a ship within a dream.

When Limerick towers uprose before his gaze,
A sound of music floated in the air,—
Music which held him in a fixed amaze,
Whose silver tenderness was alien there;
Notes full of murmurs of the Southern seas,
And dusky olives swaying in the breeze.

His chimes! the children of the great bell-tower,
Empty and silent now for many a year!

He hears them ringing out the Vesper hour,
Owned in an instant by his loving ear.
Kind angels stayed the spoiler's hasty hand,
And watched their journeying over sea and land.

The white-sailed boat moved slowly up the stream;
The old man lay with folded hands at rest;
The Shannon glistened in the sunset beam;
The bells rang gently o'er its shining breast,
Shaking out music from each lilded rim:
It was a requiem which they rang for him!

For when the boat was moored beside the quay,
He lay as children lie when lulled by song;
But nevermore to waken. Tenderly
They buried him wild-flowers and grass among,
Where on the cross alights the wandering bird,
And hour by hour the bells he loved are heard.

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

MARLY-LE-ROI.

To these dark groves a royal footstep came,
And all the woods awoke. Huge stems were felled
To let in vistas of the winding Seine,
While midway on the hill the walls arose
Of the king's house, and round about his own
Were twelve pavilions set, zodiacal
Unto the king's, which was the central sun!
'T was Mansard built them, and Lebrun who wrought
Devices for the walls, while every grove,

And every alley double-lined with limes,
Had its own white-limbed god; and in the sun
A hundred fountains played, whose waters leapt
Rejoicing down the slope. A hundred years
The sister arts held sway. Here Louis reigned
With that strong hand of his; strong in despite
Of much mistake and failure. The grave wife,
Who ruled the ruler in his older years,
Kept solemn state amidst the whispering court;
And when the pageant vanished, and the times
Changed with the men, here the gay Regent played;
And here the child, the little lovely child,
Who was the heir to France and ruined her,
Played with his mates, Desired and Well-Beloved,
Through all those early years. St. Simon paced
Those double alleys, with a prudent tongue,
And still more prudent ear; and the sweet bride,
Marie Leczinska, mother of a son
Too early lost, for whom that mother prayed,—
“Take him, O God, and spare his father’s fate,
The shameful license of a shameless age,”—
Mourned through long years of worse than widowhood.
And here the blue-eyed woman with the brow
Which never blenched before the angriest mob,
Held “mon gros Normandie” upon her knees,—
Poor pretty infant! ne’er to be a man,—
And pressed him to her heart.

Marly-le-Roi

Is utterly desolate now: and not a trace
Of the Pavilion of the Central Sun,

Nor of the other twelve,—zodiacal,—
Exists above the soil, save the hard lines
Of strong foundations bedded in the grass.
There are no fountains shining in the light,
Nor any waters leaping down the hill.
The marble gods are gone; but still the woods
Sweep with a certain curve majestical
About the empty space, as if they held
A viewless memory in their wide embrace,
And were too loath to lose it and encroach
Upon the ancient sites. On either hand
The double alleys put forth patient leaves,
Season by season, though no courtiers come
To plot and gossip there; the hand of man
Has ruined what he raised; but Nature, hard
To fashion at his will, retains his mark,
And witnesses with her persistent forms
The changes of his purpose.

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

MESNIL.

AGNES SOREL.

This then is Mesnil, named from her whose charms
Above all other themes the poet warms:
Agnes, the star of Charles, whose early fate
Left his fond heart forlorn and desolate.

Here perfumed airs amidst each secret shade
Tell of their ancient loves that cannot fade;
These ruined walls seem mourning in decay

That worth and beauty should be swept away;
The wind moans round them sad and heavily,—
An echo of fair Agnes' latest sigh.

She bright as Grecian Helen, famed in song,
Whose eyes held Charles in love's devotion long,—
Another Paris, who would fain have been
A shepherd youth with her his rural queen:
To live for her was all he cared to do,
She his ambition and his glory too.
From wars and high contentions he removed,
Content with her to love and be beloved.
But envious rumor whispered of disgrace,
Of tarnished name and of degenerate race;
Of one who at his lady's feet bowed down,
Forgot his country, honor, and renown.

Without a blush such words could Agnes hear,
And bear reproaches on a name so dear?
With tender eloquence she woke the theme,
And bade her lover rouse him from his dream:

“Since, lowly as I am, on me thy light
Has shone so fondly and so purely bright,
And I have dared to answer to thy flame,
Ill it becomes me to eclipse thy fame.
Shall it be said, effeminate and base,
Bowed to my will, enamored of my face,
Thou canst forget thy honor for my sake?
My king, my friend, my love, arise,—awake!
Arm! arm! and lead thy subjects forth once more,
And drive the haughty English from thy shore.

Let my ambition and thine own agree,
To see a hero and my love in thee.
O, let my words dispel this idle trance,
Let Agnes be esteemed in grateful France.
I would not honor made thee love forego,
But let love teach thee honor's laws to know!"

She spoke: her generous zeal the monarch moved,
And virtue wakened at the voice he loved:
A brighter flame in his roused bosom burst
From the same torch which had effaced it first;
And by the love for which reproach he bore,
He vowed the English pride should be no more.
Then Victory, that, untrue to friend or foe,
With restless flight had hovered to and fro,
Declared for us at last, and rescued France
Beheld her banners to the skies advance!
'T was then, with conquered Normandy his prize,
The lover from long battles turned his eyes,
And midst the shades of lone Jumiége sought
The lovely object of his tenderest thought.

Then Agnes came,—she heard of treachery,
And flew to warn him of the danger nigh.
But fate had led her to this holy fane,
And doomed her ne'er to quit those walls again.
Alas! fond lover, after all thy care,
Thy toil, thy valor, was all hope but air?
All thy heart promised void? The trial past,
Is death and sorrow thy reward at last!

O Death! has beauty, then, no power to move?
Deaf art thou thus to constancy and love?

But great although thy power, and fell thy sway,
And in her youthful prime she fell thy prey,
The wrong is less than if, as Fortune willed,
The days by Nature granted had been filled;
And those soft features and those eyes so bright
In dim and faded age had lost their light;
And that renown of Beauty's Queen no more
The world would give her, since its power was o'er.
No! to the last so lovely and so dear,
Her peerless star shone ever bright and clear!
Fair Agnes lives in never-ending fame
As long as Beauty shall be Beauty's name!

Jean Antoine de Baïf. (Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.)

NAMUR.

SCENERY BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

Wordsworth.

NÎMES.

No old cathedral here doth skyward tower,
Nor ancient cloister with dark corridor,
Where blazoned stones are said at midnight's hour
To rise from out the floor.

Here are no steeples fretted to the light,
Whose heaven-invading spires with pride upshoot;
With joined hands here kneels no sculptured knight
At Gothic coffin's foot.

Here no Madonna of the woods doth stand,
Where for her absent lord the châtelaine prayed,
Nor by the herdsman, lifted cap in hand,
Are Aves longer said.

And here no crenelled castle's mossy wall
Bristles with turrets and with parapets,
Which ocean, with its ceaseless rise and fall,
Monotonously frets.

But pagan Rome still lives here, though asleep;
Her flying eagle, with all-conquering wing,
Left nowhere else her talons' print so deep
As in the place I sing.

The palace, circus, temple here are seen,
A noble monument though in decay,
And everywhere the Past shows what has been,
The Future to dismay.

There fallen front of some triumphal gate
Foreshows the destiny of bright To-day;
Here gods and death now share the same estate,—
 Mixed in one urn are they.

The Gaul and Thracian stained the arena's space,
Content to be applauded ere their death,
Before this people-king who wished with grace
 To have them yield their breath.

Steeped in delicious perfumes came the knights;
In Eastern robes that swept these stones they pressed
Midst venal beauties and these fierce delights,
 To charm the listless breast.

Brilliant effeminate! alone amused
(Pleasure's abuse had hardened so their heart)
With scenes of passion where life's blood effused,
 Where only Death took part.

And then the basilic with splendid frieze
Like to a god bronzed in the censer's glow;
And carved acanthus leaves that evening's breeze
 Seems swaying to and fro.

Showing its crumbling wall through smiling bowers,
The triple goddess' temple in decay;
Just like a wrinkled forehead under flowers,
 Peep out the ruins gray.

Ruins where poets come to dream at eve,
Ruins wherein are lesser ruins pent;
As exiled prince doth still a refuge give
To those in banishment.

Diana, as she holds her nightly course,
Seems seeking still with melancholy light
On altar riven by the wild-fig's force,
An incense taken flight.

And here the tower which into ether springs;
Neighbor of lightnings is its summit bold;
The aqueduct through air the water brings,
Two mountains in its hold.

Near to these ruins time dissolves so fast,
Brilliant with splendor, the new city see;—
As from a trunk shattered by lightning-blast
Shoots up a thrifty tree.

Jean Reboul. (Tr. Charlotte Fiske Bates.)

NANCY.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

The moon looks down on lovely lands, in traversing the skies,
But joyously o'er Burgundy she stops to feast her eyes;
The sun, who dallies gallantly with ladies north and south,
Is never tired of kissing Burgundian Mary's mouth.

Rich is the Duke of Burgundy in beautiful domains;
Purple clusters gem the hill-tops, and yellow sheaves the
plains;

Rich cities and free peoples in the streams reflected shine,
And Bliss is here the reaper, and Plenty trims the vine.

Earth strives with all her treasures his possessions to environ,
His lands abound in quarries, and in mines of lustrous iron;
For him full many a castle in pride and splendor looms,
And in the golden castle a lovely daughter blooms.

With a sword in battle tempered he must defend his lands,
That their gardens may not wither in the smoke of hostile
brands;

He must protect those treasures, to flourish and increase
Long after their true guardian in the graveyard rests in peace.

* * * * *

By Nancy, for the ravens is a carnival in store,
Sits the Duke in bloody judgment, who never will judge more!
There the hero-tree of Burgundy was prostrate, branch and
stem,

Flowers of Lorraine and Switzerland,—the same blast with-
ered them!

Mark the colors and the crests which the hosts opposing show,
Mark the crests and colors mingled where the slaughtered
hosts lie low:

Like kings in purple mantles with smoking carnage red,—
Know you who has thus united them? Death reconciles the
dead!

At Nancy a new tombstone in the Cathedral lies,
And o'er it like a statue leans a maid with weeping eyes;
On her countenance is brooding a sorrow dark and deep,
One here may see a daughter for a loving father weep.

At Nancy in the graveyard a multitude appear,
Led by the ties of sorrow from districts far and near;
And if any tears are shed there, they without deception fall,—
The mourners, as they bury us, adjudge the deeds of all!

Anastasius Grün. (Tr. John Osborne Sargent.)

PARIS.

Through Paris lay my readiest course, and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited,
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martyr southward to the Dome
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous halls,
The national synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the revolutionary power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;
The arcades I traversed, in the palace huge
Of Orleans; coasted round and round the line
Of tavern, brothel, gaming-house, and shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not;
I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,
To hawkers and haranguers, hubbub wild!
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,
But seemed there present; and I scanned them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger and vexation and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gayety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sat in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For 't is most certain that these various sights,
However potent their first shock, with me
Appeared to recompense the traveller's pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek
Pale and bedropped with ever-flowing tears.

William Wordsworth.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

I stood amid the dwellings of the dead,
And saw the gayest city of the earth
Spread out beneath me. Cloud and sunlight lay
Upon her palaces and gilded domes,
In slumbrous beauty. Through the streets flowed on,
In ceaseless stream, gay equipage and throng,
As fashion led the way. Look up! look up!
Mont Louis hath a beacon. Wheresoe'er
Ye seem to tend, so lightly dancing on
In your enchanted maze, a secret spell
Is on your footsteps, and unseen they haste

Where ye would not, and whence ye ne'er return.
Blind pilgrims are we all! We close our eyes
On the swift torrent that o'erwhelms our race,
And in our spanlike path the goal forget,
Until the shadows lengthen, and we sink
To rise no more.

Methinks the Monster Death,
Wears not such visage here, so grim and gaunt
With terror, as he shows in other lands.
Robing himself in sentiment, he wraps
His dreary trophies in a maze of flowers,
And makes his tombs like temples, or a home
So sweet to love, that grief doth fleet away.
I saw a mother mourning. The fair tomb
Was like a little chapel, hung with wreath
And crucifix. And there she spread the toys
That her lost babe had loved, as if she found
A solace in the memory of its sports.
Tears flowed like pearl-drops, yet without the pang
That wrings and rends the heart-strings. It would seem
A tender sorrow, scarce of anguish born,
So much the influence of surrounding charms
Did mitigate it.

Mid the various groups
That visited the dead, I marked the form
Of a young female winding through the shades.
Just at that point she seemed where childhood melts
But half away, like snows that feel the sun,
Yet, shrinking closer to their shaded nook,
Delay to swell the sparkling stream of youth.

She had put off her sabots at the gate,
Heavy with clay, and to a new-made grave
Hasted alone. Upon its wooden cross
She placed her chaplet, and with whispering lips,
Perchance in prayer, perchance in converse low
With the loved slumberer, knelt, and strewed the seeds
Of flowers among the mould. A shining mass
Of raven tresses 'scaped amid the toil
From their accustomed boundary; but her eyes,
None saw them, for she heeded not the tread
Of passers-by. Her business was with those
Who slept below. 'T would seem a quiet grief,
And yet absorbing; such as a young heart
Might for a sister feel, ere it had learned
A deeper love.

Come to yon stately dome,
With arch and turret, every shapely stone
Breathing the legends of the Paraclete,
Where slumber Abelard and Heloise,
'Neath such a world of wreaths, that scarce ye see
Their marble forms recumbent, side by side.
On! on! this populous spot hath many a fane,
To win the stranger's admiration. See
La Fontaine's fox-crowned cenotaph; and his
Whose "Mécanique Celeste" hath writ his name
Among the stars; and hers who, soaring high
In silken globe, found a strange death by fire
Amid the clouds.

The dead of distant lands
Are gathered here. In pomp of sculpture sleeps

The Russian Demidoff, and Britain's sons
Have crossed the foaming sea, to leave their dust
In a strange soil. Yea, from my own far land
They've wandered here, to die. Were there not graves
Enough among our forests, by the marge
Of our broad streams, amid the hallowed mounds
Of early kindred, that ye needs must come
This weary way, to share the strangers' bed,
My people? I could weep to find ye here!
And yet your names are sweet, the words ye grave,
In the loved language of mine infancy,
Most pleasant to the eye, involved so long
Mid foreign idioms.

Yonder height doth boast
The warrior-chiefs, who led their legions on
To sack and siege; whose flying tramp disturbed
The Cossack in his hut, the Alpine birds,
Who build above the cloud, and Egypt's slaves,
Crouching beneath their sky-crowned pyramids.
How silent are they all! No warning trump
Amid their host! No steed! No footstep stirs
Of those who rushed to battle! Haughtily
The aspiring marble tells each pausing group
Their vaunted fame. O shades of mighty men!
Went these proud honors with you, where the spear
And shield resound no more? Cleaves the blood-stain
Around ye there? Steal the deep-echoing groans
Of those who fell, the cry of those who mourned,
Across the abyss that bars you from our sight,
Waking remorseful pangs?

We may not ask
With hope of answer. But the time speeds on,
When all shall know.

There is the lowly haunt
Where rest the poor. No towering obelisk
Beareth their name. No blazoned tablet tells
Their joys or sorrows. Yet 't is sweet to muse
Around their pillow of repose, and think
That Nature mourns their loss, though man forget.
The lime-tree and acacia, side by side,
Spring up, in haste to do their kindly deed
Of sheltering sympathy, as though they knew
Their time was short.

Sweet Nature ne'er forgets
Her buried sons, but cheers their summer-couch
With turf and dewdrops, bidding autumn's hand
Drop lingering garlands of its latest leaves,
And glorious spring from wintry thraldom burst,
To bring their type of Immortality.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.

An avenue of tombs! I stand before
The tomb of Abelard and Eloise.
A long, a dark bent line of cypress-trees
Leads past and on to other shrines; but o'er
This tomb the boughs hang darkest and most dense,
Like leaning mourners clad in black. The sense
Of awe oppresses you. This solitude
Means more than common sorrow. Down the wood

Still lovers pass, then pause, then turn again,
And weep like silent, unobtrusive rain.

'T is but a simple, antique tomb that kneels
As one that weeps above the broken clay.
'T is stained with storms, 't is eaten well away,
Nor half the old-new story now reveals
Of heart that held beyond the tomb to heart.
But O, it tells of love! And that true page
Is more to me in this commercial age,
When love is calmly counted some lost art,
Than all man's mighty monuments of war
Or archives vast of art and science are.

Here poets pause and dream a listless hour,
Here silly pilgrims stoop and kiss the clay,
Here sweetest maidens leave a cross or flower,
While vandals bear the tomb in bits away.
The ancient stone is scarred with name and scrawl
Of many tender fools. But over all
And high above all other scrawls is writ
One simple thing, most touching and most fit.
Some pitying soul has tiptoed high above,
And with a nail has scrawled but this: "O Love!"

O Love!—I turn; I climb the hill of tombs,
Where sleeps the "bravest of the brave," below
His bed of scarlet blooms in zone of snow;
No cross or sign save this red bed of blooms.
I see grand tombs to France's lesser dead;

Colossal steeds, white pyramids, still red
At base with blood, still torn with shot and shell,
To testify that here the Commune fell;
And yet I turn once more from all of these,
And stand before the tomb of Eloise.

Joaquin Miller.

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF ELOISE AND ABELARD, IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Fair saint of passion, placidly reclining,
Thy glowing breast contained in marble death,
While Love's soft planet on thy brow is shining,
A sister heart to thine would lend its breath.

'Tis with a thrill of joy I see beside thee
The form that might not pass the convent grate,
And gather that the happiness denied thee
On earth makes blessed thine immortal state.

Not as Love's votary do I invoke thee,
Nor as the glorious sibyl of despair;
But as the nun, when deeper voices woke thee
From thy wild fever-dream to toil and prayer.

* * * *

And here begins to mine thy spirit's mission:
How fared it with thee, in thy cloister cell?
Did heaven console thee with its dreams elysian,
Or felt thy plundered heart the flames of hell?

When thy first force of agony went from thee,
And left thee stunned and swooning, faint and dull,
How did thy garb of holiness become thee?
Was it ennobling? was it weariful?

The saints who were thy refuge, grew they vengeful,
Or smiled they mournfully on thy retreat?
Hadst thou repose after a fate so changeful?
Did God's dear love make expiation sweet?

Say, did that soul of temper so elastic,
Like a bent bow, of its own tension break;
Or did the chaos of thy thoughts grow plastic,
And from the hand divine new moulding take?

For it was long,—through many a tedious morrow
Thy wildered mind its task austere pursued,
Scourged on by conscience, driven back by sorrow,
A Queen of Phantoms, ruling solitude.

Julia Ward Howe.

RUE DE SEINE.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said, "We meet again,"
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak;
Their gentler sighs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek;
The trailing of thy long, loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,—
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
O, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid.
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed in thousand-tinted light
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,

When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A Street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 't is;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.

And Cordelier or Benedictine
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
 The smiling, red-cheeked écaillére is
 Still opening oysters at the door.
 Is Terré still alive and able?
 I recollect his droll grimace;
 He'd come and smile before your table,
 And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
 "How's Monsieur Terré, Waiter, pray?"
 The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
 "Monsieur is dead this many a day."
 "It is the lot of saint and sinner,
 So honest Terré's run his race?"
 "What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
 "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
 "Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
 "Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir;
 The Chambertin with yellow seal."
 "So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
 My old accustom'd corner-place;
 "He's done with feasting and with drinking,
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces.
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
 There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and be done with rhymes:
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
 And sit you down and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
 —Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

William Makepeace Thackeray.

PLOËRMEL.

THE CURÉ OF PLOËRMEL.

Just ere the stroke of midnight fell,
 The ancient priest of Ploërmel
 Sat by his fire one Christmas night.
 Still as the grave the frosty air,—
 His lips were murmuring a prayer,
 The while his heart was softly moved
 With thoughts of many a youth he loved
 In college days, at peaceful Vannes,
 Beside the Sea of Morbihan.
 Now some were old and far away,
 And some had spent their little day
 In wondrous Paris on the Seine;
 And some amidst the stormy main

Which sweeps round Brittany were lost;
Thinking of such, his brow he crossed,
And bowed the head whose locks were white.
Sudden, amidst the hush profound,
The far faint echo of a sound,
Stole to his ear; 't was such as springs
From the slow beat of countless wings,
Or rustle of a multitude
That softly pace a moss-grown wood.
Noiseless he crossed his earthen floor,
And looked into the silvery light
Along the road which passed his door,
And saw—a strange and awful sight!
Far as his aged eyes could reach,
With sound of neither tread nor speech,
Stretched the long files of gray and white.
All silent in the moonshine went
Each cloaked and hooded penitent,
Bearing a torch which burnt upright.
The trembling Curé made the Sign,
Each phantom bent in grave incline,
As when that wind of summer sweet
Bows all the rippling ranks of wheat!
The foremost, as he passed the door,
Motioned the Curé on before,
Who mute obeyed; some ghostly spell
Moved the good priest of Ploërmel.
And so the mighty multitude,
Across the moor and through the wood,
Followed, yet guided him, until

His feet by that same spell stood still
Before the open porch, which yet
In a long roofless wall was set.
The ruined church was one which long
Had only heard the night bird's song,
But still the altar-steps were there,
And a wild rose in festoons fair
Graced it in summer; now the fern
And ivy draped it in their turn.
Then all that mighty multitude
Within the vast enclosure stood,
The moonlight on their garments shone,
And still their torches burned; whilst one
Mounted the mossy steps, and took
Stained vestments and an ancient book,
And old chased chalice from the stone.
With silent awe the saintly priest
Robed for the wonted Christmas feast;
And every shrouded penitent,
On humble knees devoutly bent.
One served the Mass, and all intent
Responded with the mystic tone
Of winds and waves together blent.
But when he raised the sacred Host
The vague, uncertain tone was lost
In sweetest music of the upper spheres;
And when the Curé raised his hand and blest
The kneeling flock, with *Ite, missa est*,
The shrouded penitents were seen to softly rise
Like a white shining cloud to his astonished eyes;

And ere the last sweet gospel words were done,
 The nave was empty,—the good priest alone
 Invoked the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 While from the distant skies a heavenly host
 Of souls, set free from purgatorial pain,
 Sang, as they took their flight, the sweet refrain,
 “Hath been, is now, and evermore shall be,
 World without end! Amen!”

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

POISSY.

ON THE BRIDGE AT POISSY.

The nightingales were singing
 At Poissy on the Seine,
 As I leant above the river,
 Flooded high with summer rain.
 Dear is that royal river;
 With ceaseless, noiseless flow,
 Past the gray towers of Paris
 From the woods of Fontainebleau!

The nightingales were singing
 In the rosy sunset air;
 The silver chimes were ringing,
 “Christians, come to prayer!”
 And I thought the invitation
 Uttered ever, eve and morn,
 Was the voice of good St. Louis
 In the town where he was born.

As I leant above the river,
Musing softly all alone,
The bells and birds together
Seemed blended into one;
The rapturous thrill of nature,
So soulless, yet so fair,
Borne up upon the wingéd chimes,
"Christians, come to prayer!"

Fair is the Seine at Poissy,
With its islets crowned by trees,
Fringed by spires of lofty poplars
Trembling in the summer breeze.
Fair is the antique city,
And its church is white as snow;
Built and blessed by good St. Louis,
Built and blessed so long ago!

Louis, being dead, yet liveth
By the waters of the Seine;
Where he trod, his kingdom blossomed;
Where he built, his stones remain;
Where he knelt, his pious accents
Linger softly on the air.
Join, sweet birds, your invitation!
"Christians, come to prayer!"

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

RHEIMS.

JOAN OF ARC, ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION IN RHEIMS.

The din of arms, the storm of strife, is o'er,
And bloody battles yield to dance and song;
Through every street the gay processions pour,
To church and altar with glad music throng;
They pass through many a green, triumphal door,
Through aisles of rustling leaves they sweep along;
Rheims scarce can hold the crowds that roll, this day,
Like ocean's billows, through each echoing way.

And now one gleam of joy lights every eye,
One proud emotion throbs in every breast;
Where, late, the bloody waves of strife ran high,
Now all is lulled to harmony and rest.
The name of France makes Frenchmen's pulses fly;
To own that name is to be richly blessed;
The lustre of the old crown comes back again,
And France prepares to hail her rightful sovereign's reign.

But I, who ushered in this glorious day,—
I have no heart to feel the joy I see!
My sinking spirit flies from scenes so gay;
The voice of earth-born passion whispers me;
To Britain's distant camp my longings stray;
Ay, to my country's foes I yearn to flee,
And from these scenes of gladness needs must steal,
My bosom's deep pollution to conceal.

* * * *

Peaceful crook! That I should ever
Change thee for the battle-sword!
Holy oak! O, had I never
Thy mysterious whisperings heard!
Would that thou, High Queen of Heaven,
Never hadst to earth come down!
O, take back what thou hast given,—
Take again this heavy crown!

Ah, Heaven's gates rose bright before me,
And the mansions of the blessed:
Clouds and darkness now hang o'er me;
All my hopes on earth must rest!
Why, ah, why was that sad burden
On my feeble spirit laid?
Could I thus this bosom harden,—
I—a timid, trembling maid?

If thou wilt reveal thy glory,
Choose the pure ones, who before thee
Stand in unapproached light,
Spirits spotless in thy sight!
Let them work thy will, who sleep not
Night and day, who feel not, weep not,
But, O, choose not tender maiden,
Herdsmaid's heart with frailties laden!

What had I to do with empires,
Fate of kings and bloody fight?
Harmless I my lambs had tended
On the silent mountain's height;

But thy summons sternly tore me
From a happy, peaceful home,
To the scenes of splendor bore me,
There in sin's dark paths to roam!

Friedrich Schiller. (Tr. Charles T. Brooks.)

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests!—at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ROMAN CITIES OF THE RHONE.

The rain had ceased, and in the watery west
Enough of daylight lingered to beguile
A traveller's footsteps from the narrow town
And past the mighty wall, beneath whose shade

The streets have clustered, to the tranquil road
Which leads to Orange from the distant north.
And there, on my amazed and ignorant eyes,
Rose the fair span of a triumphal arch,—
A strange pathetic witness of the chains
Which Cæsar fixed on Gaul, and bound her fast
With network of his causeways, east and west.
I passed beneath it, as the evening fell
Misty and golden-green with southern March;
And looked up at the sculptures undecayed,
And at the vast proportions, square and strong,
In which Rome wrought her masonry. It seemed
A strange, sad exile from that dearest land
Where stand the other three, beneath the crests
Of Capitol and Palatine, and groves
Which crown the churches on the Cœlian Hill.

But Nismes I saw in sunshine, when the light
Flooded the great steps of the Golden House,
And painted it against the tender sky,
As any time within this thousand years
And half as much again. And all the Place
By which the Golden House is girt about
Was thronged with citizens' feet, which have not ceased
Their hurrying tread since first that house was built
In honor of a god.

With Arles the same,—

Whose accents yet retain a Roman note,
Whose dark-eyed women smile with Julia's eyes
And grave Cornelia's pride; whose people sit

Unto this hour upon their seats of stone,
Spectators of the game;

For far and wide
Within the valley of the rushing Rhone,
Beneath her stony hills, and where the vine
Mates with the olive on the sunburnt slopes,
This mighty Nation of the seven mounts
Planted her eagles; and her legions laid
Their arms together while she built in peace,
And dwelt in peace for centuries.

All the land
Is vocal with her presence; the swift streams
Are spanned by her embrace, and as the Rhone
Bursts from the snow-fed crescent of the lake
Which cradles his young streams, he sweeps his course
Through famous memories, second but to those
Which Tiber bears to Ostia, where the waves
Of yellow water whisper to the sea
The latest word from Rome.

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

THE DESCENT OF THE RHONE.

Fairer scene the opening eye
Of the day can scarce descry,
Fairer sight he looks not on
Than the pleasant banks of Rhone;
Where in terraces and ranks,
On those undulating banks,
Rise by many a hilly stair

Sloping tiers of vines, where'er
From the steep and stony soil
Has been won by careful toil,
And with long, laborious pains
Fenced against the washing rains,—
Fenced and anxiously walled round,
Some small patch of garden-ground.
Higher still some place of power,
Or a solitary tower,
Ruined now, is looking down
On the quiet little town
In a sheltered glen beneath,
Where the smoke's unbroken wreath,
Mounting in the windless air,
Rests, dissolving slowly there,
O'er the housetops like a cloud.
Or a thinnest vaporous shroud.

Morn has been,—and lo! how soon
Has arrived the middle noon,
And the broad sun's rays do rest
On some naked mountain's breast,
Where alone relieve the eye
Massive shadows, as they lie
In the hollows motionless;
Still our boat doth onward press:
Now a peaceful current wide
Bears it on an ample tide;
Now the hills retire, and then
Their broad fronts advance again,
• • •

Till the rocks have closed us round,
And would seem our course to bound,
But anon a path appears,
And our vessel onward steers,
Darting rapidly between
Narrow walls of a ravine.

Morn has been and noon,—and now
Evening falls about our prow :
Mid the clouds that kindling won
Light and fire from him, the Sun
For a moment's space was lying,
Phœnix in his own flames dying !
And a sunken splendor still
Burns behind the western hill :
Lo ! the starry troop again
Gather on the ethereal plain ;
Even now and there were none,
And a moment since but one ;
And anon we lift our head,
And all heaven is overspread
With a still-assembling crowd,
With a silent multitude,—
Venus, first and brightest set
In the night's pale coronet,
Armed Orion's belted pride,
And the Seven that by the side
Of the Titan nightly weave
Dances in the mystic eve,
Sisters linked in love and light.

'T were in truth a solemn sight,
Were we sailing now as they,
Who upon their western way
To the isles of spice and gold,
Nightly watching, might behold
These our constellations dip,
And the great sign of the Ship
Rise upon the other hand,
With the Cross, still seen to stand
In the vault of heaven upright,
At the middle hour of night—
Or with them whose keels first prest
The huge rivers of the West,
Who the first with bold intent
Down the Orellana went,
Or a dangerous progress won
On the mighty Amazon,
By whose ocean-streams they told
Of the warrior-maidens bold.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

ROUEN.

PLACE DE LA PUCELLE.

Here blooms the legend, fed by Time and Chance,
Fresh as the morning, though with centuries old,
The whitest lily on the shield of France,
With heart of virgin gold.

Along the square she moved, sweet Joan of Arc,
With face more pallid than a daylit star,

Half seen, half doubted, while before her dark
Stretched the array of war.

Swift passed the battle-smoke of lying breath
From off her path, as if a wind had blown,
Showing no faithless king, but righteous Death,
On the low wooden throne.

He would reward her: she who meekly wore
Alike the gilded mail and peasant gown,
As meekly now received one honor more,
The formless, fiery crown.

A white dove trembled up the heated air,
And in the opening zenith found its goal;
Soft as a downward feather, dropped a prayer
For each repentant soul.

Maria Lowell.

ST. CLOUD.

Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of St. Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sighed,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet St. Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Uhlan and Hussar,
That garrison St. Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of St. Cloud.

We sat upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of St. Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float
Prolonged from far St. Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With princes at St. Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gathered round to hear
Our songstress at St. Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at St. Cloud.

Sir Walter Scott.

ON REVISITING THE SEINE.

Ye are the same, ye meadows and green banks,
And pasture level to the river's edge;
Ye shores with poplar fringed in graceful ranks,
And towns that nestle under rocky ledge;

Ye island-spots of greenery, fast embraced
By the dividing arms of this fair stream,
Which, parting for a moment, meet in haste,
And then in breadths of lake-like beauty gleam.

The quiet cattle, feeding quietly,
They seem the very same I saw of yore;
And the same picture lives upon mine eye,
Methinks, that lived upon mine eye before.

Fair were ye, seen of old; ye now are fair,
As ye were then; and not a change appears,
Unless that all doth stranger beauty wear,
This time behoden through a mist of tears.

For O ye streams, ye meadows, and ye hills,
To which there cometh no mutation nigh,
Strange trouble at your sight my bosom fills,
You looking at me with this changeless eye.

It troubles me that ye, unfeeling things,
Should be exempted from our tears and fears,
While we, the lords of nature and its kings,
Servile remain to all the changeful years.

On this swift-sliding stream I sail once more,
Whose beauty brings unutterable pain;
For ye who saw with me this sight before,
Three were ye,—but, O, where are now the twain?

Ye are not here,—the floods, the hills, are here,
They look on me with their unaltered eye;
Dowered with a strength eternal they appear,
And we like weak, wan phantoms flitting by.

R. C. Trench.

SENART, THE FOREST.

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

The king with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood,
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the monarch mused,
And, turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;

He saw the trees that know no king
But him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed
Before him now most plainly came;
The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

“Why, who art thou?” exclaimed the king.
“And what is that I see thee bear?”
“I am a laborer in the wood,
And ’tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil.”

The laborer ne’er had seen the king,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment’s pause,
And then anew his talk began:
“I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pickaxe ply.

“Pray tell me, friend, what accident
 Can thus have killed our good Pierre?”
 “O, nothing more than usual, sir,
 He died of living upon air.
 ’T was hunger killed the poor good man,
 Who long on empty hopes relied;
 He could not pay gabell and tax,
 And feed his children, so he died.”

The man stopped short, and then went on,—
 “It is, you know, a common thing;
 Our children’s bread is eaten up
 By courtiers, mistresses, and king.”
 The king looked hard upon the man,
 And afterwards the coffin eyed,
 Then spurred to ask of Pompadour
 How came it that the peasants died.

John Sterling.

ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE.

THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN.

The stateliest walk which man hath made—
 Imperial Rome no equal shows—
 Is that which casts a league of shade
 Where Seine amidst her meadows flows.

Spring clothes its cyclopean wall
 Of living forest every year,
 And Autumn drapes a splendid pall
 For Nature as the days grow drear.

It sweeps athwart the level hill,
As if for giant footsteps meant;
What king but here might gaze his fill,
And pace the mighty path content!

Yet here a kingly exile came,
To brood on sorrows day by day;
Of daughters who abjured his name,
And three fair kingdoms passed away.

A dark and melancholy soul
His pictures show, as if he saw
The writing of some fatal scroll,
The sentence of some ruthless law;

And knew his father's blood had made
A vain libation for the race,
Whose last lone son should lay his head
Uncrowned within the sacred place

Where nations worship, and should owe
Unto the king who wore his crown,
Canova's tomb of moulded snow,
And words whereby his state is known.

Sad English ghost! whose line decayed
On English page scarce owns a friend!
With what pathetic steps ye tread
The lordly walk from end to end!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

ST. MALO.

HERVÉ RIEL.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase:
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfre-
ville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick; or, quicker
still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and leaped on
board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
5*

Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands, or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight:
Brief and bitter the debate.

"Here's the English at our heels: would you have them take
in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all
these,—

A captain? a lieutenant? a mate,—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he,—Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel.

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals?— me, who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers, every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold?—Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor, past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And, if one ship misbehave,—

Keel so much as grate the ground,—

Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

“Steer us in, then, small and great !

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron !” cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place !

He is admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God’s grace.

See the noble fellow’s face,

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea’s profound !

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock !

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past !

All are harbored to the last !

And, just as Hervé Riel hollas “Anchor !” sure as fate,

Up the English come,—too late !

So the storm subsides to calm :

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o’erlooking Grève :

Hearts that bled are stanchéd with balm.

“Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth, and glare askance

As they cannonade away !

’Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !”

Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,—
Just the same man as before.
Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships;
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo roads to Croisic Point what is it but
a run?"

Since 't is ask and have, I may;

Since the others go ashore,—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white or black

On a single fishing-smack

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank:

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle
Aurore!

Robert Browning.

ST. RÉMY.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND MAUSOLEUM AT ST. RÉMY.

The identity of those in whose honor the Arch of Triumph and Mausoleum at St. Rémy were raised puzzles antiquaries as much as does that of the individual for whom the pyramids of Egypt were built.

Yon stately tomb that seeks the sky,
Erected to the glorious dead,
Through whose high arches sweeps the sigh
The night-winds heave when day has fled;

How fair its pillared stories rise
'Gainst yon blue firmament so pure;
Fair as they met admiring eyes,
Long ages past, they still endure.

Yes, many a race hath left the earth
Since first this mausoleum rose;
So many, that the name or birth
Of dead or founder no one knows.

The sculptured pictures, all may see,
Were by a skilful artist wrought;
But, Time! the secret rests with thee,
Which to unravel men have sought.

Of whom were they, the honored dead,
Whose memory love would here record?
Lift up the veil, so long o'erspread,
And tell whose dust yon fane doth guard.

Name those whose love outlived the grave
And sought to give for aye to fame
Mementos of the good and brave,
Of whom thou hast effaced the name.

We know but that they lived and died,
No more this stately tomb can tell:
Here come and read a lesson, Pride,
This monument can give so well.

They lived, they hoped, they suffered, loved,
As all of earth have ever done;
Were oft by wild ambition moved,
And basked, perchance, 'neath glory's sun.

They deemed that they should leave behind
Undying names. Yet mark this fane;
For whom it rose, by whom designed,
Learned antiquaries search in vain.

Still doth it wear the form it wore
Through the dim lapse of bygone age;
Triumph of art in days of yore,
Whose history fills the classic page.

To honor victors it is said
'T was raised, though none their names can trace;
It stands as monument instead,
Unto each long-forgotten race,

Who came, like me, to gaze and brood
Upon it in this lonely spot,
Their minds with pensive thoughts imbued,
That heroes could be thus forgot.

Yet still the wind a requiem sighs,
And the blue sky above it weeps;
The sun pours down its radiant dyes,
Though none can tell who 'neath it sleeps.

And seasons roll, and centuries pass,
And still unchanged thou keep'st thy place;
While we, like shadows in a glass,
Soon glide away, and leave no trace.

And yon proud arch, the victor's meed,
Is nameless as the neighboring tomb:
Victor, and dead, the Fates decreed
Your memory to oblivion's gloom.

The Countess of Blessington.

PETRARCH'S SONNETS ON VAUCLUSE.

I.

He leaves Vaucluse, but his Spirit remains there with Laura.
The loved hills where I left myself behind,
Whence ever 'twas so hard my steps to tear,
Before me rise; at each remove I bear
The dear load to my lot by Love consigned.
Often I wonder only in my mind,

That still the fair yoke holds me, which despair
Would vainly break, that yet I breathe this air;
Though long the chain, its links but closer bind.
And as a stag, sore struck by hunter's dart,
Whose poisoned iron rankles in his breast,
Flies and more grieves the more the chase is pressed,
So I, with Love's keen arrow in my heart,
Endure at once my death and my delight,
Racked with long grief, and weary with vain flight.

Tr. Macgregor.

II.

Vaucluse.

Nowhere before could I so well have seen
Her whom my soul most craves since lost to view;
Nowhere in so great freedom could have been
Breathing my amorous lays 'neath skies so blue;
Never with depths of shade so calm and green
A valley found for lover's sigh more true;
Methinks a spot so lovely and serene
Love not in Cyprus nor in Guidos knew.
All breathes one spell, all prompts and prays that I
Like them should love,—the clear sky, the calm hour,
Winds, waters, birds, the green bough, the gay flower,—
But thou, beloved, who call'st me from on high,
By the sad memory of thine early fate,
Pray that I hold the world and these sweet snares in hate.

Tr. Macgregor.

III.

He esteems everything happy that surrounds Laura's habitation.

Bright happy flowers! and herb so bounteous fed,
O'er which my Laura's modelled foot hath stept;
Ye meads! that have her words' sweet music kept,
Nor yet restored the impress of her tread:
Unfettered shrubs; ye leaves so freshly shed!
Pale violets! where Love hath fondly crept;
Ye woods! whose shade doth Phoebus intercept,
And in his stolen beams so proudly spread!
Sweet landscape! stream! that doth so purely roam,
From laving oft her beauteous face and eyes,
Thou wanderest clear in their reflected light:
I envy ye, so near her modest home!
No rock among ye habit's law defies,
But owns alike the flame my soul doth blight.

Tr. Susan Wallaston.

IV.

Vaucluse has become to him a scene of pain.

To every sound, save sighs, this air is mute,
When from rude rocks, I view the smiling land
Where she was born, who held my life in hand
From its first bud till blossoms turned to fruit:
To heaven she's gone, and I'm left destitute
To mourn her loss, and cast around in pain
These wearied eyes, which, seeking her in vain

Where'er they turn, o'erflow with grief acute;
 There's not a root or stone amongst these hills,
 Nor branch nor verdant leaf midst these soft glades,
 Nor in the valley flowery herbage grows,
 Nor liquid drop the sparkling fount distils,
 Nor savage beast that shelters in these shades,
 But knows how sharp my grief, how deep my woes.

Tr. Wrottesley.

V.

On his return to Vaucluse after Laura's death.

Valley, which long has echoed with my cries;
 Stream, which my flowing tears have often fed;
 Beasts, fluttering birds, and ye who in the bed
 Of Cabrieres' wave display your speckled dyes;
 Air, hushed to rest and softened by my sighs;
 Dear path, whose mazes lone and sad I tread;
 Hill of delight,—though now delight is fled,—
 To rove whose haunts Love still my foot decoys;
 Well I retain your old unchanging face!
 Myself how changed! in whom, for joy's light throng,
 Infinite woes their constant mansion find!
 Here bloomed my bliss; and I your tracks retrace,
 To mark whence upward to her heaven she sprung,
 Leaving her beauteous spoil, her robe of flesh behind!

Tr. Francis Wrangham.

VI.

He revisits Vaucluse.

Once more, ye balmy gales, I feel you blow;
 Again, sweet hills, I mark the morning beams

Gild your green summits; while your silver streams
Through vales of fragrance undulating flow.
But you, ye dreams of bliss, no longer here
Give life and beauty to the glowing scene;
For stern remembrance stands where you have been,
And blasts the verdure of the blooming year.
O Laura! Laura! in the dust with thee,
Would I could find a refuge from despair!
Is this thy boasted triumph, Love, to tear
A heart thy coward malice dares not free;
And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
To weep, among the ashes of the dead?

Tr. Anne Bannerman.

VII.

To Vaucluse.

Fortunate vale! exulting hill, dear plain,
Where morn and eve my soul's fair idol strayed,
While all your winds that murmured through the glade
Stole her sweet breath; yet, yet, your paths retain
Prints of her step by fount, whose floods remain
In depth unfathomed, mid the rocks that shade,
With caverned arch, their sleep. Ye streams, that played
Around her limbs in summer's ardent reign,
The soft resplendence of those azure eyes
Tinged ye with living light. The envied claim
These blest distinctions give, my lyre, my sighs,
My songs record, and from their poet's flame
Bid thy wild vale, its rocks and streams arise,
Associates still of their bright mistress' fame.

Tr. Anna Seward.

VERSAILLES.

ON THREE STEPS OF ROSE-COLORED MARBLE.

Since erst that garden, known to fame,
Was lost by Adam,—cruel man!—
Where without a skirt his dame
Round an apple frisked and ran,
I do not think that on this earth,
Mid its most notable plantations,
Has been a spot more praised, more famed,
More choice, more cited, oftener named,
Than thy most tedious park, Versailles!
O gods! O shepherds! rocky vales!
O sulky Termes, satyrs old!
O pleasing scenes! O charming views!
Sweet landscape, where one may behold,
Ranged onion-wise, the little yews;
O quincunx! fountain, bowling-green,
Where every summer Sabbath-e'en,
On pleasure bent, one yawning sees
So many honest families.
And ye, imperial Roman shades!
Ye naiads, pale and stony maids,
Holding your hands outstretched to all
And shivering in your waterfall!
Stiles, modelled in obliging bushes;
Ye formal groves, wherein the thrushes
Seek plaintively their native cry;
Ye water-gods, who vainly try
Beneath your fountains to be dry;
Ye chestnut-trees, be not afraid

That I shall vex your ancient shade,
Knowing that at sundry times
I have perpetrated rhymes:
No such ruthless thought is mine.
No! I swear it by Apollo,
I swear it by the sacred Nine,
By nymphs within their basins hollow,
Who softly on three flints recline,
By yon old faun, quaint dancing-master,
Who trips it on the sward in plaster,
By thee thyself, august abode,
Who know'st save Art no other guest,
I swear by Neptune, watery god,
My verses shall not break thy rest!
I know too well what is the matter;
The god of song has plagued you sore;
The poets, with their ceaseless chatter,
You brood in mournful silence o'er;
So many madrigals and odes,
Songs, ballads, sonnets, and epodes,
In which your wonders have been sung
Your tired ears have sadly wrung,
Until you slumber to the chimes
Of these interminable rhymes.

Amid these haunts where dwells ennui
For mere conformity I slept,
Or 'twas not sleep that o'er me crept,
If, dreaming, one awake may be.
O, say, my friend, do you recall

Three marble steps, of rosy hue,
Upon your way toward the lake,
When that delicious path you take
That leads the orangery through,
Left-turning from the palace wall?
I would wager it was here
Came the monarch without peer,
In the sunset, red and clear,
Down the forest dim to see
Day take flight and disappear,—
If the day could so forget
What was due to etiquette.
But what pretty steps are those!
Cursed be the foot, said we,
That would stain their tints of rose,—
Say, do you remember yet?

With what soft shades is clouded o'er
This defaced and broken floor!
See the veins of azure deep
Through the paler rose-tints creep;
Trace the slender, branching line
In the marble, pure and fine;
So through huntress Dian's breast
White and firm as Alpine snows,
The celestial ichor flows;
Such the hand, and still more cold,
Led me leashed in days of old.
Don't confound these steps so rare
With that other staircase where

The monarch grand, who could not wait,
Waited on Condé, stair by stair,
When he came with weary gait,
War-worn and victorious there.
Near a marble vase are these,
Of graceful shape and white as snow,
Whether 't is classic or Chinese,
Antique or modern, others know.
I leave the question in their hands;
It is not Gothic, I can swear;
Much I like it where it stands,
Worthy vase, and neighbor kind,
And to think it I'm inclined
Cousin to my rosy stair,
Guarding it with jealous care.
O, to see in such small space
So much beauty, so much grace!

Lovely staircase, tell us true,
How many princes, prelates proud,
Kings, marquises,—a pompous crowd,—
And ladies fair, have swept o'er you?
Ah, these last, as I should guess,
Did not vex thee with their state,
Nor didst thou groan beneath the weight
Of ermine cloak or velvet dress:
Tell us of that ambitious band
Whose dainty footstep lightest fell;
Was it the regal Montespan?
Hortense, a novel in her hand?

De Maintenon, with beads to tell?
Or gay Fontanges, with knot and fan?
Didst ever look on La Vallière?
And tell us, marble, if you can,
Which of the twain you thought most fair—
De Parabère or De Sabran?
'Twixt Sabran and De Parabère
The very Regent could not choose
When supper did his wits confuse.
Didst ever see the great Voltaire,
Who waged such war on superstition,
Who to defy the Christ did dare;
He, who aspired to the position
Of sexton to Cytherea's fane,
When to the Pompadour he brought
His compliments, and fulsome strain,
The holy water of the court?
Hast beheld the plump Dubarry
Accoutred like a country lass,
Sipping milk, beside thee tarry,
Or tripping barefoot through the grass?

Stones who know our country's story,
What a variegated throng
In your bygone days of glory
Down your steps have swept along!
The gay world lounged beneath these trees,
Lords and lackeys drank the breeze;
There was every sort of cattle;
O the duchesses! the tattle,

O the brave red heels that dangled
Round the ladies, flounced and spangled !
O the gossip ! O the sighs !
O the flash of brilliant eyes !
O the feathers ! O the stoles !
O the powder on their poll !
O the furbelows and breeches
Underneath those spreading beeches !
How many folk—not counting fools,—
By the ancient fountain-pools !
Ah ! it was the good old time
Of the periwig sublime ;
Lives the cockney who dares grudge
One iota of its state,
He deserves, as I adjudge,
On his thick plebeian pate
Now and evermore to wear
Other ornament than hair.
Century of mocking wood,
Age of powder and of paste,
He who does not find thee good
Writes himself devoid of taste,
Lacking sentiment, and stupid,
Votary abhorred by Cupid.
Rosy marble, is 't not so ?
Yet, despite myself, I trow
Though here thy fate is fixed by chance,
Other destiny was thine ;
Far away from cloudy France,
Where a warmer sun doth shine,

Near some temple, Greek or Latin,
The fair daughters of the clime,
With the scent of heath and thyme
Clinging to their sandalled feet,
Treading thee in rhythmic dance,
Were a burden far more sweet
Than court-ladies, shod with satin.
Could it be for this alone
Nature formed thee in the earth,
In whose beauteous, virgin stone
Genius might have wrought a birth
Every age had joyed to own?
When with trowel and with spade
In this muddy, modern park
Thou in solemn state wert laid,
Then the outraged gods might mark
What the times had brought about,—
Mansard, in his triumph, flout
Praxiteles' injured shade.
There should have come forth of thee
Some new-born divinity.
When the marble-cutters hewed
Through thy noble block their way,
They broke in, with footsteps rude,
Where a Venus sleeping lay;
And the goddess' wounded veins
Colored thee with roseate stains.

Alfred de Musset. (Tr. S. B. W.)

THE VIRE.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
 On the stone,
These words alone:
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
 Its vacant eyes
 Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
 On the rushing and the roar
 Of the stream
 Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
 To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,

Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,

Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport
 Songs that rang
 Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
 Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
 And the poet heard their bells;
 But his rhymes
 Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
 Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
 And the brotherhood of friars;
 Not a name
 Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
 Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
 Flows his song through many a heart;
 Haunting still
 That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GERMANY.

THE GERMAN LAND.

Of all the lands on earth that be,
The German land 's the land for me;
 Bedewed with Heaven's blessing;
And though nor gold nor jewels rare,
Good store of men and maidens fair,
 And corn and wine, possessing.

Of all the tongues on earth that be,
The German tongue 's the tongue for me;
 Sweet sounds it may not borrow:
But when our hearts would hold discourse,
We ne'er shall find it lacketh force
 To tell of joy or sorrow.

Of all the maids on earth that be,
The German maid 's the maid for me;
 A beauteous violet seeming;
With sweetest fragrance to the sense,
With not a thorn to give offence,
 Through many a summer beaming.

Of all the wives on earth that be,
The German wife 's the wife for me;
 In form and mind a treasure.
At home her ministry is seen;
She will not roam abroad, I ween,
 To find elsewhere her pleasure.

Of customs that on earth there be,
 The German customs give to me,—
 Good customs,—I revere them.
 Through them men, hale in heart and limb,
 Alternate sense with wit and whim,
 And keep the wine-cup near them.

Then fill it up with German wine,
 That cometh from our German Rhine,
 To every heart's elation;
 Long live our German fatherland!
 Long live of love and truth the band
 In our Confederation!

Aloys Wilhelm Schreiber. (Tr. H. W. Dulcken.)

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

Which is the German's fatherland?
 Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
 Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
 Or where the Northern sea-gull screams?—
 Ah, no, no, no!
 His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
 Bavaria's or Styria's land?
 Is't where the Marsian ox unbends?
 Or where the Marksman iron rends?—
 Ah, no, no, no!
 His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Pomerania's, or Westphalia's land?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves?—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
O, tell me now the famous land!
Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such lands and people please me well.—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless, it is the Austrian state,
In honors and in triumphs great.—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land!
Is't what the Princess won by sleight
From the Emperor's and Empire's right?

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!—
As far 's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in heaven sings,—

That is the land,—

There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
 Where oaths attest the grasp'd hand,—
 Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
 And in the heart love warmly lies;—

That is the land,—
 There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
 Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—
 Where every Frank is held a foe,
 And Germans all as brothers glow;—

That is the land,—
 All Germany's thy fatherland!

Ernst Moritz Arndt. (Tr. J. Macray.)

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Was it to disenchant, and to undo,
 That we approached the seat of Charlemagne?
 To sweep from many an old romantic strain
 That faith which no devotion may renew?
 Why does this puny church present to view
 Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair;
 This sword that one of our weak times might wear;
 Objects of false pretence, or meanly true?
 If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
 A palpable memorial of that day,
 Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
 That Roland clove with huge two-handed sway,
 And to the enormous labor left his name,
 Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

William Wordsworth.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

I stood in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power,
That from the clustered roofs of Aix lifts up its mouldering
tower,
And, like a legend strange and rude, speaks of an earlier
day,—
Of saint and knight, the tourney's pomp, and the Minne-
singer's lay!

Above me rose the pillared dome, with many a statue grim,
And through the chancel-oriel came a splendor soft and dim,
Till dusky shrine and painting old glowed in the lustre wan:
Below me was a marble slab,—the tomb of Charlemagne.

A burst of organ-music rang so grandly, sadly slow,
It seemed a requiem thundered o'er the dead who slept below;
And with the sound came thronging round the stern men of
that time,
When best was he who bravest fought, and cowardice was
crime.

I thought upon the day when he, whose dust I stood upon,
Ruled with a monarch's boundless right the kingdoms he had
won,—
When rose the broad Alps in his realm, and roared the
Baltic's wave;
And now—the lowest serf might stand, unheeded, on his
grave.

And ruthless hands despoiled his dust, attired in regal pride,
The crown upon his crumpled brows, and Joyeuse by his
side,—

Whose rusted blade, at Ronçeval, flamed in the hero's hand
In answer to the silver horn of the Paladin, Rolánd.

I stood on that neglected stone, thrilled with the glorious
sound,

While bowed at many a holier shrine the worshippers
around,—

And through the cloud of incense-smoke burned many a taper
dim,

And priestly stoles went sweeping by,—I could but think
of him!

I saw the boy with yellow locks, crowned at St. Deny's shrine;
The emperor in his purple cloak, the lord of all the Rhine;
The conqueror of a thousand foes, in battle stern and hard;
The widowed mourner at thy tomb, O fairest Hildegarde!

Long pealed the music of the choir through chancel-arch and
nave,

As, lost in those old memories, I stood upon his grave;
And when the morning anthem ceased, and solemn mass
began,

I left that minster gray and old,—the tomb of Charlemagne!

Bayard Taylor.

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Amid the torch-lit gloom of Aachen's aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record
A world of action by a single word,
Was graven "Carlo-Magno." Regal style
Was needed none: that name such thoughts restored
Asadden, yet make nobler men the while.
They rolled the marble back; with sudden gasp
A moment o'er the vault the kaiser bent,
Where still a mortal monarch seemed to reign.
Crowned, on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne!

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

THE RHINE NEAR BIBERICH.

O, there be isles within the Rhine,
Which cradle on their mother's breast,
That breast that loves them all, and heaves
In music through their noonday rest;

And some there be, soft, green, and low,
That as the infant in its pillow
Nestles its drowsy head, so these
Hide half their brightness in the bellow.

And others wear the scars of Time
Upon their bleak ascending towers,

That fill the gazer's eyes with tears,
Reverting to those sunnier hours,

When at the corselet's vivid gleam
Blue eyes peeped forth from turret stair,
While jubilant the far-seen train
Waved Christ's red banner through the air.

And still those shattered, ivied piles
Are nourished with romantic tears,
And phantoms in their own moonshine
Mock the old gleam of feudal spears.

Ay! all are fair; but one I love
So deeply it doth seem mine own,
For I have gazed upon its trees
Till they into my heart have grown.

I see it now, so meekly proud,
Steadfast amid the gliding water,
And proud as should be isle that is
Bower for a Duke's preferred daughter.

Therefore its columned sweep of trees
Have something of a courtly bearing,
And e'en its scented thickets wild
Their flowers coquettishly are wearing.

But sure no royal maiden's foot
Ere pressed the pride of India's loom
As this, so soft and colored fair,
With turf' slope and glossiest bloom,

It leaves the waves and glances wide
Its living carpet round the isle,
Enclosing in an emerald ring
The dove's low song, the daisy's smile.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

BINGEN.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet:
'T was a piteous sight to see, all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And, while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 't is an excellent bonfire!" quoth he;
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returnéd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came;
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be:
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way:
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," said he;
"'T is the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise:
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only the cat:
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep;
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads more,
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell,
As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones ;
And now they pick the Bishop's bones :
They gnawed the flesh from every limb ;
For they were sent to do judgment on him !

Robert Southey.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land :
Take a message, and a token to some distant friends of mine ;
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground.
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars;

And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline,—

And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's
sword!

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,

When the troops come marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and
mine),

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—sweet Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and
still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered
walk!

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was
childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;

And often, when I go to plough,

The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"

Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,

"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,

Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he;
 "It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
 "But 't was a famous victory."

Robert Southey.

BRESLAU.

THE BRESLAU BELL-FOUNDER.

Was once an old bell-founder
 At Breslau in the town,
 A cunning master-workman,
 A man of great renown.
 Already, white and yellow,
 He'd cast full many a bell
 For churches and for chapels,
 God's holy praise to swell.

And all his bells they sounded
So full and clear and pure:
He poured his faith and love in,
Of that all men were sure.
But of all bells that ever
He cast, was one the crown,
That was the bell for sinners
At Breslau in the town.

In Magdalen Church tower
The masterpiece is hung,
And many a heart has melted
Beneath its iron tongue.
How well the faithful master
Upon his work had thought!
By day and night how truly
His cunning hand had wrought!

And when the hour has come now,
And all stands ready there,
The form walled up and steady,
The mixture bright and fair:
Then calls he to the fire-watch
His boy with earnest tone:
"I leave thee by the kettle
A moment here alone;

"To nerve me for the casting
With yet one drink I'll go;
That gives the gluey bell-stuff
A full and even flow.

“But mind me, boy, and touch not
The stopple, now give heed:
Else with thy life thou’lt rue it,
Rash child, the desperate deed!”

The boy stands by the kettle,
Peeps down into the glow:
It bubbles, boils and billows,
Runs wildly to and fro.
And in his ears it hisses,
And in his blood it leaps,
And now, in all his fingers,
Toward the stopple creeps.

He’s feeling of the stopple:
Woe! he has turned it round!
What was’t he did? He knows not;
In terror flees the ground.
He flies to meet his master,
Confesses to his face
The fault he has committed,
And will his knees embrace.

But scarce the boding master
The boy’s first word has caught,—
Impetuous anger swallows
Each cool and sober thought.
It clenched his sharp knife for him,
And through the boy’s heart ran;
Then rushed he to the kettle
Like a distracted man.

Perchance he yet may save it,
Still stop the rushing stream;
But lo! the casting's over,
Gone is each globule's gleam!
He breaks the mould with trembling,
And sees, yet fain would not,
The bell stands whole before him,
Without a speck or spot.

The boy lies on the ground there,
He sees his work no more;
Ah, master, frantic master,
Thy thrust was all too sore!
He yields him up to judgment,
Himself accuses he:
It moves the judge to pity
The wretched man to see.

Yet is there none can save him,
And blood cries out for blood;
Yet hears he his death-sentence
With calm, unbending mood.
And when the day has broken,
The day his doom shall seal,
They offer for his solace
The Lord's last holy meal.

“I thank you,” says the master,
“Dear gentlemen and true,
But 't is another favor
My heart desires of you.

Once would I hear, O, let me!
The sound of my new bell!
'T is mine own hand hath made it:
Would know if ill or well."

The old man's prayer was granted,
It seemed so small a thing
To them, that his death hour
His favorite bell should ring.
The master hears it tolling
So full, so clear, so pure:
His eyes with tears run over,
For joy it must be, sure.

And lo! as if transfigured,
His fading eyeballs gleam:
That sound to him hath spoken
Far more than sound, I deem!
And he has bowed his neck down
Calmly to meet the stroke,
And, sure, death's solemn promise,
Life, following, hath not broke.

Ay, of all bells that ever
He cast, is this the crown,
The bell of Church St. Magdalen
At Breslau in the town.
It was, from that time forward,
Baptized the Sinner's Bell:
Whether it still is called so,
Is more than I can tell.

Wilhelm Müller. (Tr. C. T. Brooks.)

COBLENZ.

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's; but let not that forbid
Honor to Marceau, o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,—
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career:
His mourners were two hosts,—his friends and foes,—
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons: he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

Lord Byron.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

O for the help of angels to complete
This temple,—angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by man,
Studious that he might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring heat
Hath failed; and now, ye powers! whose gorgeous wings

And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 't were an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

William Wordsworth.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory, from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain,—
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.

Lord Byron.

EISENACH.

LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG.

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand
Where God hath led me by the hand,
And look down, with a heart at ease,
Over the pleasant neighborhoods,
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,

With castles crowning the dizzy heights,
And farms and pastoral delights,
And the morning pouring everywhere
Its golden glory on the air.
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
Safe from the overwhelming blast
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed me fast,
And the howling demons of despair
That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

* * * * *

Yesterday in an idle mood,
Hunting with others in the wood,
I did not pass the hours in vain,
For in the very heart of all
The joyous tumult raised around,
Shouting of men, and baying of hound,
And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,
And echoes answering back again,
From crags of the distant mountain chain,
In the very heart of this I found
A mystery of grief and pain.
It was an image of the power
Of Satan, hunting the world about,
With his nets and traps and well-trained dogs,
His bishops and priests and theologues,
And all the rest of the rabble rout,
Seeking whom he may devour!
Enough have I had of hunting hares,
Enough of these hours of idle mirth,
Enough of nets and traps and gins!

The only hunting of any worth
Is where I can pierce with javelins
The cunning foxes and wolves and bears,
The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,
The Roman Pope and the Roman priests
That sorely infest and afflict the earth!

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air!
The fowler hath caught you in his snare,
And keeps you safe in his gilded cage,
Singing the song that never tires,
To lure down others from their nests;
How ye flutter and beat your breasts,
Warm and soft with young desires,
Against the cruel pitiless wires,
Reclaiming your lost heritage!
Behold! a hand unbars the door,
Ye shall be captives held no more.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HALLE.

In the market-place of Halle
There stand two mighty lions:
O thou lion-pride of Halle,
How greatly art thou tamed!

In the market-place of Halle
There stands a mighty giant;
He hath a sword, yet never stirs,—
He's petrified with terror.

In the market-place of Halle
A mighty church is standing,
Where the Burschenschaft and the Landsmannschaft
Have plenty of room for praying.

Heinrich Heine. (Tr. C. G. Leland.)

HAMBURG.

AN INCIDENT IN THE FIRE OF HAMBURG.

The tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward to the skies,
Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the growth of centuries;

You could not deem its crowding spires a work of human art,
They seem to struggle lightward from a sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak,
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that gray pile she spoke;

And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so rough,

A whim of Nature crystallized slowly in granite tough;
The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint harmonious lines,

And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better right
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light;
And in that forest petrified, as forester, there dwells
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward red as blood,
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying flood;
For miles away the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused, and burst
again.

From square to square with tiger leaps panted the lustful fire,
The air to leeward shuddered with the gasps of its desire;
And chureh and palace, which even now stood whelmed but
to the knee,

Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the whirling
sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with quiet look;
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last forsook;
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway would unfold
Through this red sea for faithful hearts, as once he did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the churchyard wall;
And, ere a pater half was said, mid smoke and crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its head above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood up sublime;
His first thought was for God above, his next was for his
chime;

"Sing now and make your voices heard in hymns of praise,"
cried he,

"As did the Israelites of old, safe walking through the sea!"

"Through this red sea our God hath made the pathway safe
to shore;
Our promised land stands full in sight; shout now as ne'er
before!"
And as the tower came crushing down, the bells, in clear
accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn,—"All good souls,
praise the Lord!"

James Russell Lowell.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
" 'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation,—shocking!
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in counsel,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain,—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Not brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in,—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me, so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;

And people call me the Pied Piper." (And here they noticed round his neck A scarf of red and yellow stripe, To match with his coat of the selfsame check; And at the scarf's end hung a pipe; And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying As if impatient to be playing Upon this pipe, as low it dangled Over his vesture so old-fangled.) "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am, In Tartary I freed the Cham Last June from his huge swarms of gnats; I eased in Asia the Nizam Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats: And, as for what your brain bewilders, If I can rid your town of rats Will you give me a thousand guilders?" "One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept, Smiling first a little smile, As if he knew what magic slept In his quiet pipe the while; Then, like a musical adept, To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled, And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled; And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, You heard as if an army muttered; And the muttering grew to a grumbling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gray young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
Save one, who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor,—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering.
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by,

And could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

As the Piper turned from the High Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from south to west,

And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,

And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas! alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,—
They called it the Pied Piper's Street,—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted

The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men, especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

Robert Browning.

HANAU.

PRINCE WREDE'S DEATH.

By Hanau, where the Kinzig dark and deep,
To meet the Main, rolls on its treacherous way,
Right on the road to Frankfurt, it is spanned
By an old bridge, built strong of basalt gray.
Midway, encased within the basalt wall,
A narrow marble tablet marks a name.
'T is but the one word: Wrede, but it speaks
To German hearts of glory and of fame.

Napoleon, after Leipzig's stern defeat,
 To gain his France once more, here on his way
 Met proud Bavaria's proudest prince. At last
 The dauntless lion found himself at bay.
 But, though ten thousand French were forced to find
 In Kinzig's treacherous flood a horrid grave,
 Prince Wrede too fell, wounded unto death.
 Yon tablet marks the spot. God rest the brave!
 And now the legend goes, that on this spot
 Where Wrede fell, his ghost is often seen.
 For, when the moon with her full flood of light
 Upon that tablet throws her silver sheen,
 'T is said, the prince, casting upon the flood
 A pitying look, tries, so the story goes,
 To stem the rushing waters, and to save
 The drowned thousands of his ghostly foes.

Arthur Rapp.

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

HEINE.

See! in the May afternoon,
 O'er the fresh short turf of the Hartz,
 A youth, with the foot of youth,
 Heine! thou climbest again.
 Up, through the tall dark firs
 Warming their heads in the sun,
 Checkering the grass with their shade,—
 Up, by the stream with its huge
 Moss-hung boulders and thin
 Musical water half hid,—

Up, o'er the rock-strewn slope,
With the sinking sun, and the air
Chill, and the shadows now
Long on the gray hillside,—
To the stone-roofed hut at the top.
Or, yet later, in watch
On the roof of the Brocken tower
Thou standest, gazing! to see
The broad red sun, over field,
Forest and city and spire
And mist-tracked stream of the wide,
Wide German land, going down
In a bank of vapors,—again
Standest! at nightfall, alone.

Or, next morning, with limbs
Rested by slumber, and heart
Refreshened and light with the May,
O'er the gracious spurs coming down
Of the lower Hartz, among oaks,
And beechen coverts, and copse
Of hazels green in whose depth
Ilse, the fairy transformed,
In a thousand water-breaks light
Pours her petulant youth,
Climbing the rock which juts
O'er the valley, the dizzily perched
Rock! to its Iron Cross
Once more thou cling'st; to the Cross
Clingest! with smiles, with a sigh.

Goethe, too, had been there.
In the long-past winter he came
To the frozen Hartz, with his soul
Passionate, eager, his youth
All in ferment;—but he
Destined to work and to live
Left it, and thou, alas!
Only to laugh and to die.

Matthew Arnold.

THE MONK OF HEISTERBACH.

In cloister Heisterbach a youthful monk
Went sauntering through the garden's farthest ground,
Reading God's Holy Word in silence, sunk
In musings on eternity profound.

He reads, and hears the Apostle Peter say:
“One day is with the Lord a thousand years,
A thousand years with him are but a day,”—
But, in his maze of doubt, no clew appears.

He heeds not, lost in thought, the flight of time,
And deeper in the wood is lost his track,
Until the bell, with holy vesper chime,
To serious cloister-duties calls him back.

He reaches with swift steps the gate; the hand
Of an unknown one answers now the bell;
He starts—but sees the church all lighted stand,
And hears the friars the holy chorus swell.

Then, entering, to his seat he straightway goes,
But strange to tell, he finds it occupied;
He looks upon the monks in their long rows,
He sees all strangers, there, on every side.

The staring one is stared at all around,
They ask his name, and why he there appears;
He tells,—low murmurs through the chapel sound!
“None such has lived here these three hundred years.

“The last who bore the name,” out spake the crowd,
“A doubter was, and disappeared one day;
None, since, to take that name has been allowed”—
He hears the word, and shudders with dismay.

He names the abbot now, and names the year:
They call for the old cloister-book, and lo!
A mighty miracle of God is clear:
‘T is he was lost three hundred years ago!

The terror palsies him,—his hair grows gray,—
A deathly paleness settles on his face,—
He sinks,—while breath enough is left to say:
“God is exalted over time and space!

“What he had hid, a miracle now clears;
Think of my fate, believe, adore, obey!
I know: a day is as a thousand years
With God, a thousand years are as a day!”

Karl Wilhelm Müller. (Tr. C. T. Brooks.)

HEIDELBERG, ON THE TERRACE.

We stood upon the castle's height,
So full of old romances;
The moon above shone clear and bright,
And silvered all our fancies.

The Neckar murmured in its flow,
The woods with dew were weeping,
And, lighting up the depths below,
The quiet town seemed sleeping.

The battlements rose grim and still
In majesty before us,
And floating faintly up the hill
We heard the students' chorus.

Inspired by the brimming cup,
Their words were wildly ringing;
They sang of love,—and I took up
The burden of their singing.

I spoke to you: in sweet surprise
A little while you hovered;
Then in the depths of those gray eyes
Your answer I discovered.

We vowed that while the Neckar's flow
(How low the words were spoken!)
Ran undisturbed these towers below,
Our troth should rest unbroken.

Again beneath these walls I stand,
And here my footsteps linger,
Where once I pressed with loving hand
This token on your finger.

But now the well-loved view I see
Its old enchantment misses;
The evening breeze sighs back to me
The shadows of our kisses;

Untired still the Neckar flows
In the soft summer weather;
But last year's leaves and last year's vows
Have flown away together.

Walter Herries Pollock.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING HER GRAVE AT HEIDELBERG.

A tombstone in a foreign land cries out,
O Italy! against thee: she whose death
This stone commemorates with no common praise,
By birth was thine; but, being vowed to Truth,
The blood-stained hand that lurks beneath thine alb
Was raised to strike, and lest one crime the more
Should stand in thine account to heaven, she fled.
Then hither came she, young but erudite,
With ardor flushed, but with old wisdom stored
(Which spake no tongue she knew not), apt to learn
And eloquent to teach, and welcomed here

Gave the brief beauty of her innocent life
An alien race to illustrate, and here
Dying in youth (the beauty of her death
Sealing her life's repute) her ashes gave
An honor to the land that honored her.

—Jerusalem! Jerusalem! which killest
The prophets! if thy house be desolate,
Those temples too are desolate, and that land,
Where Truth's pure votaries may not leave their dust.

Henry Taylor.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven.
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

THE LEIPSIC TOURNAMENT.

In Leipsic's famous city,
In Leipsic's castle-hall,
Are seen brave warriors many,
With armor-bearers all.

In march the Wittenbergers,—
Their bristling halberds see!
They mean, around their master,
A storm-proof wall to be.

But he—no lance he beareth,
Nor sword nor spear doth wield,
The Word of God's his weapon,—
The Spirit is his shield.

Hark! sounds no blast of trumpets
The signal to the fight?
No! to the holy combat
Sweet organ-tones invite.

Down on their knees all sinking,
Their manly forms they bow,—
They pray high Heaven to send them
The Holy Spirit now:

“Come, rest on us, thou worthy,
Thou Holy Spirit of God!
Thou Comforter who teachest
The path his Christ hath trod!

“O, give us wisdom's fulness,
And faith's exalted might,
The truth in love revealing,
That worketh all things right!”

And now they all have risen,—
The lists wide open fly,—
The herald calls to combat:
Now battle manfully!

From yonder glittering phalanx
Forth stalks a champion proud,
Of giant frame, and piercing
His voice rings through the crowd:—

“Who dares with me to battle?
I fling my gauntlet down!”—
One of the Wittenbergers
Has dared to meet his frown.

They run at one another,
Their swords flash to and fro,—
They cut and thrust and parry,
Loud sounds the sturdy blow.

Yet neither strikes his foeman
Quite to the ground.—Come, thou,
The Wittenbergers’ master,
Out on the arena now!

And, like the son of Jesse,
A young monk takes the field;
No lance has he, nor helmet,
He bears no sword nor shield.

But in his wallet bears he
Full many a goodly stone;
So well he knows to sling them,
They crash through brass and bone.

He bears his cause so bravely,
He fights so valiantly,
The knights in that assembly
His deeds with terror see!

The blows they thicken round him,
And clip and clap they fall,
But from his frame as nimbly
They fly off, one and all.

“The master on his finger
 A little ring doth wear,
 And holds, by art of magic,
 An evil spirit there.”

Thus, through the knightly circle
 Suspicious whispers fly :
 “Come out, thou evil spirit !
 Out from the ring !” they cry.

“The master hath a nosegay
 He in his hand doth bear,
 And holds, by art of magic,
 An evil spirit there !”

“Come out, then, from the nosegay,
 Foul fiend !” they cry once more ;
 The ring, and eke the nosegay,
 Are what they were before.

Now let me say, my masters,
 It is not in the ring,
 And as to imps in nosegays,
 ’T is all a foolish thing.

Know when the Lord of spirits
 His servants aid in fight,
 Then needs a noble warrior
 No alien spirit’s might.

The Lord from Heaven’s the spirit
 That lends true strength, and he
 Hath to our master given
 Courage and victory.

From the German. (Tr. C. T. Brooks.)

THE NECKAR.

Sunset! on the plain that spreads
Onward to the glowing Rhine:
Sunset on the purple heads
Of Alsatia's mountain line:
Red sunset on the vines that creep
Far along the rocky steep,
Till those giant forests rise
Dark against the clear, broad skies,
All streaked and flecked with sunset's glow,
Down to the river's banks below.

Silver Neckar! crimsoned o'er
With the beam, from shore to shore,
Silver Neckar! devious still,
Doubling, turning at thy will,
Circling through the meadows' maze,
Joyous in the golden blaze,
Till thy waters, full and free,
Swell the Rhine's majestic sea.

Odenwald! in misty gray
Fade thy crowding heights away:
But fair Heidelberg stands out,
All her ruins girt about
With a diadem of gold,
Such as crowned her once of old,
When two royal lovers stood,¹
Gazing from this charméd grove,
Blest in tender solitude,
Till ambition conquered love.

¹ The Elector Frederic the Fifth and Elizabeth of England.

Valleda! prophetess, whose fane

Gave place to these abodes of joy,
Didst thou foretell—alas!—in vain!

What fate their glories should destroy,
And this fair temple be as lone,
As desolate, as erst thy own?

Ah! in the changes wrought by Time,

Whose sullen waves roll fiercely on,
What boots, amidst his course sublime.

A race of kings,—or prophets,—gone!

Louisa Stuart Costello.

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and
song,

Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round
them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and
bold,

Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth
rhyme,

That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every
clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron
band,

Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise,
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the com-
mon mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in
stone,

By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age
their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture
rare,

Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted
air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent
heart.

Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more
fair,

That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and
dismal lanes,

Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic
strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,

Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,

Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his care,

Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and shadows, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his
careless lay :
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the
soil,
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ALBERT DÜRER'S STUDIO.

In the house of Albert Dürer
Still is seen the studio
Where the pretty Nurembergers
(Cheeks of rose and necks of snow)
Sat to have their portraits painted,
Thrice a hundred years ago.

Still is seen the little loop-hole
Where Frau Dürer's jealous care
Watched the artist at his labor,
And the sitter in her chair,
To observe each word and motion
That should pass between the pair.

Handsome, hapless Albert Dürer
Was as circumspect and true
As the most correct of husbands,
When the dear, delightful shrew
Has him and his sweet companions
Every moment under view.

But I trow that Albert Dürer
Had within his heart a spot
Where he sat and painted pictures
That gave beauty to his lot,
And the sharp intrusive vision
Of Frau Dürer entered not.

Ah! if brains and hearts had loop-holes,
And Frau Dürer could have seen
All the pictures that his fancy
Hung upon their walls within,
How minute had been her watching,
And how good he would have been!

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

STARLIGHT IN THE ODENWALD.

Upon the mountain's rugged crest
There lingers still a glow,
But twilight's gathering gloom has drest
The valleys far below;
No wild wind sways the mountain pine,
No breeze bends down the flower,
And dim and faint the star-beams shine
Upon the vesper hour.

Here, in the fading sunset light,
I breathe the upper air,
And hear the low, sad voice of Night,
Inviting Earth to prayer!

Still deeper through the wide profound
The solemn shadows fall,
And rest upon the hills around
Like Nature's funeral pall.

Now comes to break the breathless spell,
In blended evening-hymn,
The chime of many a distant bell
From valleys deep and dim;
And as they fall, the warder-star
That guards the twilight pale,
Looks o'er the eastern hills afar
And dons his silver mail.

The shadows deepen, as I stand—
The rosy glow is gone,—
And westward, towards my native land,
The sunset marches on!
Ye stars, with whose familiar glance
My thoughts are mingling free,
Shine, glimmering o'er the wide expanse,
And bear them home for me!

Still all is breathless, as in prayer,
But to my spirit-ear
Kind voices float upon the air,
Fond eyes are beaming near.
The love, whose pinions never rest,
Soars, constant, o'er the sea,
And by the thrill within my breast
I know they speak of me!

The gentle spirit of the hour
Melts in the dew of tears,
And yielding to its spell of power
I muse on vanished years,
Till through the gloom no more is heard
The solemn evening-chime,
And mourn the pine-boughs, faintly stirred,
The hurrying march of Time.

Bayard Taylor.

POTSDAM AND SANSOUCI.

Potsdam, thou cradle of a line of kings,
Quiet in thy greatness, a historic crown
Rests well upon thee and on Sansouci,
The home of him whom sternly gained Renown
Calls "Great" forever. Let us backward turn
The page of history in our mental eye
From the imperial glory of to-day,
And rest upon a bygone century.

Now see we, walking in the royal park
Of his loved Sansouci, a bended form,
And though the fire of youth may yet flash forth
Defiance from his eye 'gainst every storm,
Yet is he old. His work is nearly done.
A youthful prince attentive by his side,
His favorite, destined to be also great,
He is in all the aged monarch's pride.

Thus walking side by side, "Old Fritz" has plied
The prince with questions 'bout his daily task

Of lessons. Quiet pride does rest upon
The old king's face. He may no question ask
But what is answered promptly, truthfully,
With grace and ken beyond the prince's years;
And the king knows that Prussia in such hands,
Though all around be dark, need have no fears.

They stand, to part, beside the obelisk
That guards the entrance. "Look!" the monarch says;
"Here is a lesson. Sermons rest in stones:
This obelisk does speak from point to base.
Its airy form may reach into the blue,
But from below comes all its strength and power.
Thus with your people. Their love be your strength
In future. Farewell! Don't forget this hour!"

And he remembered! When the wings of Time
Pressed Prussia's crown upon the prince's head,
King Frederic William, third one of his name,
Fellow he proved of the illustrious dead
In wisdom and in justice. Though for years
His ashes mingle with ancestral dust,
The grateful hearts of his loved people keep
His memory green. Still is he named: "*The Just.*"

Arthur von Rapp.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER AT RATISBON.

Down the broad, imperial Danube,
As its wandering waters guide,
Past the mountains and the meadows,
Winding with the stream, we glide.

Ratisbon we leave behind us,
Where the spires and gables throng,
And the huge cathedral rises,
Like a fortress, vast and strong.

Close beside it stands the town-hall,
With its massive tower, alone,
Brooding o'er the dismal secret,
Hidden in its heart of stone.

There, beneath the old foundations,
Lay the prisons of the state,
Like the last abodes of vengeance,
In the fabled realms of Fate.

And the tides of life above them,
Drifted ever, near and wide,
As at Venice, round the prisons,
Sweeps the sea's incessant tide.

Never, like the far-off dashing,
Or the nearer rush of waves,
Came the tread or murmur downward,
To those dim, unechoing caves.

There the dungeons clasped its victim,
And a stupor chained his breath,
Till the torture woke his senses,
With a sharper touch than death.

Now, through all the vacant silence,
Reign the darkness and the damp,
Broken only when the traveller
Gropes his way, with guide and lamp.

Peering where, all black and shattered,
Eaten with the rust of time,
Lie the fearful signs and tokens
Of an age when law was crime.

Then the guide, with grim precision,
Tells the dismal tale once more,
Tells to living men the tortures
Living men have borne before.

As he speaks, the death-cold cavern
With a sudden life-gush warms,
And, once more, the Torture-Chamber
With its murderous tenants swarms.

Yonder, through the narrow archway,
Comes the culprit in the gloom,
Falters on the fatal threshold,
Totters to the bloody doom.

Here the executioner, lurking,
Waits, with brutal thirst his hour.
Tool of bloodier men and bolder,
Drunken with the dregs of power.

There the careful leech sits patient,
Watching face and hue and breath,
Weighing life's fast-ebbing pulses
With the heavier chance of death.

Eking out the little remnant,
Lest the victim die too soon,
And the torture of the morning
Spare the torture of the noon.

Here, behind the heavy grating,
Sits the scribe, with pen and scroll,
Waiting till the giant terror
Bursts the secrets of the soul;

Till the fearful tale of treason
From the shrieking lips is wrung,
Or the final, false confession
Quivers from the trembling tongue!

But the gray old tower is fading,
Fades, in sunshine, from the eye,
Like some bird whose distant pinion
Dimly blots the morning sky.

So the ancient gloom and terror
Of the ages fade away,
In the sunlight of the present,
Of our better, purer day!

Wm. Allen Butler.

RATISBON.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly would suspect,—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!"

The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

ON THE RHINE IS MY HEART.

On the Rhine is my heart, where affection holds sway!
 On the Rhine is my heart, where encradled I lay,
 Where around me friends bloom, where I dreamt away youth,
 Where the heart of my love glows with rapture and truth,
 O, where I have revelled in song and in wine:
 Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

All hail, thou broad torrent, so golden and green,
 Ye castles and churches, ye hamlets serene,
 Ye cornfields, that wave in the breeze as it sweeps,
 Ye forests and ravines, ye towering steeps,
 Ye mountains e'er clad in the sun-illumed vine!
 Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

I greet thee, O life, with a yearning so strong,
In the maze of the dance, o'er the goblet and song,
All hail, beloved race, men so honest and true,
And maids who speak raptures with eyes of bright blue!
May success round your brows e'er its garlands entwine!
Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

On the Rhine is my heart, where affection holds sway!
On the Rhine is my heart, where encradled I lay,
Where around me friends bloom, where I dreamt away youth,
Where the heart of my love glows with rapture and truth!
May for me your hearts e'er the same jewels enshrine,
Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

Wolfgang Müller. (Tr. A. Baskerville.)

THE RHINE.

Hills and towers are gazing downward
In the mirror-gleaming Rhine,
And my boat drives gayly onward,
While the sun-rays round it shine.

Calm I watch the wavelets stealing,
Golden gleaming, as I glide;
Calmly too awakes the feeling
Which within my heart I hide.

Gently greeting and assuring,
Bright the river tempts me on;
Well I know that face alluring!
Death and night lie further down!

Joy above, at heart beguiling,—
Thou'rt my own love's image, Flood!
She too knows the art of smiling,
She can seem as calm and good.

Heinrich Heine. (Tr. C. C. Leland.)

THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

Beetling walls with ivy grown,
Frowning heights of mossy stone;
Turret, with its flaunting flag
Flung from battlemented crag;
Dungeon-keep and fortalice
Looking down a precipice
O'er the darkly glancing wave
By the Lurline-haunted cave;
Robber haunt and maiden bower,
Home of love and crime and power,—
That's the scenery, in fine,
Of the legends of the Rhine.

One bold baron, double-dyed
Bigamist and parricide,
And, as most the stories run,
Partner of the Evil One;
Injured innocence in white,
Fair but idiotic quite,
Wringing of her lily hands;
Valor fresh from Paynim lands,
Abbot ruddy, hermit pale,
Minstrel fraught with many a tale,—
Are the actors that combine
In the legends of the Rhine.

Bell-mouthed flagons round a board;
Suits of armor, shield, and sword;
Kerchief with its bloody stain;
Ghosts of the untimely slain;
Thunder-clap and clanking chain;
Headsman's block and shining axe;
Thumbscrews, crucifixes, racks;
Midnight-tolling chapel bell,
Heard across the gloomy fell,—
These, and other pleasant facts,
Are the properties that shine
In the legends of the Rhine.

Maledictions, whispered vows
Underneath the linden boughs;
Murder, bigamy, and theft;
Travellers of goods bereft;
Rapine, pillage, arson, spoil,—
Everything but honest toil,
Are the deeds that best define
Every legend of the Rhine.

That Virtue always meets reward,
But quicker when it wears a sword;
That Providence has special care
Of gallant knight and lady fair;
That villains, as a thing of course,
Are always haunted by remorse,—
Is the moral, I opine,
Of the legends of the Rhine.

Bret Harte.

ON THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
 (Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)
 Streamed the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
 We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
 In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
 Lo! the woods open and the rocks retire;
 Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire
 Mid the bright landscape's tract unfolding slow.
 Here dark with furrowed aspect, like despair,
 Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the woodland's side
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
 Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,
 Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

William Lisle Bowles.

A THOUGHT FROM THE RHINE.

I heard an eagle crying all alone
 Above the vineyards through the summer night,
 Among the skeletons of robber towers,—
 The iron homes of iron-hearted lords,
 Now crumbling back to ruin year by year,—
 Because the ancient eyrie of his race
 Is entrenched and walled by busy-handed men,
 And all his forest-chace and woodland wild,
 Wherfrom he fed his young with hare and roe,
 Are trim with grapes, which swell from hour to hour
 And toss their golden tendrils to the sun

For joy at their own riches: so, I thought,
The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
Idle and impotent, they know not why,
Down-staring from their barren height of state
On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
The puppets of the few, while peaceful love
And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth,
With wonders which they fear and hate, as he
The eagle hates the vineyard slopes below.

Charles Kingsley.

THE RHINE.

The Rhine, the far-famed, castled Rhine,
The mirror-stream of chivalry!

What legends hang about its course,
From Mount St. Gothard to the sea!

Most famous of historic streams,
Its banks have long been classic ground;
From the dim ages of the past,
In story and in song renowned.

The Rhine,—the legendary Rhine!
What tales so wondrous e'er were told
As those of its fiend-haunted wilds,
Its lovely nymphs, and knights of old!

River of battle and romance,
Chivalric Rhine! to it belong
The records of the historic page,
The legend, and the poet's song.

It drinks the cool, clear glacier-stream,
'Neath azure skies and Alpine snows;
A brook, a torrent, and a lake,
It rushes on, and greater grows.

It winds by many a castled rock,
And many a dark and dreadful steep,
Where grim old ruins o'er its flood
Their watch like jealous guardians keep.

The Rhine,—the wild, romantic Rhine,—
The wondrous, spectre-haunted stream!
Its sight brings back the distant past:
I gaze upon it, and I dream.

I see these castles as they stood
Many a hundred years ago:
I hear the challenge and reply,
As mail-clad horsemen come and go.

I see dark forests stretching far,
Where trees no longer have a place;
I listen to the hunting-horn
Of stout old Rhinegraves in the chase.

I hear the merry laugh and shout
Of many a joyous party bent
On the high sport of falconry,
Or bound to some great tournament.

How fair the ladies whom I see
On pillioned palfreys gaily ride!
How brave and courteous are the knights
Who canter proudly by their side!

O for the days when noble deeds
Alone gained grace in beauty's eyes,—
When men held honor more than life,
And fame, not wealth, the sought-for prize!

O for the days of chivalry,—
Of tournament and glittering throng,
And masque and pageantry and feast,
And lady-love and minstrel song!

O for a life-long summer day
To gaze on yonder glorious stream,
And give my wandering fancy play
In many a visionary dream!

M. Sabiston

DRACHENFELS.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant-girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

Lord Byron.

LAHNECK CASTLE.

On the dark heights that overlook the Rhine,
Flinging long shadows on the watery plains,
Crowned with gray towers, and girdled by the vine,
How little of the warlike past remains!

The castle walls are shattered, and wild-flowers
Usurp the crimson banner's former sign.
Where are the haughty Templars and their powers?
Their forts are perished, but not so their shrine.

Like Memory veiled, Tradition sits and tells
Her twilight histories of the olden time;
How few the records of those craggy dells
But what recall some sorrow or some crime!

Of Europe's childhood was the feudal age,
When the world's sceptre was the sword; and power,
Unfit for human weakness, wrong, and rage,
Knew not that curb which waits a wiser hour.

Ill suited empire with a human hand;
Authority needs rule, restraint, and awe;
Order and peace spread gradual through the land,
And force submits to a diviner law.

A few great minds appear, and by their light
The many find their way; truth after truth
Doth starlike rise on depths of mortal night,
Though even now is knowledge in its youth.

Still as those ancient heights, which only bore
 The iron harvest of the sword and spear,
 Are now with purple vineyards covered o'er,
 While cornfields fill the fertile valleys near:

Our moral progress has a glorious scope,
 Much has the Past by thought and labor done;
 Knowledge and Peace pursue the steps of Hope,
 Whose noblest victories are yet unwon.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

LIEBENSTEIN AND STERNENFELS.

THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

Yonder, on the mountain-summit,
 Lies the castle wrapped in night;
 In the valley gleam the sparkles,
 Struck from clashing swords in fight.

Brothers they who thus in fury
 Fierce encounter hand to hand;
 Say, what cause could make a brother
 'Gainst a brother turn his brand?

Countess Laura's beaming glances
 Did the fatal feud inflame,
 Kindling both with equal passion
 For the fair and noble dame.

Which hath gained the fair one's favor?
 Which shall win her for his bride?
 Vain to scan her heart's inclining;
 Draw the sword, let that decide.

Wild and desperate grows the combat,
 Clashing strokes like thunder fly ;
 Ah ! beware, ye savage warriors !
 Evil powers by night are nigh !

Woe for you, ye bloody brothers !
 Woe for thee, thou bloody vale !
 By each other's swords expiring,
 Sink the brothers, stark and pale.

Many a century has departed,
 Many a race has found a tomb,
 Yet from yonder rocky summits
 Frown those moss-grown towers of gloom ;

And within the dreary valley
 Fearful sights are seen by night :
 There, as midnight strikes, the brothers
 Still renew their ghastly fight.

Heinrich Heine. (Tr. Anon.)

ROLANDSECK.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.

The brave Roland !—the brave Roland !—
 False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
 That he had fallen in fight ;
 And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,
 O loveliest maid of Allémayne !
 For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale?

For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung,—

'T was her own dear warrior's horn!

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed, shall break!
She would have hung upon his neck,

Had he come but yester-even!

And he had clasped those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,

Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,
He could not bid that spot adieu;

It was dear still midst his woes,
For he loved to breathe the neighboring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
When the Halleluiah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the nun's green isle;

Thence sad and oft looked he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died!—he sought the battle-plain;
Her image filled his dying brain,

When he fell and wished to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

Thomas Campbell.

RUDESHEIM.

A RHINE LEGEND.

By the Rhine, the emerald river,
How softly glows the night!
The vine-clad hills are lying
In the moonbeams' golden light.

And on the hillside walketh
A kingly shadow down,
With sword and purple mantle,
And heavy golden crown.

'T is Charlemagne, the emperor,
Who, with a powerful hand,
For many a hundred years
Hath ruled in German land.

From out his grave in Aachen
He hath arisen there,
To bless once more his vineyards,
And breathe their fragrant air.

By Rudesheim, on the water,
The moon doth brightly shine,
And buildeth a bridge of gold
Across the emerald Rhine.

The emperor walketh over,
And all along the tide
Bestows his benediction
On the vineyards far and wide.

Then turns he back to Aachen
In his grave-sleep to remain,
Till the New Year's fragrant clusters
Shall call him forth again.

Then let us fill our glasses,
And drink, with the golden wine,
The German hero-spirit,
And its hero-strength divine.

Emanuel Geibel. (Tr. W. W. Caldwell.)

SIEBENGEBIRGE.

THE KING OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

In ancient times, beside the Rhine, a king sat on his throne,
And all his people called him "good,"—no other name is
known.

Seven hills and seven old castles marked the land beneath
his sway;

His children all were beautiful and cheerful as the day.

Oft, clad in simple garments, he travelled through the land,
And to the poorest subject there he gave a friendly hand.

Now when this good old king believed his latest hour was
nigh,

He bade his servants bear him to a neighboring mountain
high:

Below he saw the pleasant fields in cloudless sunlight shine,
While through the valleys, brightly green, flowed peacefully
the Rhine;

And pastures, gayly decked with flowers, extended far away;
While round them stood the mighty hills in darkly-blue array;

And on the hills along the Rhine seven noble castles frown,
Stern guardians! on their charge below forever looking down.

Long gazed the king upon that land; his eyes with tears o'er
flow,—

He cries, "My own loved country! I must bless thee ere I go!

"O fairest of all rivers! my own, my noble Rhine!
How beauteous are the pastures all that on thy margin shine.

"To leave thee, O my land! wakes my bosom's latest sigh,
Let me spend my breath in blessing thee, and so, contented,
die.

"My good and loving people all! my land! farewell forever!
May sorrow and oppression come within your borders never!

"May people, land, and river, all, in sure protection lie
Forever 'neath the guardianship of the Almighty's eye!"

Soon as the blessing was pronounced, the good old king was
dead,

And the halo of the setting sun shone all around his head.

That king was always called "the good"—no other name is
known;

But his blessing still is resting on the land he called his own.

Joseph Matzerath. (Tr. R. Harrison.)

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

Many and many a year ago,—

To say how many I scarcely dare,—
Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,
In the wide and open square,
Where, quaint and old, and touched with the gold
Of a summer morn, at stroke of noon
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled,
And into the church with the crowd we strolled
To see their wonder, the famous Clock.
Well, my love, there are clocks a many,
As big as a house, as small as a penny;
And clocks there be with voices as queer
As any that torture human ear,—
Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,
That wheeze like a pump, and hoot like an owl,
From the coffin shape with its brooding face
That stands on the stair (you know the place),
Saying, "Click,, cluck," like an ancient hen,
A-gathering the minutes home again,
To the kitchen knave with its wooden stutter,
Doing equal work with double splutter,
Yelping, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,
As much as to say, "Just see me work!"
But of all the clocks that tell Time's bead-roll,
There are none like this in the old Cathedral;
Never a one so bids you stand
While it deals the minutes with even hand:
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,
And some you dote on, and some you curse;
And clock and man may have such a way
Of telling the truth that you can't say nay.

So in we went and stood in the crowd
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud,
With sound and symbol, the only tongue
The maker taught it while yet 't was young.
And we saw Saint Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands,
And the twelve Apostles come and go,
And the solemn Christ pass sadly and slow;
And strange that iron-legged procession,
And odd to us the whole impression,
As the crowd beneath, in silence pressing,
Bent to that cold mechanic blessing.

But I alone thought far in my soul
What a touch of genius was in the whole,
And felt how graceful had been the thought
Which for the signs of the months had sought,
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train;
And much I pondered, if he whose brain
Had builded this clock with labor and pain
Did only think, twelve months there are,
And the Bible twelve will fit to a hair;
Or did he say, with a heart in tune,
Well-loved John is the sign of June,
And changeful Peter hath April hours,
And Paul the stately, October bowers,
And sweet or faithful or bold or strong,
Unto each one shall a month belong.

But beside the thought that under it lurks,
Pray, do you think clocks are saved by their works?

Anonymous.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

ELSIE.

I am at home here in my Father's house!
These paintings of the Saints upon the walls
Have all familiar and benignant faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

The portraits of the family of God!
Thine own hereafter shall be placed among them.

ELSIE.

How very grand it is and wonderful!
Never have I beheld a church so splendid!
Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,
So many tombs and statues in the chapels,
And under them so many confessionals.
They must be for the rich. I should not like
To tell my sins in such a church as this.
Who built it?

PRINCE HENRY.

A great master of his craft,
Erwin von Steinbach; but not he alone,
For many generations labored with him.
Children that came to see these Saints in stone,
As day by day out of the blocks they rose,
Grew old and died, and still the work went on,
And on, and on, and is not yet completed.
The generation that succeeds our own
Perhaps may finish it. The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children, and their lives

Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes
Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.
That is the image of the master, carved
By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that he looks at!

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it
Stands the Evangelists; above their heads
Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,
And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded
By his attendant ministers, upholding
The instruments of his passion.

ELSIE.

O My Lord!

Would I could leave behind me upon earth
Some monument to thy glory, such as this!

PRINCE HENRY.

A greater monument than this thou leavest
In thine own life, all purity and love!
See, too, the Rose, above the western portal
Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colors,
The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness!

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,
Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

STRASBURG.

TAULER.

Tauler, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night, t,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking upon an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning and noon and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak and poor and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to."

"Nay, my son,

Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.

And for the happiness of which I spake
I find in it submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know,—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinback, dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
But what is dark below is light in Heaven."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THURINGIA.

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

This is the land, the happy valleys these,
Broad breadths of plain, blue-veined by many a stream,
Umbrageous hills, sweet glades, and forests fair,
O'er which our good liege, Landgrave Herman, rules.
This is Thuringia: yonder, on the heights,
Is Wartburg, seat of our dear lord's abode,
Famous through Christendom for many a feat
Of deftest knights, chief stars of chivalry,
At tourney in its courts; nor more renowned
For deeds of prowess than exploits of art,
Achieved when, vocal in its Muses' hall,
The minstrel-knights their glorious jousts renew,
And for the laurel wage harmonious war.
On this side spreads the chase in wooded slopes
And sweet acclivities; and, all beyond,
The open flats lie fruitful to the sun
Full many a league; till, dark against the sky,
Bounding the limits of our lord's domain,
The Hill of Hörsel rears his horrid front.

Robert, Lord Lytton.

ULM.

FLOWERS OR FRUIT.

In Ulm's Domkirche high there stands
An altar carved by master hands;
The loveliest forms, of leaf and flower,
Are wrought in wood, with cunning power.

Twined with the linden tassel-blows
In one spring wreath, wave bud and rose;
The freshness, and fair promise sweet
Of all June mornings in it meet.

But quainter emblems, curves as fair,
The left side of the altar share;
A wreath festooned of seed capsules,
Where loving skill held graver's tools.

The pea-pod and the shepherd's purse,
The crowned row of the henbane's hearse;
The rose-hip and the moonwort's shield,
The poppy's star-cup from the field.

Which is the fairer garland, say,—
The beauteous blossoms of a day,
Or the seed vessels, which but mask
Long floral generations? Ask

The craftsman, to what thought his choice
Of either wreath, his tool gave voice?
Which looks the brighter or the duller,
When wrought in monotone of color?

Which is the sweeter, flower or fruit?
Which is most precious? You are mute,—
The dewy morning, before strife;
The glory of completed life.

Emily E. Ford.

WEIMAR.

THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

This is Goethe, with a forehead
Like the fabled front of Jove;
In its massive lines the tokens
More of majesty than love.

This is Schiller, in whose features,
With their passionate calm regard,
We behold the true ideal
Of the high heroic bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling
And the outward world of sense
To the endless labor summon,
And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,
From whose living lips have rung
Words to be remembered ever
In the noble German tongue;

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling
Into loftiest speech or song,
Still through all the listening ages
Pours its torrent swift and strong.

As to-day in sculptured marble
Side by side the poets stand,
So they stood in life's great struggle
Side by side and hand to hand,

In the ancient German city,
Dowered with many a deathless name,
Where they dwelt and toiled together,
Sharing each the other's fame:

One till evening's lengthening shadows
Gently stilled his faltering lips,
But the other's sun at noonday
Shrouded in a swift eclipse.

There their names are household treasures,
And the simplest child you meet
Guides you where the house of Goethe
Fronts upon the quiet street;

And, hard by, the modest mansion
Where full many a heart has felt
Memories uncounted clustering
Round the words, "Here Schiller dwelt."

In the churchyard both are buried,
Straight beyond the narrow gate,
In the mausoleum sleeping
With Duke Charles in sculptured state.

For the monarch loved the poets,
Called them to him from afar,
Wooed them near his court to linger,
And the planets sought the star.

He, his larger gifts of fortune
With their larger fame to blend,
Living, counted it an honor
That they named him as their friend;

Dreading to be all-forgotten,
Still their greatness to divide,
Dying, prayed to have his poets
Buried one on either side.

But this suited not the gold-laced
Ushers of the royal tomb,
Where the princely House of Weimar
Slumbered in majestic gloom.

So they ranged the coffins justly,
Each with fitting rank and stamp,
And with shows of court precedence
Mocked the grave's sepulchral damp.

Fitly now the clownish sexton
Narrow courtier-rules rebukes;
First he shows the grave of Goethe,
Schiller's next, and last—the Duke's.

Vainly midst these truthful shadows
Pride would flaunt her painted wing;
Here the monarch waits in silence,
And the poet is the king!

William Allen Butler

WEIMAR.

ON SEEING THE GOETHE-SCHILLER MONUMENT AT WEIMAR.

On the Platz before the theatre
 In the town of Weimar stand
 Goethe, Schiller,—two immortals,
 Idols of their fatherland!
 Germany indeed may point with
 Pride unto that poet pair;
 As in life they by each other
 Stood, so now the wreath they share.
 One the Reaper cut down early,
 Scarce had shone on him life's prime;
 But the other lived to carry
 On his locks the silver rime.
 Honored by their prince and country
 In the Fürstengraft they lie,
 Side by side their bodies crumble,
 But their works will live for aye.

George Browning.

WÜRTZBURG.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
 When he left this world of ours,
 Laid his body in the cloister,
 Under Würzburg's minster towers.
 And he gave the monks his treasures,
 Gave them all with this behest:
 They should feed the birds at noontide
 Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AUSTRIA

AMPEZZO.

IN THE PASS.

Across my road a mountain rose of rock,—
Fierce, naked rock. Its shadow, black and chill,
Shut out the sun. Gray clouds, which seemed to mock
With cruel challenges my helpless will,
Sprang up and scaled the steepest crags. The shrill
Winds, two and two, went breathless out and in,
Filling the darkened air with evil din.

I turned away my weary steps and said :
"This must be confine of some fearful place ;
Here is no path for mortal man to tread.
Who enters here will tremble, face to face
With powers of darkness, whose unearthly race
In cloud and wind and storm delights to dwell,
Ruling them all by an uncanny spell."

The guide but smiled, and, holding fast my hand,
Compelled me up a path I had not seen.
It wound round ledges where I scarce could stand ;
It plunged to sudden sunless depths between
Immeasurable cliffs, which seemed to lean
Together, closing as we passed, like door
Of dungeon which would open nevermore.

I said again: "I will not go. This way
Is not for mortal feet." Again the guide
But smiled, and I again could but obey.
The path grew narrow; thundering by its side,
As loud as ocean at its highest tide,
A river rushed, all black and green and white,
A boiling stream of molten malachite.

Sudden I heard a joyous cry, "Behold, behold!"
And, smiling still on me, the good guide turned,
And pointed where broad, sunny fields unrolled
And spread like banners; green, so green it burned,
And lit the air like red; and blue which yearned
From all the lofty dome of sky, and bent
And folded low and circling like a tent;

And forests ranged like armies, round and round,
At feet of mountains of eternal snow;
And valleys all alive with happy sound;
The song of birds; swift brooks' delicious flow;
The mystic hum of million things that grow;
The stir of men; and gladdening every way,
Voices of little children at their play;

And shining banks of flowers which words refuse
To paint; such colors as in summer light
The rarest, fleetest summer rainbows use,
But set in gold of sun, and silver white
Of dew, as thick as gems which blind the sight
On altar fronts, inlaid with priceless things,
The jewelled gifts of centuries of kings.

Then, sitting half in dream, and half in fear
Of how such wondrous miracle were wrought,
Thy name, dear friend, I sudden seemed to hear
Through all the charméd air.

My loving thought
Through patient years had vainly groped and sought,
And found no hidden thing so rare, so good,
That it might furnish thy similitude.

O noble soul, whose strengths like mountains stand,
Whose purposes, like adamantine stone,
Bar roads to feeble feet, and wrap the land
In seeming shadow, thou, too, hast thine own
Sweet valleys full of flowers, for me alone,
Unseen, unknown, undreamed of by the mass,
Who do not know the secret of the Pass.

Helen Hunt.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down

Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
Upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

* * *

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

* * *

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
All care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!"

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz, shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

* * *

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped:
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out, out into the darkness,
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “O, faster!”
Eleven the church-bells chime;
“O God,” she cries, “Help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!”
But louder than bells’ ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness,
The bank is high and steep,
One pause,—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein,
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see,—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.

And there, when Bregenz women
 Sit spinning in the shade,
They see, in quaint old carving,
 The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
 By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
 And calls each passing hour,
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,
 And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
 He calls the maiden’s name!

Adelaide Anne Procter

HUNGARY.

Awake, strong heart of an insulted earth!
 Where sleeps thy manhood at this fearful hour?
A hero nation, writhing at its birth,
 Strangled within the coils of brutal Power!
Ah! shame! unpitying Europe stands,
 With coldest glance and folded hands,
While on the bloody field pale Hungary lies;
And see! alas! with sadly-lingering eyes,
 As fade their happy plains away,
 Afar her hunted chieftains stray,
Asking of Moslem hearts in their despair
The last, poor boon by Christian man denied,
A home, a grave, their war-worn heads to hide.

Not fallen, O noble land! tho' now
Trampled beneath a despot horde;
A conqueror in thy suffering thou!
A holier strife than of the sword!
For thee the stars in their high courses fight:
For thee the hills, the streams, whose ancient might
Laughs at man's fetters as it seaward rolls;
For thee, the hopes, the aims of deathless souls.

Rise, Freedom, from the living Past,
With all thy sacred legions vast,
From Alpine heights, from stormy coast
Of the long ages, see! they march.

Hear ye the voice, ye crowned traitors, hear,
And tremble, for it bodes your judgment-day!
That word, once breathed upon the atmosphere
Of living men, shall never pass away.
Whispered by some weak lip, now dumb,
It echoes thro' the years to come;
Onward it rolls, yet louder, louder wakes
The mighty music, till at last it breaks
In volleying thunders; wild and deep
Tosses the surge o'er cliffs of wrong;
A startled nation in its sleep
Listens and knows the stern, prophetic song,
The tyrant's death-knell, the last trumpet's peal;
Lifts its glad head and shakes the avenging steel.

Joy, patriot chiefs! for souls so great
No idle tears to-day we shed;
Ye are no broken tools of Fate;
Rejoice, for Freedom is not dead!

A life eternal she within her bears;
 Hers is no exile, but where'er she fares
 All climes, all noble spirits are her home.
 And still, tho' far your toil-worn feet may roam,
 Walks Hungary with uplifted eyes,
 Still to your hero ears she sings
 The chaunt of her high destinies;
 A glorious rest after long wanderings;
 A nation yet to be; tho' banished now,
 Wearing her crown upon her queenly brow.

Dr. Edward A. Washburn.

CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

THE FRONTIER.

O the glorious purple line
 Of the mountains lifted along the west!
 Bright, in the sun, their summits shine;
 Dark, in the shade, their valleys rest.
 Cossack and Tartar may hold the plains,
 And the rivers that creep to a tideless sea;
 Mine be the heights where the eagle reigns,
 And cataracts thunder, and winds blow free!

 Not for the steppe, with its desert sheen,
 From Austria's border to China's wall,
 Would I give the upland pasture's green,
 The beech-tree's shadow, the brooklet's fall.
 Vanish, O weary, mournful level!
 Welcome, O wind my brow that fans!
 In the splendor of earth again I revel,
 Greeting the purple Carpathians!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE OLD CLOCK OF PRAGUE.

There's a curious clock in the city of Prague—
A remarkable old astronomical clock—
With a dial whose outline is that of an egg,
And with figures and fingers a wonderful stock.

It announces the dawn and the death of the day,
Shows the phases of moons, and the changes of tides,
Counts the months and the years as they vanish away,
And performs quite a number of marvels besides.

At the left of the dial a skeleton stands;
And aloft hangs a musical bell in the tower,
Which he rings, by a rope that he holds in his hands,
In his punctual function of striking the hour.

And the skeleton nods, as he tugs at the rope,
At an odd little figure that eyes him aghast,
As a hint that the bell rings the knell of his hope,
And the hour that is solemnly tolled is his last.

And the effigy turns its queer features away
(Much as if for a snickering fit or a sneeze),
With a shrug and a shudder, that struggle to say:
"Pray excuse me, but—just an hour more, if you please!"

But the funniest sight, of the numerous sights
Which the clock has to show to the people below,
Is the Holy Apostles in tunics and tights,
Who revolve in a ring, or proceed in a row.

Their appearance can hardly be counted sublime;
And their movements are formal, it must be allowed;
But they're prompt, for they always appear upon time,
And polite, for they bow very low to the crowd.

This machine (so reliable papers record)
Was the work, from his own very clever design,
Of one Hanusch, who died in the year of our Lord
One thousand four hundred and ninety and nine.

Did the people receive it with honor? you ask;
Did it bring a reward to the builder? Ah, well!
It was proper that they should have paid for the task!
And they did, in a way that it shocks me to tell.

For suspecting that Hanusch might grow to be vain,
Or that cities around them might covet their prize,
They invented a story that he was insane,
And to stop him from labor, extinguished his eyes!

But the cunning old artist, though dying in shame,
May be sure that he labored and lived not amiss;
For his clock has outlasted the foes of his fame,
And the world owes him much for a lesson like this:

That a private success is a public offence,
That a citizen's fame is a city's disgrace,
And that both should be shunned by a person of sense,
Who would live with a whole pair of eyes in his face.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SALONA.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made;
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
To entice him to a throne again.

"If I, my friends!" said he, "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay
Than 'tis that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends! if every day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost a god."

Abraham Cowley.

DIOCLESIAN AT SALONA.

Take back these vain insignia of command,
Crown, truncheon, golden eagle,—baubles all,—
And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall;
And be forever alien to my hand,
Though laurel-wreathed, War's desolating brand:
I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall;
Wise books, frank converse, Beauty free from thrall,
And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.
Farewell, thou garish World! thou Italy,
False widow of departed Liberty!

I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll,
 Between us, of mine own bright Adrian sea!
 Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my soul
 Looks down on your degenerate Capitol!

Aubrey de Vere.

SALZBURG.

THE SALZBURG CHIMES.

Sweetly float o'er town and tower
 Strains that mark the dawning hour;
 Soothing, as it glides along,
 Yon fair stream with tinkling song:
 Over vineyard, rock, and wood,
 And where ancient bastion stood,
 Heralds now of peaceful times,
 Sweetly float the Salzburg chimes.

Once again,—from this green hill
 Echo lets no leaf be still;
 Once again,—the Salza's breast
 Gives the welling sounds no rest:
 Distant in the spreading plain
 Mount and tower take up the strain,
 Till in yonder Alpine climes
 Herdsman catch the Salzburg chimes.

Yet once again! the merry merry child
 Dances to the melody with gambols wild;
 Yet once more! the sentry stern
 Paces to the time at every turn:

E'en the sick on painful bed
Lifts in hope his weary head,
And hoary elders bless the times
When first they heard the Salzburg chimes.

Yet once more! ere noonday rise,
Part our steps for other skies;
Yet once more! in memory's ear
Still shall sound that music clear;
And in England's homes of light,
When the cheerful hearth is bright,
Will we, in far distant climes,
Wake the slumbering Salzburg chimes.

Henry Alford.

STEYERMARK.

In Steyermark,—green Steyermark,
The fields are bright and the forests dark,—
Bright with the maids that bind the sheaves,
Dark with the arches of whispering leaves!
Voices and streams and sweet bells chime
Over the land, in the harvest-time,
And the blithest songs of the finch and lark
Are heard in the orchards of Steyermark.

In Steyermark,—old Steyermark,
The mountain summits are white and stark;
The rough winds furrow their trackless snow,
But the mirrors of crystal are smooth below;

The stormy Danube clasps the wave
 That downward sweeps with the Drave and Save,
 And the Euxine is whitened with many a bark,
 Freighted with ores of Steyermark!

In Steyermark,—rough Steyermark,
 The anvils ring from dawn till dark;
 The molten streams of the furnace glare,
 Blurring with crimson the midnight air;
 The lusty voices of forgemen chord,
 Chanting the ballad of Siegfried's Sword,
 While the hammers swung by their arms so stark
 Strike to the music of Steyermark!

In Steyermark,—dear Steyermark,
 Each heart is light as the morning lark;
 There men are framed in the manly mould
 Of their stalwart sires, of the times of old,
 And the sunny blue of the Styrian sky
 Grows soft in the timid maiden's eye,
 When love descends with the twilight dark,
 In the beechen groves of Steyermark.

Bayard Taylor.

ON THE RIVER TEPL.

Friendless I came, but friendless now no more;
 Thy voice, sweet river, greets me, and I trace
 A smile of welcome in thy sparkling face,
 When early morn invites me to thy shore;
 Thy sunlit waters to fresh life restore

The fragrant flowers that gild the mountain's base;
Lulled by the rippling music of thy race,
With tranquil happiness my heart runs o'er.
The hues of heaven are mirrored in thy stream;
O, teach me so to live that hope sublime,
From Heaven reflected, on my path may beam!
Thy ceaseless current runs to reach the sea;
Teach me in wisdom to redeem the time,
Still hastening onward to Eternity.

R. E. Egerton-Warburton.

SWITZERLAND.

WILLIAM TELL.

Chains may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
Tell, of the iron heart! they could not tame;
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.

That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heaven blow.
Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

William Cullen Bryant.

AN ALPINE PICTURE.

Stand here and look, and softly hold your breath
Lest the vast avalanche come crashing down!
How many miles away is yonder town
Set flower-wise in the valley? Far beneath—
A scimitar half drawn from out its sheath—

The river curves through meadows newly mown;
The ancient water-courses are all strown
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;
And peak on peak against the turquoise-blue
The Alps like towering campanili stand,
Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,
Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.
O, tell me, love, if this be Switzerland—
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE ALPS.

But let us hence; for fair Locarno smiles
Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles:
Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
Where, mid dim towers and woods, her waters gleam.
From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still, aspire
To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguished clouds and rocks and snow:
Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o'er the abyss: the else impervious gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light illume.

* * *

When rueful moans along the forest swell
Protracted, and the twilight storm foretell,
And, headlong from the cliffs, a deafening load
Tumbles, and wildering thunder slips abroad;
When on the summits darkness comes and goes.
Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks and snows;

And the fierce torrent, from the lustre broad,
Starts, like a horse, beside the flashing road,—
She seeks a covert from the battering shower
In the roofed bridge; the bridge, in that dread hour,
Itself all quaking at the torrent's power.

* * *

'T is morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows;
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea! whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound;
Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear,
That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
Gapes in the centre of the sea, and through
That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
Innumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapors notes of birds,
And merry flageolet; the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-tower knell.

William Wordsworth.

DESCENT OF THE ALPS.

Downwards we hurried fast,
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,
Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
And with them did we journey several hours

At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of eternity,
Of first and last and midst and without end.

William Wordsworth.

ALTORF.

EFFUSION IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

What though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valor, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

And when that calm spectatress from on high
 Looks down,—the bright and solitary moon,
 Who never gazes but to beautify;
 And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
 Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
 That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
 Then might the passing monk receive a boon
 Of saintly pleasure from those pictured walls,
 While on the warlike groups the mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
 Yield not to terror or despondency,
 But face like that sweet boy their mortal doom,
 Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
 Expectant stands beneath the linden-tree;
 He quakes not like the timid forest game,
 But smiles,—the hesitating shaft to free;
 Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
 And to his father give its own unerring aim.

William Wordsworth.

APPENZELL.

THE ROAD TO APPENZELL.

Green sunny road that skirts the foot
 Of low hills, clad from top to toe
 With vines, beneath whose ripening fruit
 The yellow-coated pumpkins grow;

Road winding by the ruined tower,
 Whose olden story none can tell,
 Road fringed with many a mountain flower,
 Road leading on to Appenzell!—

May thy soft shadows ne'er be less,
 Thy brawling brooklet never dumb!
 The hours were winged with happiness
 Which saw me through the valley come.

And by my side there tripped along
 The fairest of the mountain maids,
 Who sang unasked her mountain song,
 And showed me all the rocks and glades.

I ne'er shall hear that song again,
 I ne'er shall see that Switzer dell,
 But in my heart will aye remain
 The road that leads to Appenzell;

The sunny road that skirts the foot
 Of low hills, clad from top to toe
 With vines, beneath whose ripening fruit
 The yellow-coated pumpkins grow!

Henry Glassford Bell.

BRUNNEN.

On the princely towers of Berne
 Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke;
 To the lake of poor Lucerne,
 All submitted to the yoke.

Reding then his standard raised,
 Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain;
 But in vain his banner blazed,
 Reding drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died,
Where their awful bones repose,
Thrice in battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.

Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their father's graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell
Treason made the victors slaves!

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part;
Underwalden last expired,
Underwalden was the heart.

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their sires in olden time,
Armed they met in stern debate;
While in every breast sublime,
Glowed the spirit of the state.

Gallia's menace fired their blood:
With one heart and voice they rose;
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turned the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they swore
With their country's rights to die.

James Montgomery.

CHILLON.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old:
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,

And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years,—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

* * *

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave entralls:

A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day,
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt its shake unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

Lord Byron.

LAKE LEMAN AND CHILLON.

At the old Genevan wharf she lay,
Where the Jardin Anglais looks on the bay,—
 That steamer small, with a name so regal:
Lake Leman was tempting blue, that day,
And as part of her brood we sailed away,—
 Our national totem,—“L’ Aigle.”

Has the world of travel a purer joy
Than the ramparts grim of old Savoy,
 As that day we sailed apast and down them?—
Peak upon peak rising high, more high,
And some with their heads that reached the sky,—
 With stern Mont Blanc to crown them?

With Jura's steeps on the other side
Of that lake with the dangerous placid tide;
And below, to the edge, the green hills sloping:
On one hand the mother, tender-eyed,
On the other the father, high in pride,
O'er their blue-eyed darling stooping!

With Beau Rivage, with sweet Lausanne,
With the hostel named for "milord Biron,"

Where he heard Childe Harold's echoing thunder:
One feast to the eye, sailing on and on,
Till the cliffs hung dark over old Chillon,
With the castle nestling under!

Time has greatly dealt with the stern old pile,
And few the stones that have dropped erewhile

From the architect's feately and graceful shaping:
Though behind it a railway comes to spoil
The Past, with a hint of modern toil
And a means for romance escaping.

Dark rise the old turrets,—dark, yet fair,
Round tower in graceful blending with square,

And here a tall keep over all arisen;
Till the gazer thinks what a fortune rare
For a limited space to linger there,
Even calling one's home a prison!

And fair as ever the sun-rays fall
On the lapping waters under the wall;
And the view across still keeps its glory,—

Over the lake to the ramparts tall,
And the great snow-mountains crowning all
With that presence mighty as hoary.

But what dearer view was within embraced,
When over the drawbridge height we paced,
Under the archways gray and moulding,
And stood in the midst of that stony waste
Where the hand of genius one mark has placed
For the ages' long beholding,

Savoy's stern Dukes rule here no more:
There is silence on that presence-floor
Where herald and king bandied feudal manners;
And the free Swiss Cantons there keep in store
Of rusty firelocks many a score
And a dozen of red-cross banners.

And deeper within comes room on room,
Of still deepening infamy and gloom,
Beneath and above the waters' level,—
Where the victims of old found cruel doom,
The prison a scaffold, the lake a tomb,
And the headsman a hooded devil.

And then,—the chamber of Bonnivard,
Of victims at once the evilest-starred,
And the luckiest far, that, one summer morning
The English lord saw his place of guard,
And the old renown of the castle marred
With a glory that came sans warning.

For who now visits the dungeons old,
But to see those "seven pillars of Gothic mould,"
With the one still bearing the broken fetters,
And the window 'neath which the blue lake rolled,
And through which the birds of lost freedom told,
• As if they were wrong's abettors?

And what, when the old pile tumbles down,
Will give to its stones their best renown?

Some puzzling and dim historic question?
No!—the story-in-rhyme, that makes its crown,
One day at Veytaux-Chillon set down
By a guest with a bad digestion!

Henry Morford.

CLARENS.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly; the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then
mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god

Is a pervading life to light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,—
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

All things are here of him; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bowed waters meet him and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-colored things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life; the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,

For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 't is his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness: 't is lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.

Lord Byron.

THE COL DE BALM.

Sunshine and silence on the Col de Balm.
I stood above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents when one marvellous hush
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
With hallelujah light, a seen though silent psalm;—
Crossed with one discord, only one, for Love
Cried out and would be heard.
If ye were here, O friend so far away and yet so near,
Then were the anthem perfect! And the cry
Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry, if first I stand
Upon the mountain of our God, and long
Even in the glory, and with His new song
Upon my lips, that you should come and share
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.
Dear ones! shall it be mine to watch you come
Up from the shadows, and the valley mist,
To tread the jacinth and the amethyst,
To rest and sing upon the stormless height
In the deep calm of Love and everlasting light?

Frances Havergal.

EINSIEDELN ABBEY.

Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
Between interminable tracts of pine,
Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
On the mute image and the troubled walls.

O, give not me that eye of hard disdain
That views, undimmed, Einsiedeln's wretched fane.
While ghastly faces through the gloom appear,
Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear;
While prayer contends with silenced agony,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope, O, pass and leave it there!
The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire:
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day
Close on the remnant of their weary way;

While they are drawing toward the sacred floor
Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall gnaw no more.
How gayly murmur and how sweetly taste
The fountains reared for them amid the waste!
Their thirst they slake; they wash their toil-worn feet,
And some with tears of joy each other greet.
Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
In that glad moment will for you a sigh
Be heaved, of charitable sympathy;
In that glad moment when your hands are prest.
In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

William Wordsworth.

ON FIRST SEEING THE MONASTERY OF MARIA EINSIEDELN.

'T was eventide in summer's glorious prime,
When walking lonely, 'mong the Alpine chain,
I first beheld Einsiedeln's hallowed fane,
In the pure air serene, majestic climb,
And heard her Ave Mary softly chime:
And lo! ev'n while I gazed, along the plain
The monks walked forth, to bless the pilgrim train,
Who came from far to expiate their crime.
I then was but a stripling in my teens,
Delighting in all legendary lore;
Imagination revelled in such scenes;
Then judge my joy, to see what tales of yore
Of pilgrims, monks, and their dear lady, taught,
Before me thus, all unexpected, brought!

James Cochrane.

ENGELBERG.

ENGLEBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

For gentlest uses, ofttimes Nature takes
 The work of Fancy from her willing hands;
 And such a beautiful creation makes
 As renders needless spells and magic wands,
 And for the boldest tale belief commands.
 When first mine eyes beheld that famous hill
 The sacred Engelberg, celestial bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and still,
 Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues at will

Clouds do not name those visitants; they were
 The very angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
 Made known the spot where piety should raise
 A holy structure to the Almighty's praise.
 Resplendent apparition! if in vain
 My ears did listen, 't was enough to gaze,
 And watch the slow departure of the train,
 Whose skirts the glowing mountain thirsted to detain!

William Wordsworth.

GENEVA, THE LAKE (LAKE LEMAN).

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing

To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sound sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved,

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,

And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a
star.

All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam nor air nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

* * *

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shrōud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black,— and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Lord Byron.

GENEVA.

MIDNIGHT AT GENEVA.

The azure lake is argent now
Beneath the pale moonshine:
I seek a sign of hope in heaven:
Fair Pole-star! thou art mine.

A thousand other beacons blaze,
I follow thee alone,
Beyond the shadowy Jura range,
The Jura and the Rhone;

Beyond the purpling vineyards trim
Of sunny Clos Vougeot;
Beyond where Seine's brown waves beneath
The Norman orchards go;

Till, where the silver waters wash
The white-walled northern isle,
My heart outruns these laggart limbs
To the long-sighed-for smile.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

LAKE OF GENEVA.

'T was late,—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view
Before the daybeams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold.
'T was distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turned to the sun, who now began
To call in all his outpost rays,
And from a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
O, how I wished for Joshua's power
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no,—the sun still less became,
Diminished to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame
That on the Apostles' heads descended!

'T was at this instant—while there glowed
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling!

I stood entranced and mute.—as they
Of Israel think the assembled world
Will stand upon that awful day
When the ark's light, aloft unfurled,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!
Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deepfelt awe forget,—
The ecstacy that thrilled me then!

'T was all that consciousness of power,
And life beyond this mortal hour,—
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heaven,—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies,—
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—O, bitter shame!—
At having risked that splendid right
For aught that earth, through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange!—
'T was all this, at the instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought,—
'T was all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine

Thus purely ever, man might grow,
 Even upon earth, a thing divine,
 And be once more the creature made
 To walk unstained the Elysian shade!

Thomas Moore.

LAKE LEMAN.

Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and De Staël,—
 Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these; wert thou no more,
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all;
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by thee
 How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

Lord Byron.

GENEVA.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
 The apostle of affliction, he who threw
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
 The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast

O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted: for to be
Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, this
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind
Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrensic,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrensic by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
 Did he not this for France? which lay before
 Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years,
 Broken and trembling, to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears?

Lord Byron.

GLION.

OBERMANN ONCE MORE.

Glion?—Ah, twenty years, it cuts
 All meaning from a name!
 White houses prank where once were huts;
 Glion, but not the same!

And yet I know not. All unchanged
 The turf, the pines, the sky!
 The hills in their old order ranged!
 The lake, with Chillon by!

And 'neath those chestnut-trees, where stiff
 And stony mounts the way,
 Their crackling husk-heaps burn, as if
 I left them yesterday.

Across the valley, on that slope,
 The huts of Avant shine;
 Its pines under their branches ope
 Ways for the tinkling kine.

Full-foaming milk-pails, Alpine fare,
Sweet heaps of fresh-cut grass,
Invite to rest the traveller there,
Before he climb the pass,—

The gentian-flowered pass, its crown
With yellow spires aflame,
Whence drops the path to Allière down,
And walls where Byron came,

By their green river who doth change
His birth-name just below;
Orchard and croft and full-stored grange
Nursed by his pastoral flow.

But stop!—To fetch back thoughts that stray
Beyond this gracious bound,
The cone of Jaman, pale and gray,
See in the blue profound!

Ah, Jaman! delicately tall
Above his sun-warmed firs,—
What thoughts to me his rocks recall!
What memories he stirs!

And who but thou must be, in truth,
Obermann! with me here?
Thou master of my wandering youth,
But left this many a year!

Yes, I forget the world's work wrought,
Its warfare waged with pain!
An eremite with thee, in thought
Once more I slip my chain,

And to thy mountain-châlet come,
And lie beside its door,
And hear the wild bee's Alpine hum,
And thy sad, tranquil lore.

Again I feel its words inspire
Their mournful calm,—serene,
Yet tinged with infinite desire
For all that might have been,

The harmony from which man swerved
Made his life's rule once more!
The universal order served!
Earth happier than before!

* * *

Matthew Arnold.

GOLDAU.

An everlasting hill was torn
From its eternal base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors drest,
To where a people are at rest!

Slowly it came in its mountain wrath,
And the forests vanished before its path,
And the rude cliffs bowed, and the waters fled,

And the living were buried, while over their head
 They heard the full march of their foe as he sped,
 And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead!

The clouds were all bright: no lightnings flew,
 And over that valley no death-blast blew;
 No storm passed by on his cloudy wing,
 No twang was heard from the sky-archer's string;
 But the dark, dim hill in its strength came down,
 While the shedding of day on its summit was thrown,—
 A glory all light, like a wind-wreathed crown,—
 While the tame bird flew to the vulture's nest,
 And the vulture forbore in that hour to molest.

The mountain sepulchre of all I loved!

The villages sank, and the monarch trees
 Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
 While this tremendous pageant moved!
 The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,
 Came down from his rock, and his path is shown,
 In barrenness and ruin, where
 The secret of his power lay bare,
 His rocks in nakedness arise,
 His desolation mocks the skies.

John Neal.

GRÜTLI.

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

O, enter not yon shadowy cave,
 Seek not the bright stars there,
 Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave
 With freshness fill the air;

For there the Patriot Three,
In the garb of old arrayed,
By their native forest-sea
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on Grütli shore,
In the name of liberty!
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed;
But their rest is only deep,
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by!
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear!
On the wild wind floats away,
No more* for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagle's lonely sky;
When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light;
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,
When away the helm he flung,
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung!

They shall wake beside their forest-sea,
In the ancient garb they wore
When they linked the hands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore:
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answered with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirred,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned casques, o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kühreihen's notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!

And the yellow harvest wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep!

Felicia Hemans.

HOSPENTHAL.

Full dawn upon the heights of St. Gothard!
Wild nature and rude life!
And close-heaped dwellings where few comforts are,
Seemed with them both at strife.

The desolate church spoke little to the soul;
And yet its claim would put,
When the quaint round-tower on its rocky knoll
Invited not the foot.

The stranger entered, peering dimly round;
No being met his sight;
No sign of motion and no breath of sound
Stirred in that early light.

He walked and gazed and mused awhile, when, look!
In funeral trappings dressed,
A child its last mysterious slumber took,
Christ's emblems on its breast.

Close by the altar's steps they laid it out,—
Out from all harm and dearth,—
And nearer than elsewhere, they did not doubt,
To the God of heaven and earth.

He was not now alone; the newly dead
A strange, sad presence made,
Which all night long its unheard lesson read,
Through the deep double shade.

No, not alone: lo, spirits back from the Lord,
A loved, lamented crowd!
He bent like Jacob, o'er his staff, and poured
His matin-prayer aloud.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

INTERLACHEN.

A MEMORY OF INTERLACHEN.

There is a light in darkness which the soul
Can seldom know, until the sense have crept
From height to height across the shadowless peaks
Which sentinel thy valley; there are deeps
In thy green hollows, where still thought could lie
Through summer noons unending, glad with dreams;
There too are twilights, sudden-black with storm,
When thunder speaks from the unapproachable hills,
And earth shakes at the arrows of his light.
Then have I heard a cithern's tinkling sound,
And hollow bursts of laughter from the hall,

While awful thunder shook the world again.
Then have I seen pale clouds retreat before
The glory of God's coming, and soft night
Die down in splendor on the voiceless Horn;
And while keen players bent above their board,
Have watched the gold of distant stars appear
Circling in music over yon white brows.

Annie Fields.

JUNGFRAU, THE MOUNTAIN.

MANFRED ON THE JUNGFRAU.

The spirits I have raised abandon me,
The spells which I have studied baffle me,
The remedy I recked of tortures me:
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past; and for
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother earth,
And thou, fresh breaking day, and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight,—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed,
To rest forever,—wherefore do I pause?

I feel the impulse, yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril, yet do not recede;
And my brain reels, and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live,
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself,—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

(An eagle passes.)

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well mayst thou swoop so near me,—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets: thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision. Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence, make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,

(The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.)

The natural music of the mountain reed,—
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable,—pipes in the liberal air,
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
 My soul would drink those echoes. O that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment,—born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me!

Lord Byron.

KUSSNACHT.

WILLIAM TELL.

He must needs come along this hollow pass;
 No other road will lead to Küssnacht. Here
 I'll do the deed. The opportunity
 Is favorable; behind yon elder-bush
 I'll hide me, and shoot down the fatal shaft;
 The narrow way shall shield me from pursuit.
 Now, Gessler, settle thy account with Heaven!
 'Tis time thou wert gone hence,—thy hour is up.

My life was still and harmless. Save the beast
 That roams the forest, not a living thing
 Ere felt the shaft directed by my hand;
 No thought of murder ever stained my soul,—
 But thou hast scared me from my peaceful haunts;
 To bloating serpent-poison thou hast changed
 The milk of my poor nature, and hast made
 Most horrible deeds familiar to my soul.
 He who could make a mark of his child's head
 Can aim unerring at his foeman's heart.

The poor, dear children, little innocents,—
And my true wife; they cry to me for help
Against thy fury, Landvogt! In that hour
When with a trembling hand I drew the string,—
When thou with horrible, with devilish joy
Didst force me at my darling's head to aim,—
When I in powerless agony knelt to thee,—
Then in my inmost heart I made a vow,
And sealed it with a solemn oath to God,
That the first mark of my next shot should be
Thy heart. The solemn vow silently made
In the tremendous anguish of that hour,
It is a sacred debt, I'll pay it now.

Thou art my master and my emperor's Vogt;
Yet never has the emperor dared to do
What thou hast done. He sent thee to this land
To be our judge, stern, like himself indeed,
But not to gratify thy murderous lust
With deeds of horror, and go all unscathed,—
No, there's a God to punish and avenge!

Come forth, thou sometime source of bitter pain,
My costly jewel now, my highest joy,—
Soon thou shalt find a mark, which never yet
The voice of pity or of woe might pierce.
'Twill not be proof 'gainst thee,—and, trusty string!
Thou that so oft hast done me faithful service
In games of pleasure, O, forsake me not
Now in this hour of awful earnestness!
Only this once hold fast, true sinew! thou

That hast so oft winged me the stinging shaft,—
If all in vain this once the bow I bend,
No second arrow have I here to send.

Upon this bench of stone, I'll seat myself,
Where oft the traveller rests him by the way,
For here no home is found. Each hurries on,
Nor stops to ask another's sorrows. Here
The anxious pedler passes by,—the light
Thinly clad pilgrim and the pious monk,—
The gloomy robber and the gay musician,—
The carrier with his heavy-laden steed,
Who comes from farthest habitable lands,
For every road conducts to the world's end.
With busy steps they hasten on their way
Each to his several business. Mine is murder !

Time was, dear children, if your sire went out,
There was rejoicing, when he came again ;
For ever on 's return he brought you home
Some lovely Alpine flower or rare bird,
Or other wondrous offspring of the mountains. Now
He seeks for other spoil ; on the wild way
He sits with murderous thoughts. His foeman's life,—
It is for that your sire is lurking now.
And yet on you alone he thinks as ever,
Dear children, to protect your innocent heads,
And save you from the tyrant's vengeance, now
He's forced with deadly aim to bend his bow !

I lie in wait for noble game. The hunter
Tires not of roaming all the livelong day
In stern midwinter, making perilous leaps
From rock to rock, or climbing slippery heights,
Gluing his path with blood, and all for what?
All to entrap a miserable chamois!
Here is a far more costly prize at stake,
The heart of the fell foe who seeks my life.

All my life long this bow has been to me
My most familiar friend. I've trained myself
By rules of archery, and oftentimes
I've pierced the target-spot and brought me home
Full many a noble prize from shooting match.
To-day I'll make my master-shot, and win
The proudest prize in all the mountains round.

Friedrich von Schiller. (Tr. C. T. Brooks.)

LAUSANNE.

GIBBON.

Thou too, whilst pondering History's vast plan,
Didst sit by the clear waters of Lausanne,
(What time Imperial Rome rose to thy view,
And thy bold hand her mighty image drew);
Thou too, methinks, as the sad wrecks extend,
Dost seem in sorrow o'er the scene to bend.
With steady eye and penetrating mind
Thou hast surveyed the toil of human kind;
Hast marked Ambition's march and fiery car,

And thousands shouting in the fields of war.
 But direr woes might ne'er a sigh demand,
 Than those of hapless, injured Switzerland!

William Lisle Bowles.

GIBBON AND VOLTAIRE.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
 Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame:
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder and the flame
 Of heaven, again assailed, if heaven the while
 Of man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
 A wit most various,—gay, grave, sage or wild,—
 Historian, bard, philosopher combined;
 He multiplied himself among mankind,
 The Proteus of their talents; but his own
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,

And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer:
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allayed
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

Lord Byron.

LAUTERBRUNNEN.

I.

A lowly hut, stone piled and redly stained
With all of accident cold years have brought;
A mother and her child in silent thought
Sitting beside the river scarce contained
From kissing with its gray and brattling foam
Their feet, where monstrous over their lone home
Yon awful Alp in battlemented wall
Rears his sad forehead, from whose piny crest
The torrent springs to light and happier life!
It spurns the cloud where the unheeded call

Of birds is joyous mid the blinding strife
 Of avalanches in the still deep noon,
 Veiling the pines, and the convulséd tune
 Of gray streams hushing in their arrowy fall.

II.

A temple for the Father, which his hand
 Hath reared for these his lowliest worshippers,
 Arched with Heaven's sapphire and with whispering firs,
 Garnishing these walls sublime which ever stand
 With many-colored shape of column fair,
 And granite peak dim in the glittering air!
 A lowly flock who need no pealing swell
 Of choristers within quaint minster aisles,
 Where God hath shamed all boastful human piles,
 And whose cloud swings their awful Sabbath bell;
 While silently they bow the thankful eye,
 And kneel to Him whose hymn is there so well
 Sung by his torrents leaping from the sky;
 Thus live they, shut as in a holy cell,
 Gracing their simple lives with natural piety.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

THE COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.

PRINCE HENRY.

God's blessing on the architects who build
 The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
 Before impassable to human feet,
 No less than on the builders of cathedrals,

Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been given
Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows!

What are these paintings on the walls around us?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber!

ELSIE.

What?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death!

All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

ELSIE.

O, yes! I see it now!

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds in different measures moving;
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a nun,
Who kneeling at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the altar!

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen
Unto such songs, when in her orisons
She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest!

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, this is sad! And yet perhaps 't best
That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,
Then into darkness!

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close upon it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,
The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy.
Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day,
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies
The lake of the Four Forest-towns, appareled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being! Overhead,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MONUMENT AT LUCERNE.

TO THE SWISS GUARD MASSACRED AT THE ASSAULT ON THE
TUILERIES, A. D. 1792.

When maddened France shook her King's palace floor,
Nobly, heroic Swiss, ye met your doom.
Unflinching martyr to the oath he swore,
Each steadfast soldier faced a certain tomb.

Not for your own, but others' claims ye died:
The steep, hard path of fealty called to tread,
Threatened or soothed, ye never turned aside,
But held right on, where fatal duty led!

Reverent we stand beside the sculptured rock,
Your cenotaph,—Helvetia's grateful stone;
And mark in wonderment, the breathing block,
Thorwaldsen's glorious trophy!—in your own.

Yon dying lion is your monument!
Type of majestic suffering, the brave brute,
Human almost, in mighty languishment
Lies wounded, not subdued; and, proudly mute,

Seems as for some great cause, resigned to die:
And, hardly less than hero's parting breath,
Speaks to the spirit, through the admiring eye,
Of courage, faith, and honorable death.

John Kenyon.

LUCERNE.

THE CHAPEL OF TELL.

On this green platform with its chapel small
 Embowered, the centre of the mountain land,
 Take, holy Freedom, take for aye thy stand;
 And hither from all regions ever call
 Thy sons to thy perpetual festival,
 Or bid them drink, a sacramental band,
 From Grütli's founts that rose at thy command,
 There where the three deliverers vowed the fall
 Of power unjust. Night heard those whispered tones:
 Have they not found large echoes in the world?
 Have they not been like God's own thunder hurled
 In ruin down on all opprobrious thrones?
 All sway that, deifying lawless might,
 On that doth build, and not on God and on the right?

Aubrey de Vere.

PILATUS, THE MOUNTAIN.

MOUNT PILATE.

He riseth alone,—alone and proud
 From the shore of an emerald sea;
 His crest hath a shroud of the crimson cloud,
 For a king of the Alps is he;
 Standing alone as a king should stand,
 With his foot on the fields of his own broad land.

And never a storm from the stores of the north
 Comes sweeping along the sky,

But it emptieth forth the first of its wrath
On the crags of that mountain high;
And the voice of those crags has a tale to tell
That the heart of the hearer shall treasure well.

A tale of a brow that was bound with gold,
And a heart that was bowed with sin;
Of a fierce deed told of the days of old
That might never sweet mercy win,
Of legions in steel that were waiting by
For the death of the God who could never die.

Of a dear kind face that its kindness kept
Dabbled with blood of its own;
Of a lady who leapt from the sleep she slept
To plead at a judgment throne;
Of a cross, and a cry, and a night at noon,
And the sun and the earth at a sickly swoon.

But climb the crags when the storm has rule,
And the spirit that rides the blast,
And hark to his howl as he sweeps the pool
Where the Roman groaned his last;
And to thee shall the tongue of the tempest tell
A record too sad for the poet's shell.

Edwin Arnold.

RIGHI.

ON THE RIGHI.

On the Righi Kulm we stood,
Lovely Floribel and I,
While the morning's crimson flood

Streamed along the eastern sky.
Reddened every mountain peak
Into rose, from twilight dun;
But the blush upon her cheek
Was not lighted by the sun!

On the Righi Kulm we sat,
Lovely Floribel and I,
Plucking bluebells for her hat
From a mound that blossomed nigh.
"We are near to heaven," she sighed,
While her raven lashes fell.
"Nearer," softly I replied,
"Than the mountain's height may tell."

Down the Righi's side we sped,
Lovely Floribel and I,
But her morning blush had fled,
And the bluebells all were dry.
Of the height the dream was born;
Of the lower air it died;
And the passion of the morn
Flagged and fell at eventide.

From the breast of blue Lucerne
Lovely Floribel and I
Saw the brand of sunset burn
On the Righi Kulm, and die.
And we wondered, gazing thus,
If our dreams would still remain
On the height, and wait for us
Till we climb to heaven again!

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

REUSS, THE RIVER.

URSEREN.

From the green vale of Urseren smooth and wide
Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our guide;
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they;
By cells upon whose image, while he prays,
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze;
By many a votive death-cross planted near,
And watered duly with the pious tear,
That faded silent from the upward eye,
Unmoved with each rude form of peril nigh;
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

William Wordsworth.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep!
* * * * *

Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss;
All the rest, of wood or stone,

By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He toppled crags from the precipice,
And whatsoe'er was built by day
In the night was swept away:
None could stand but this alone.

* * * * *
I showed you in the valley a boulder
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;
As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Jé!"
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight!

* * * * *
Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

* * * * *
At length, the bridge being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks reëchoed with peals of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LUGANO, THE LAKE.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR SEEN FROM THE LAKE
OF LUGANO.

This church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the patron saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano ; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2,000 feet, and on one side nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome ; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded.

Thou sacred pile ! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador ;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage !

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the Universal Lord :
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting bounty dwells ?
That, while the creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,—
Let all remind the soul of heaven ;
Our slack devotion needs them all ;
And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of nature, climbs—
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
 And all the pomps of this frail "spot
 Which men call earth," have yearned to seek,
 Associate with the simply meek,
 Religion in the sainted grove
 And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
 Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
 Did mighty Tell repair of old,—
 A hero cast in Nature's mould,
 Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
 And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
 Who, to recall his daunted peers,
 For victory shaped an open space,
 By gathering with a wide embrace,
 Into his single breast, a sheaf
 Of fatal Austrian spears.

William Wordsworth.

MARTIGNY.

MORNING IN MARTIGNY.

'Tis sunrise on Saint Bernard's snow,
 'Tis dawn within the vale below;
 And in Martigny's streets appear
 The mule and noisy muleteer;
 And tinklings fill the rosy air,
 Until the mountain pass seems there,

Up whose steep pathway scarcely stirs
The long, slow line of travellers;
And in the shadowy town is heard
The sound of many a foreign word.

Old men are there, whose locks are white
As yonder cloud which veils the height;
And maidens, whose young cheeks are kissed
 By ringlets flashing bright or dark,
Whose hearts are light as yonder mist
 That holds the music of the lark,—
And youths are there with jest and laugh,
Each bearing his oft-branded staff
To chronicle, when all is done,
The dangerous heights his feet have won.

So toils through life the pilgrim soul
 Mid rocky ways and valleys fair;
At every base or glorious goal
 His staff receives the record there,—
The names that shall forever twine,
And blossom like a fragrant vine,
Or, like a serpent, round it cling
Eternally to coil and sting.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT.

IN THE CONVENT OF SAINT BERNARD.

O, it is a joy to gaze
Where the great logs lie ablaze;
Thus to list the garrulous flame
Muttering like some ancient dame;
And to hear the sap recount
Stories of its native mount,
Telling of the summer weather,—
When the trees swayed all together,—
How the little birds would launch,
Arrowy songs from branch to branch,
Till the leaves with pleasure glistened,
And each great bough hung and listened
To the song of thrush and linnet,
When securely lodged within it,
With all pleasant sounds that dally
Round the hill and in the valley;
Till each log and branch and splinter
On the ancient hearth of Winter
Can do naught but tell the story
Of its transient summer glory.

O, there's tranquil joy in gazing,
Where these great logs lie ablazing,
While the wizard flame is sparkling,
The memorial shadows darkling
Swim the wall in strange mutation,
Till the marvelling contemplation
Feeds its wonder to repletion,
With each firelight apparition.

There the ashen Alp appears,
And its glowing head uprears,
Like a warrior grim and bold,
With a helmet on of gold;
And a music goes and comes
Like the sound of distant drums.

O'er a line of serried lances
How the blazing banner dances,
While red pennons rise and fall
Over ancient Hannibal.

Lo, beneath a moon of fire,
Where the meteor sparks stream by her,
There I see the brotherhood
Which on sacred Grütli stood,
Pledging with crossed hands to stand
The defenders of the land.

And in that red ember fell
Gessler, with the dart of Tell!

Still they fall away, and lo!
Other phantoms come and go,
Other banners wing the air,
And the countless bayonets glare,
While around the steep way stir
Armies of the conqueror;
And the slow mule toiling on
Bears the world's Napoleon.

Now the transient flame that flashes
'Twixt the great logs and the ashes
Sends a voice out from the middle
That my soul cannot unriddle,—
Till the fire above and under
Gnaws the stoutest wood asunder,
And the brands, in ruin blended,
Smoking, lie uncomprehended,—
While the dying embers blanch,
And the muffled avalanche,
Noiseless as the years descend,
Sweeps them to an ashen end.
Thus at last the great shall be,

And the slave shall lie with them,—

*Pie Jesu Domine
Dona eis requiem!*

Thomas Buchanan Read.

SONG OF SAINT BERNARD.

O, it is a pleasure rare
Ever to be climbing so,
Winding upward through the air,
Till the cloud is left below!
Upward and forever round
On the stairway of the stream,
With the motion and the sound
Of processions in a dream:
While the world below all this,
Lies a fathomless abyss.

Freedom singeth ever here,
Where her sandals print the snow,
And to her the pines are dear,
Freely rocking to and fro;
Swinging oft like stately ships,
Where the billowy tempests sport;
Or, as when the anchor slips
Down the dreamy wave in port,
Standing silent as they list
Where the zephyrs furl the mist.

Here the well-springs drop their pearls,
All to Freedom's music strung;
And the brooks, like mountain girls,
Sing the songs of Freedom's tongue.
And the great hills, stern and stanch,
Guard her valleys and her lakes,
And the rolling avalanche
Blocks the path the invader makes,
While her eagle, like a flag,
Floats in triumph o'er the crag!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

ST. GOTTHARD.

ON HEARING THE RANZ DES VACHES ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF SAINT GOTTHARD.

I listen,—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine

(So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breathed kine
 Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
 With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
 The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
 Mindful how others by this simple strain
 Are moved, for me,—upon this mountain named
 Of God himself from dread pre-eminence,—
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
 Yield to the music's touching influence;
 And joys of distant home by heart enchain.

William Wordsworth.

THE SAINT GOTTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers
 Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
 Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
 Becomes a benefaction to the towns
 They visit, wandering silently among them,
 Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is! Nothing but mosses
 Grow on these rocks.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten;
 Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone!

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,
Upon angelic shoulders! Even now
I seem uplifted by them, light as air!
What sound is that?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches!

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful!

PRINCE HENRY.

These are
The voices of the mountains! Thus they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,
In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads itself beneath us?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy! Italy!

ELSIE.

Land of the Madonna!

How beautiful it is! It seems a garden
Of Paradise!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SCHÄCHEN, THE RIVER.

THE DEATH OF TELL.

There are, with forms celestial,
And faces starry-bright,—
Throughout the joyous youth-time
A hope and true delight,—
Who fall, as age advances,
Beneath some sad eclipse,
And leave no pleasant record
To be told by fondest lips.

There are, in whom the Godhead,
In youth but dimly seen,
More brightly glows and flashes,
In conduct as in mien,—
When years have laid their burthen
On shoulder and on head,—
So “the last days are the best days,”
As one of old has said.

Methinks no crown he needed,—
 Thus known to world-wide fame,—
As one who wore so nobly
 The Swiss Deliverer's name:
To be true Tell of Altorf,—
 What more could patriot need?
And how could he be honored
 By any later deed?

And yet there was a crowning,
 Unknown to history's roll:
One last great revelation
 That spoke the Switzer's soul;
And though his years of silence
 Have grown to centuries gray,
Why should we pause, to widen
 His glory, if we may?

There's a little stream, the Schächen,
 Not far from Altorf's walls,
That downward to its parent,
 The Reuss, in tumult brawls;
And dangerous is its current
 To feeble limb or hand,
When those in lusty manhood
 Its force can scarce withstand.

Old age had bowed Tell's figure,
 And blanched his dark-brown hair;
The hand that clove the apple
 No more such deed might dare;—

When in that raging torrent
 He saw a struggling child,
 While on the bank the mother
 In helpless fright ran wild.

The Switzer paused no moment;
 Though prudence well might ask
 If yet the limb held vigor
 For such a venturous task.
 He plunged to do that rescue:
 He sank, to rise no more
 Until, with weeds and timber,
 He floated dead to shore.

And thus the great life ended:
 God!—was it not the best
 Of all the deeds of valor
 That won a hero's rest?
 So mused I, by the Schächen:
 So say we, true and well,
 That the last deed was the best deed,
 That closed the life of Tell!

Henry Morford.

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE JUNGFRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The virgin-mountain, wearing like a queen
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
 Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene

Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go,
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide flood,
Turned to a fearful thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke,—wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

William Wordsworth.

ST. GALL.

WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT NEAR SAINT GALL.

I.

How sweet that valley, clothed in freshest green,
With its neat city! whose white shining walls
And village-like circumference scarce recalls
The form of any city we have seen,
But looks like some small picture, so serene
And still it lies! But hark! the convent-bell!
What strange emotions in the bosom swell!
And fair before, now doubly fair the scene.
Such magic's in a sound. The mind is stored
With images, requiring but a stroke,
Or gentlest touch, to vibrate at each chord,
And pleasurable feelings to evoke:
It is a prism, whose hues are undisclosed
Till acted on, and to its sun exposed.

II.

Our sweetest musings are delusions oft,
As baseless as night dreams, or as the bow,
Spanning the heavens, which from afar a glow
Of beauty seems, radiant, at once, and soft,
Meet path for spirits when they pass aloft,
But aerial and unreal. To my young mind,
A convent brought up images refined
And beautiful, till, standing 'neath their loft,
I heard the sisters, gazing on the wall,
Repeat and re-repeat their weary drawl,
Which the damp vaults cast back as if in scorn;
And learned that prayers ceased not, nor night nor day,
Nor had for ages; when I turned away,
Lamenting over creatures so forlorn.

James Cochrane.

THUN.

THE CHARTREUSE ON THE LAKE OF THUN.

No more of cities, with their proud cathedrals,
And pomp and pleasures of their trampled ways.
Of bounds of empire, and of nations' quarrels,
I write no more. Upon "Louisa's Rest"
Alone I sit. Its canopy of thatch
Fends off the sun; while tender memories,
That are not mine, seem floating vaguely round me.
A sweeter picture looks from out the lake
Than hangs within the famed Pinacothek

Of Munich, or in Dresden's long-drawn halls.
Before me rise the domes and pinnacles
Of nature's temples to the God of nature,
From his own hand; all shining stainless white,
So as no art on earth could whiten them.
No sound is there but of the lightning snow,
And driving wind, and avalanche. No wing
Of bird can scale those inaccessible heights,
Or beat in that thin air. Man plants no footstep
Upon those trackless wastes; claims no dominion
O'er these wide bounds. Here his pretension stops.

I gaze upon you with unsated eye,
Ye changeless, ever changing on the sight!
Far on the better hand, the Blumlis Alp
Spreads its vast slopes, and closes up the scene
On that side. Full in front, and on the left,
Stand forth the wondrous Three, to me the peerless.
Eastmost, the Eiger with his rigid share
Furrows the sky. The Monk is next in place,
Not all unfitly named. The cowl hangs down
Over its ample brow. The folded snows
Are sleeves and trailing garments. But the Maid!
O crown of beauty! If the Savoyard
Is called the king of mountains, surely thee
All hearts pay homage to, and hail as queen.
Say, is it fancy only, as, methinks,
The Jungfrau wears the semblance of a woman?
Or who will think I lower it, when I trace
This gentlest likeness on so dread a height?

A pale face, not too pale for beauty, shines,
Framed round in shadows, near the mountain's top;
The top itself a covering for the head,
Slightly aslant set on, as best becomes it;
The white plume floating down o'er miles of space.

And now I go, looking my last upon you.
I saw you through the haze from Rigi Culm;
You rose in pride o'er tinkling Interlaken,
And talked to me across the Wengern Alp.
And this is past. My blessing be on those,
Who in all time shall thus salute and leave you.
I shall see other mountains; Wetterhorns,
Schreckhorns; and Faulhorns, that men love to climb;
Some sprinkled scantily with frost, and some
Thick with eternal winter; others yet,
Enormous saws of sharp and splintered crag,
Which the soft snows refuse to cover up,
With ruin at their feet,—like lubber giants,
That stone the traveller, and crush the village
Of wretched dwellers in such wretched spots.
Mont Blanc will tower o'er narrow Chamounix,
And stretch to far Sallenche its breadths of glory.
But you, ye matchless Three, I lose forever,
Save in the memory of this scene and hour.

Farewell thy leafy quiet, and thy lake
Rimmed as with sculptured silver, sweet Chartreuse.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham

UNTERWALDEN.

Now couch thyself where, heard with fear afar,
Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar;
Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
Of pensive Unterwalden's pastoral heights.
Is there who mid these awful wilds has seen
The native Genii walk the mountain green?
Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal?
While o'er the desert, answering every close,
Rich stream of sweetest perfume comes and goes.
And sure there is a secret Power that reigns
Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
Naught but the châlets, flat and bare, on high
Suspended mid the quiet of the sky;
Or distant herds that pasturing upward creep,
And, not intended, climb the dangerous steep.
How still! no irreligious sound or sight
Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
An idle voice the sabbath region fills
Of deep that calls to deep across the hills,
And with that voice accords the soothing sound
Of drowsy bells, forever tinkling round;
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady sough;
The solitary heifer's deepened low;
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
All motions, sounds and voices, far and nigh.
Blend in a music of tranquillity;
Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

William Wordsworth.

LAKE URI.

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake !
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake,
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
Winds neither road nor path for foot to tread :
The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech ;
Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
Yet here and there, if mid the savage scene
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep,
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on the steep.
Before those thresholds (never can they know
The face of traveller passing to and fro)
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell ;
Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark foregoes,
Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes ;
The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.

William Wordsworth.

ON THE LAKE OF ZURICH.

Richmond, dost thou remember Rapperschwyl,
And the sweet banks of Zurich's lovely lake,
As on its bridge we leisurely 'gan wheel ;
And how you trembled when you felt it shake ;
How the old tower sent forth a merry peal,

Making the mountain echoes all awake?
And how the garden we could not forsake,
Till the moon rose night's glory to reveal?
Methinks even now I see the tiny tower,
With its mile-long unparapetted bridge,
And in the lake, a thousand fathoms down,
Enshrined, reversed, its emerald mountain-ridge,
And feel that earth has still an Eden left,
Nor is of Eden feelings all bereft.

James Cochrane.

SONG OF THE ALPINE GUIDE.

On Zurich's spires, with rosy light,
The mountains smile at morn and eve,
And Zurich's waters, blue and bright,
The glories of those hills receive.
And there my sister trims her sail,
That like a wayward swallow flies;
But I would rather meet the gale
That fans the eagle in the skies.

She sings in Zurich's chapel choir,
Where rolls the organ on the air,
And bells proclaim, from spire to spire,
Their universal call to prayer.
But let me hear the mountain rills,
And old St. Bernard's storm-bell toll,
And, mid these great cathedral hills,
The thundering avalanches roll.

On Zurich's side my mother sits,
And to her whirring spindle sings.
Through Zurich's wave my father's nets
Sweep daily with their filmy wings.
To that belovéd voice I list,
And view that father's toil and pride;
But, like a low and vale-born mist,
My spirit climbs the mountain side.

And I would ever hear the stir
And turmoil of the singing winds,
Whose viewless wheels around me whir,
Whose distaffs are the swaying pines.
And, on some snowy mountain head,
The deepest joy to me is given,
When, net-like, the great storm is spread
To sweep the azure lake of heaven.

Then, since the vale delights me not,
And Zurich woos in vain below
And it hath been my joy and lot
To scale these Alpine crags of snow,—
And since in life I loved them well,
Let me in death lie down with them,
And let the pines and tempests swell
Around me their great requiem.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

ITALY.

THROUGH THE ALPINE GATES.

O, sweet it was, when, from that bleak abode
Where avalanches grind the pines to dust,
And crouching glaciers down the hollows thrust
Their glittering claws, I took the sunward road,
Making my guide the torrent, that before
My steps ran shouting, giddy with its joy,
And tossed its white hands like a gamesome boy,
And sprayed its rainbow frolics o'er and o'er!

Full orbed, in rosy dusk, the perfect moon
That evening shone: the torrent's noise afar,
No longer menaced, but with mellow tune
Sang to the twinkle of a silver star,
Above the opening valley. "Italy!"
The moon, the star, the torrent, said to me,—
"Sleep thou in peace, the morning will unbar
These Alpine gates, and give thy world to thee!"

And morning did unfold the jutting capes
Of chestnut-wooded hills, that held embayed
Warm coves of fruit, the pine's Aolian shade,
Or pillared bowers, blue with suspended grapes;—
A land whose forms some livelier grace betrayed;
Where motion sang and cheerful color laughed,
And only gloomed, amid the dancing shapes
Of vine and bough, the pointed cypress-shaft!

On,—on, through broadening vale and brightening sun
I walked, and hoary in their old repose
The olives twinkled: many a terrace rose,
With marbles crowned and jasmine overrun,
And orchards where the ivory silkworm spun.
On leafy palms outspread, its pulpy fruit
The fig-tree held; and last, the charm to close,
A dark-eyed shepherd piped a reedy flute.

My heart beat loud: I walked as in a dream
Where simplest actions, touched with marvel, seem
Enchanted yet familiar: for I knew
The orchards, terraces, and breathing flowers,
The tree from Adam's garden, and the blue
Sweet sky behind the light aerial towers;
And that young faun that piped, had piped before,—
I knew my home: the exile now was o'er!

And when the third rich day declined his lids,
I floated where the emerald waters fold
Gem-gardens, fairy island-pyramids,
Whereon the orange hangs his globes of gold,—
Which aloes crown with white, colossal plume,
Above the beds where lavish Nature bids
Her sylphs of odor endless revel hold,
Her zones of flowers in balmy congress bloom!

I hailed them all, and hailed beyond, the plain;
The palace-fronts, on distant hills uplift,
White as the morning star; the streams that drift
In sandy channels to the Adrian main:

Till one still eve, with duplicated stain
Of crimson sky and wave, disclosed to me
The domes of Venice, anchored on the sea,
Far off,—an airy city of the brain!

Forth from the shores of Earth we seemed to float,
Drawn by that vision,—hardly felt the breeze
That left one glassy ripple from the boat
To break the smoothness of the silken seas;
And far and near, as from the lucent air,
Come vesper chimes and wave-born melodies.
So might one die, if Death his soul could bear
So gently, heaven before him float so fair!

Bayard Taylor.

ITALY.

All is Italian here!—the orange grove,
Through whose cool shade we every morning rove
To pluck its glowing fruit; our villa white
With loggias broad, where far into the night
We sit and breathe the intoxicating air
With orange-blossoms filled, or free from care
In the cool shadow of the morning lie
And dream, and watch the lazy boats go by,
Laden with fruits for Naples, the soft gales
Swelling and straining in their lateen sails,
Or with their canvas hanging all adroop,
While the oars flash, and rowers rise and stoop.
Look at this broad, flat plain heaped full of trees,

With here and there a villa,—these blue seas
Whispering below the sheer cliffs on the shore,
These ochre mountains bare or olyed o'er,
The road that clings to them along the coast,
The arching viaducts, the thick vine tost
From tree to tree, that swing with every breeze,—
What can be more Italian than all these?
The streets, too, through whose narrow, dusty track
We ride in files, each on our donkey's back,
When evening's shadow o'er the high gray walls,
O'ertopped with oranges and olives, falls,
And at each corner 'neath its roof of tiles,
Hung with poor offerings, the Madonna smiles
In her rude shrine so picturesque with dirt.
Is this not Italy? Your nerves are hurt
By that expression,—dirt,—nay, then I see
You love not nature, art, nor Italy.

William Wetmore Story.

TO ITALY.

O Land of beauty, garlanded with pine
And luscious grape-vines, 'neath whose vaulted skies
Of blue eternal, marble mansions rise,
And roseate flowers from every lattice shine!
Still have the nations striven from of yore
For thy fair fields, lovely as Eden's plain;
Thy temples, and thy cities by the main
Throned hoar and gray upon the rocky shore.
Who hath seen thee, O, never in his breast

The heart grows wholly old! Some youthful zest
Of life still lingers; some bright memory!
And when the nightingales in autumn chill
Fly forth, a yearning stirs his spirit still
To fly with them toward sunny Italy!

Anonymous.

ITALY.

THE DAISY.

O Love, what hours were thine and mine
In lands of palm and southern pine,—
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbia showed
In ruin, by the mountain road;
How like a gem, beneath the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glowed.

How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue;
Where, here and there, on sandy beaches
A milky-belled amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seemed to rove,
Yet present in his natal grove,
Now watching high on mountain cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim
Till, in a narrow street and dim,
I stayed the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,
Not the clipt palm of which they boast;
But distant color, happy hamlet,
A mouldered citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent seen
A light amid its olives green;
Of olive-hoary cape in ocean;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flushed the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread;
And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, though white and cold,
Those nichéd shapes of noble mould.
A princely people's awful princes,
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence, too, what golden hours
In those long galleries were ours;
 What drives about the fresh Cascinè,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
 Or palace, how the city glittered,
Through cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain
Remember what a plague of rain;
 Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma;
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
Of sunlight) looked the Lombard piles;
 Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant window's blazoned fires,
 The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climbed the roofs at break of day;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.

I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly flushed, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last
To Como; shower and storm and blast
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,
The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burden music, kept,
As on the Lariano crept
To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

Or hardly slept, but watched awake
A cypress in the moonlight shake,
The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
One tall agavè above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splügen drew,
But ere we reached the highest summit
I plucked a daisy. I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.

O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold:

Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, though crushed to hard and dry,
This nursling of another sky

Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens heaven and earth,

The bitter east, the misty summer
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance to charm a vacant brain,

Perchance to dream you still beside me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

Alfred Tennyson.

ITALY.

MIGNON.

Know'st thou the land, there where the citron blows?
 In darksome leaves the golden orange glows;
 A gentle wind from the blue heaven expands,
 The myrtle still, and high the laurel stands!
 Know'st thou the land! Ah, there, ah, there
 Would I with thee, O my beloved, go!

Know'st thou the house? On columns rests its roof;
 Glitters the hall, the chambers gleam aloof;
 And marble statues stand and gaze at me;—
 "What have they done, poor little child, to thee?"
 Know'st thou the house? Ah, there, ah, there
 Would I with thee, O my protector, go!

Know'st thou the mount, with cloud-enveloped track?
 The mule seeks out his way in mist and rack;
 In caverns dwells the dragon's ancient brood;
 Down leaps the crag, and over it the flood!
 Know'st thou the mount? Ah, there, ah, there
 Leadeth our road, O father, let us go!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. (Tr. Anon.)

AMALFI.

Sweet the memory is to me
 Of a land beyond the sea,
 Where the waves and mountains meet,
 Where amid her mulberry-trees

Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stands.
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;
Wondering unto what good end

All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west;
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies:
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand:
Further still and furthermost
On the dim discovered coast
Pæstum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees;
Nothing else he heeds or hears.
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon;
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks, as sank the town,
Unresisting, fathoms down,
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
Seeing all the landscape white,

And the river cased in ice,
Comes this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me
Of a long-lost Paradise,
In the land beyond the sea.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AMALFI.

There would I linger, then go forth again;
And he who steers due east, doubling the cape,
Discovers, in a crevice of the rock,
The fishing-town, Amalfi. Haply there
A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand,
May tell him what it is; but what it was,
Cannot be told so soon.

The time has been,
When on the quays along the Syrian coast,
'T was asked and eagerly, at break of dawn.
"What ships are from Amalfi?" when her coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;
From Alexandria, southward to Sennaar,
And eastward, through Damascus and Cabul
And Samarcand, to thy great wall, Cathay.
Then were the nations by her wisdom swayed;
And every crime on every sea was judged
According to her judgments. In her port
Prows, strange, uncouth, from Nile and Niger met,
People of various feature, various speech;

And in their countries many a house of prayer,
And many a shelter, where no shelter was,
And many a well, like Jacob's in the wild,
Rose at her bidding. Then in Palestine,
By the wayside, in sober grandeur stood
A hospital, that, night and day, received
The pilgrims of the west; and, when 't was asked,
"Who are the noble founders?" every tongue
At once replied, "The merchants of Amalfi."
That hospital, when Godfrey scaled the walls,
Sent forth its holy men in complete steel;
And hence, the cowl relinquished for the helm,
That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
So long renowned as champions of the Cross,
In Rhodes, in Malta.

For three hundred years

There, unapproached but from the deep, they dwelt;
Assailed forever, yet from age to age
Acknowledging no master. From the deep
They gathered in their harvests; bringing home,
In the same ship, relics of ancient Greece,
That land of glory where their fathers lay,
Grain from the golden vales of Sicily,
And Indian spices. Through the civilized world
Their credit was ennobled into fame;
And when at length they fell, they left mankind
A legacy, compared with which the wealth
Of Eastern kings, what is it in the scale?—
The mariner's compass.

Samuel Rogers.

ARQUÀ.

WRITTEN IN PETRARCH'S HOUSE.

Petrarch! I would that there might be
In this thy household sanctuary
No visible monument of thee:

The fount that whilom played before thee,
The roof that rose in shelter o'er thee,
The low fair hills that still adore thee,—

I would no more; thy memory
Must loathe all cold reality,
Thought-worship only is for thee.

They say thy tomb lies there below;
What want I with the marble show?
I am content,—I will not go:

For though by poesy's high grace
Thou saw'st, in thy calm resting-place,
God, love, and nature face to face;

Yet now that thou art wholly free,
How can it give delight to see
That sign of thy captivity?

Lord Houghton.

ASSISI.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoke through me.

"O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ATRI.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Rome date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
There Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.

Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,

To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear

They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

BRESCIA.

THE PATRIOT.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day!

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
Had I said, "Good folks, mere noise repels,
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep.
Naught man could do have I left undone,
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house tops now,—
Just a palsied few at the windows set,—
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate,—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered Brescia, and thus I go!
In such triumphs people have dropped down dead.
"Thou, paid by the world,—what dost thou owe
Me?" God might have questioned; but now instead
'T is God shall requite! I am safer so.

Robert Browning.

CADERNABBIA.

LAKE OF COMO.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CAPRI.

There is an isle, kissed by a smiling sea,
Where all sweet confluent meet: a thing of heaven,
A spent aërolite, that well may be
The missing sister of the starry Seven.

Celestial beauty nestles at its knee,
And in its lap is naught of earthly leaven.
'T is girt and crowned with loveliness; its year,
Eternal summer; winter comes not near.

'T is small, as things of beauty ofttimes are,
And in a morning round it you may row,
Nor need a tedious haste your bark debar
From gliding inwards where the ripples flow
Into strange grots whose roofs are azure spar,
Whose pavements liquid silver. Mild winds blow
Around your prow, and at your keel the foam,
Leaping and laughing, freshly wafts you home.

They call the island Capri,—with a name
Dulling an airy dream, just as the soul
Is clogged with body palpable,—and Fame
Hath long while winged the word from pole to pole.
Its human story is a tale of shame,
Of all unnatural lusts a gory scroll,
Record of what, when pomp and power agree,
Man once hath been, and man again may be.

Terrace and slope from shore to summit show
Of all rich climes the glad-surrendered spoil.
Here the bright olive's phantom branches glow,
There the plump fig sucks sweetness from the soil.
Mid odorous flowers that through the Zodiac blow,
Returning tenfold to man's leisured toil,
Hesperia's fruit hangs golden. High in air,
The vine runs riot, spurning human care.

And flowers of every hue and breath abound,
Charming the sense; the burning cactus glows,
Like daisies elsewhere dappling all the ground,
And in each cleft the berried myrtle blows.
The playful lizard glides and darts around,
The elfin fireflies flicker o'er the rows
Of ripened grain. Alien to pain and wrong,
Men fill the days with dance, the nights with song.

Alfred Austin.

CAPRI.

THE AZURE GROTTO.

Beneath the vine-clad slopes of Capri's Isle,
Which run down to the margin of that sea
Whose waters kiss the sweet Parthenope,
There is a grot whose rugged front the while
Frowns only dark where all is seen to smile.
But enter, and behold! surpassing fair
The magic sight that meets your vision there,—
Nor heaven! with all its broad expanse of blue,
Gleams colored with a sheen so rich, so rare,
So changing in its clear, translucent hue;
Glassed in the lustrous wave, the walls and roof
Shine as does silver scattered o'er the woof
Of some rich robe, or bright as stars whose light
Inlays the azure concave of the night.

You cannot find throughout this world, I ween,
Waters so fair as those within this cave,
Color like that which flashes from the wave,
Or which is steeped in such cerulean sheen

As here gleams forth within this grotto's screen.
 And when the oar the boatman gently takes
 And dips it in the flood, a fiery glow,
 Ruddy as phosphor, stirs in depths below;
 Each ripple into burning splendor breaks,
 As though some hidden fires beneath did lie
 Waiting at touch to kindle into flame,
 And shine in radiance on the dazzled eye,
 As sparkling up from wells of light they came,
 To make his grot a glory far and nigh.

Charles D. Yell.

CAPUA.

Capua was supposed to take its name from being the *caput*, or head city, of the southern Etruscan confederacy.

First of old of Oscan towns!
 Prize of triumphs, pearl of crowns;
 Half a thousand years have fled,
 Since arose thy royal head,
 Splendor of Lucumoes.

Tuscan fortress, doomed to feel
 Sharpest edge of Samnite steel,
 Flashing down the Liris tide;
 Re-arisen, in richer pride,
 Cynosure of Italy!

Let the Gaurian echoes say
 How, with Rome, we ruled the fray;
 Till the fatal field was won
 By the chief who slew his son,
 'Neath the vines of Vesulus.

Siren city, where the plain
Glitters twice with golden grain,
Twice the bowers of roses blow,
Twice the grapes and olives flow,
Thou wilt chain the conqueror;

Home of war-subduing eyes,
Shining under softest skies,
Gleaming to the silver sea,
Liber, Venus, strive for thee,
Empress of Ausonia!

Glorious in thy martial bloom,
Glorious still in storm and gloom,
We thy chiefs who dare to die
Raise again thy battle-cry,—
Charge with Capuan chivalry!

John Nichol.

COGOLETTA.

BOYHOOD OF COLUMBUS.

I know not when this hope enthralled me first,
But from my boyhood up I loved to hear
The tall pine-forests of the Apennine
Murmur their hoary legends of the sea,
Which hearing, I in vision clear beheld
The sudden dark of tropic night shut down
O'er the huge whisper of great watery wastes,
The while a pair of herons trailingly

Flapped inland, where some league-wide river hurled
The yellow spoil of unconjectured realms
Far through a gulf's green silence, never scarred
By any but the North-wind's hurrying keels.
And not the pines alone; all sights and sounds
To my world-seeking heart paid fealty,
And catered for it as the Cretan bees
Brought honey to the baby Jupiter,
Who in his soft hand crushed a violet,
Godlike foremusing the rough thunder's gripe;
Then did I entertain the poet's song,
My great Idea's guest, and, passing o'er
That iron bridge the Tuscan built to hell,
I heard Ulysses tell of mountain chains
Whose adamantine links, his manacles,
The western main shook growling, and still gnawed;
I brooded on the wise Athenian's tale
Of happy Atlantis, and heard Björne's keel
Crunch the gray pebbles of the Vinland shore:
For I believed the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

James Russell Lowell.

COMO.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.
No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.

To towns, whose shades of no rude noise complain,
From ringing team apart and grating wain,—
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the waters bound,
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,
And o'er the whitened wave their shadows flung,—
The pathway leads, as round the steeps it twines;
And silence loves its purple roof of vines.
The loitering traveller hence, at evening, sees
From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees;
Or marks, mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids
Tend the small harvest of their garden glades;
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and blue,
And track the yellow lights from steep to steep,
As up the opposing hills they slowly creep.
Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
In golden light; half hides itself in shade:
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye that greets
Thy open beauties or thy lone retreats,—
Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that scales
Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy vales;
Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,

Each with its household boat beside the door;
Thy torrent shooting from the clear-blue sky;
Thy towns, that cleave, like swallows' nests, on high;
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods;
Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue or gray,
Mid smoking woods gleams hid from morning's ray
Slow-travelling down the western hills, to enfold
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;
Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin bell
Calls forth the woodman from his desert cell,
And quickens the blithe sound of oars that pass
Along the steaming lake to early mass.
But now farewell to each and all,—adieu
To every charm, and last and chief to you,
Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade
Rest near your little plots of wheaten glade;
To all that binds the soul in powerless trance,
Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing dance;
Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illume
The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.
Alas! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,
While slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell
On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,
Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's marge,
And lures from bay to bay the vocal barge.

William Wordsworth.

CLITUMNUS.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughterers,—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness, oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

Lord Byron.

LAKE OF COMO.

And, Como! thou, a treasure whom the earth
Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth
Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake
Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots
Of Indian-corn tended by dark-eyed maids;
Thy lofty steeps, and pathways roofed with vines,
Winding from house to house, from town to town,
Sole link that binds them to each other; walks,
League after league, and cloistral avenues,

Where silence dwells if music be not there:
While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
Through fond ambition of that hour, I strove
To chant your praise; nor can approach you now
Ungreeted by a more melodious song,
Where tones of nature smoothed by learned art
May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze
Or sunbeam over your domain I passed
In motion without pause; but ye have left
Your beauty with me, a serene accord
Of forms and colors, passive, yet endowed
In their submissiveness with power as sweet
And gracious, almost might I dare to say,
As virtue is, or goodness; sweet as love,
Or the remembrance of a generous deed,
Or mildest visitation of pure thought,
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
Religiously, in silent blessedness;
Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

William Wordsworth.

LINES WRITTEN ON APPROACHING FLORENCE.

Florence! the name sounds sweetly to my ear,
Familiar and yet strange; on dear home lips
'T is music, and from Tuscan tongue it slips
Like dropping honey, syllabled and clear.

My name, yet not my name! Myself forgot,
Hither I turn my eager steps, to seek
The air those great ones breathed, whom I, though weak,
May follow worshipping, attaining not!

What is there homelike in the flower-girt place?

Why smiles the Arno, while the encircling hills
Enwrap me closer, and my spirit thrills
With a vague joy whose springs I cannot trace?

Oft have I mused on the old glorious time,
When painters drew with pencils dipped in flame;
When genius reigned, and tyrants writhed in shame
'Neath Dante's twisted scourge of threefold rhyme.

And, meditating thus, while reverence grew
To love, and love to self-forgetfulness,
While fancy wandered, may my steps no less
Have followed, dreaming, farther than I knew?

And yet, not so. This is no foreign air,
That once I breathed, then left, again to roam!
Thy fragrant breezes whisper, "This is home,—
My namesake city, Florence, called the Fair!"

Sometimes in music comes a sudden strain,
Mid unfamiliar melodies most sweet;
The heart leaps forth the welcome tones to greet,
But its past echo memory seeks in vain.

New, and yet old, it lingers on the mind
As with remembered sweetness, and it fills
The soul with longing for the heavenly hills,
And angel harmonies it left behind.

Perchance 't was wafted o'er the ocean dim
That lies beyond the mystery of birth;
And the young spirit, mid the songs of earth,
Could not forget the seraph's cradle hymn!

Whate'er the heart is tuned to is its own,
And, loving, we claim kinship. So I love,
O land! whose distant glories thus could move
My heart until, unseen, I deemed thee known!

In other climes thy skies have on me smiled,
The beautiful to me has borne thy name;
O city of my heart, thy love I claim,—
I am not worthy, but I am thy child!

Florence Smith.

FLORENCE.

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

She came, whom Casa Guidi's chambers knew,
And know more proudly, an immortal, now;
The air without a star was shivered through
With the resistless radiance of her brow,
And glimmering landscapes from the darkness grew.

Thin, phantom-like; and yet she brought me rest,
Unspoken words, an understood command
Sealed weary lids with sleep, together pressed
In clasping quiet wandering hand to hand,
And smoothed the folded cloth above the breast.

Now, looking through these windows, where the day
Shines on a terrace splendid with the gold
Of autumn shrubs, and green with glossy bay,
Once more her face, re-made from dust, I hold
In light so clear it cannot pass away:—

The quiet brow; the face so frail and fair
For such a voice of song; the steady eye,
Where shone the spirit fated to outwear
Its fragile house;—and on her features lie
The soft half-shadows of her drooping hair.

Who could forget these features, having known?
Whose memory do his kindling reverence wrong
That heard the soft Ionian flute, whose tone
Changed with the silver trumpet of her song?
No sweeter airs from woman's lips were blown.

Ah, in the silence she has left behind
How many a sorrowing voice of life is still!
Songless she left the land that cannot find
Song for its heroes; and the Roman hill,
Once free, shall for her ghost the laurel wind.

The tablet tells you, "Here she wrote and died,"
And grateful Florence bids the record stand:
Here bend Italian love and English pride
Above her grave,—and one remoter land,
Free as her prayers could make it, at their side.

I will not doubt the vision: yonder see
 The moving clouds that speak of freedom won!
 And life, new-lighted, with a lark-like glee
 Through Casa Guidi windows hails the sun,
 Grown from the rest her spirit gave to me.

Bayard Taylor.

FLORENCE.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL ENTERING FLORENCE, APRIL, 1860.

I.

King of us all, we cried to thee, cried to thee,
 Trampled to earth by the beasts impure,
 Dragged by the chariots which shame as they roll:
 The dust of our torment far and wide to thee
 Went up, darkening thy royal soul.

Be witness, Cavour,
 That the king was sad for the people in thrall,
 This King of us all!

II.

King, we cried to thee! Strong in replying,
 Thy word and thy sword sprang rapid and sure,
 Cleaving our way to a nation's place.
 Oh, first soldier of Italy!—crying
 Now grateful, exultant, we look in thy face.
 Be witness, Cavour,
 That, freedom's first soldier, the freed should call
 First King of them all!

III.

This is our beautiful Italy's birthday;
High-thoughted souls, whether many or fewer,
Bring her the gift, and wish her the good,
While Heaven presents on this sunny earth-day
The noble King to the land renewed:
Be witness, Cavour!
Roar, cannon-mouths! Proclaim, install
The King of us all!

IV.

Grave he rides through the Florence gateway,
Clenching his face into calm, to immure
His struggling heart till it half disappears;
If he relaxed for a moment, straightway
He would break out into passionate tears—
(Be witness, Cavour!)
While rings the cry without interval,
“Live, King of us all!”

V.

Cry, free peoples! Honour the nation
By crowning the true man—and none is truer:
Pisa is here, and Livorno is here,
And thousands of faces, in wild exultation,
Burn over the windows to feel him near—
(Be witness, Cavour!)
Burn over from terrace, roof, window and wall,
On this King of us all.

VI.

Grave! A good man's ever the graver
 For bearing a nation's trust secure;
 And *he*, he thinks of the heart, beside,
 Which broke for Italy, failing to save her,
 And pining away by Oporto's tide:
 Be witness, Cavour,
 That he thinks of his vow on that royal pall,
 This King of us all.

VII.

Flowers, flowers, from the flowery city!
 Such innocent thanks for a deed so pure,
 As, melting away for joy into flowers,
 The nation invites him to enter his Pitti
 And evermore reign in this Florence of ours.
 Be witness, Cavour!
 He'll stand where the reptiles were used to crawl,
 This King of us all.

VIII.

Grave, as the manner of noble men is—
 Deeds unfinished will weigh on the doer:
 And, baring his head to those crape-veiled flags,
 He bows to the grief of the South and of Venice.
 Oh, riddle the last of the yellow to rags,
 And swear by Cavour
 That the King shall reign where the tyrants fall,
 True King of us all!

Mrs. Browning

FLORENCE.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
Of unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!
In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FLORENCE.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.

I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FLORENCE.

SANTA CROCE.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos;—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation;—Italy!
Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin: thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

But where repose the all Etruscan three,—
Dante and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love,—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguished from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles naught to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth intrust?

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name forevermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled,—not thine own.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed
His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
O'er him who formed the Tuscan's siren tongue,—
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No; even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyena bigots wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for whom.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Caesar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more.
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire, honored sleeps
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banished dead, and weep

Lord Byron.

FLORENCE.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

Or enter, in your Florence wanderings,
Santa Maria Novella church. You pass
The left stair, where, at plague-time, Macchiavel
Saw one with set fair face as in a glass,
Dressed out against the fear of death and hell,
Rustling her silks in pauses of the mass,
To keep the thought off how her husband fell,
When she left home, stark dead across her feet,—
The stair leads up to what Orgagna gave
Of Dante's dæmons; but you, passing it,
Ascend the right stair of the farther nave,
To muse in a small chapel scarcely lit
By Cimabue's Virgin. Bright and brave,
That picture was accounted, mark, of old!
A king stood bare before its sovran grace;

A reverent people shouted to behold
The picture, not the king; and even the place
Containing such a miracle, grew bold,
Named the Glad Borgo from that beauteous face,
Which thrilled the artist, after work, to think
That his ideal Mary-smile should stand
So very near him!—he, within the brink
Of all that glory, let in by his hand
With too divine a rashness! Yet none shrink
Who gaze here now,—albeit the thing is planned
Sublimely in the thought's simplicity.
The Virgin, throned in empyreal state,
Minds only the young babe upon her knee;
While, each side, angels bear the royal weight,
Prostrated meekly, smiling tenderly
Obvious of their wings! the child thereat
Stretches its hand like God. If any should,
Because of some stiff draperies and loose joints,
Gaze scorn down from the heights of Raffaelhood,
On Cimabue's picture,—Heaven anoints
The head of no such critic, and his blood
The poet's curse strikes full on, and appoints
Toague and cold spasms forevermore.
A noble picture! worthy of the shout
Wherewith along the streets the people bore
Its cherub faces, which the sun threw out
Until they stooped and entered the church door!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

FLORENCE.

SAN MINIATO.

While slow on Miniato's height I roam,
And backward look to Brunelleschi's dome,
'T is strange to think that here on many a day
Old Michael Angelo has paced his way:
And watching Florence, in his bosom found
A nobler world than that which lies around.
To him, perhaps, the ghost of Dante came
At sunset, with his pride of mournful fame.
By me the twain, the bard and sculptor stand,
With strong lip gazing and uplifted hand:
The great, the sad, fighters in ages past,
With their full peace fill e'en the weak at last.

John Sterling.

FLORENCE.

THE VENUS DE' MEDICI.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn and wine and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern luxury of commerce born,
And buried learning rose, redeemed to a new morn.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there, forever there,
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away! there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where pedantry gulls folly,—we have eyes:
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
prize.

Appearedst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquished lord of war?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn!

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

Lord Byron.

GENOA.

Gently, as roses die, the day declines;
On the charmed air there is a hush the while;
And delicate are the twilight-tints that smile
Upon the summits of the Apennines.
The moon is up; and o'er the warm wave shines
A faery bridge of light, whose beams beguile
The fancy to some far and fortunate isle,
Which love in solitude unlonely shrines.
The blue night of Italian summer glooms
Around us; over the crystalline swell
I gaze on Genoa's spires and palace-domes:
City of cities, the superb, farewell!
The beautiful, in nature's bloom, is thine;
And Art hath made it deathless and divine!

William Gibson.

ISCHIA.

Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the Ode upon his death which gained her the title of Divine.

Once more, once more, Inarimé,
I see thy purple hills!—once more
I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked and cast
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,
A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro;
It is Colonna,—it is she
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of life,
That time and change and death withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding-ring upon her hand
And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut-trees,
The odor of the orange blooms,
The song of birds, and, more than these,
The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea,
The soft caresses of the air,
All things in nature seemed to be
But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent
And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though unseen, exist.

Inarimé! Inarimé!
Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her love.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

O peerless church of old Milan,
How brightly thou com'st back to me,
With all thy minarets and towers,
And sculptured marbles fair to see!

With all thy airy pinnacles
So white against the cloudless blue;
With all thy richly storied panes,
And mellowed sunlight streaming through.

O lovely church of loved Milan,
Can sadness with thy brightness blend?
Lo! moving down that high-arched aisle,
Those mourners for an absent friend.

In every hand a lighted torch,
Above the dead a sable pall,
On every face a look that tells,
She was the best beloved of all.

And low and faint the funeral chant
Subdued the pealing organ's tone,
As past the altars of her faith
They slow and silent bear her on.

O holy church of proud Milan,
A simpler tomb enshrines for me
The one I loved, who never stood
As now I stand to gaze on thee.

Yet all I see perchance she sees,
And chides not the unbidden tear,
That flows to think how vain the wish,
My life's companion, thou wert here!

O solemn church of gay Milan,
I owe that pensive hour to thee;
And oft may sacred sadness dwell
Within my soul to temper glee!

Those airy pinnacles that shine
So white against the dark blue sky,
Ascend from tranquil vaults where bones
Which wait the resurrection lie.

Henry Glassford Bell.

MODENA.

Modena stands upon a spacious plain,
Hemmed in by ridges to the south and west,
And rugged fragments of the lofty chain
Of Apennine, whose elevated crest
Sees the last sunbeam in the western main,
Glittering and fading on its rippling breast;
And on the top with ice eternal crowned,
The sky seems bending in repose profound.

The flowery banks where beautifully flow
Panaro's limpid waters, eastward lie;
In front Bologna, on the left the Po,
Where Phaeton tumbled headlong from the sky;

North, Secchia's rapid stream is seen to go,
 With changeful course in whirling eddies by,
 Bursting the shores, and with unfruitful sand
 Sowing the meadows and adjacent land.

Alessandro Tassoni. (Tr. James Atkinson.)

MONACO.

The winding rocks a spacious harbor frame,
 That from the great Alcides takes its name:
 Fenced to the west, and to the north it lies;
 But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
 Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
 And sudden tempests rage within the port.

Lucan. (Tr. Joseph Addison.)

MONTE CASSINO.

Beautiful valley! through whose verdant meads
 Unheard the Garigliano glides along;—
 The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
 The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labor and the Land of Rest,
 Where mediæval towns are white on all
 The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest
 Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
 Was dragged with contumely from his throne;
 Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace
 The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred by his men-at-arms betrayed
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
The stony pathway leading to its gate;
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed,
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,
The courtyard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which far down the valley, like a park
Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,
Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;
The pen became a clarion, and his school
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way,
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores
The illuminated manuscripts, that lay
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the best!
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled
Incredulous, as at some idle jest

Upon such themes as these, with one young friar
I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire
Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay;
And, as a monk who hears the matin bell,
Started from sleep; already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene
On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed,—
The mountains and the valley in the sheen
Of the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MONTE GARGANO.

Where, through Gargano's woody dells,
O'er bending oaks the north-wind swells,
A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,
In shades that saw him live and die
Beneath their waving canopy.
'T was his, as legends tell, to share
The converse of immortals there;
Around that dweller of the wild
There "bright appearances" have smiled,
And angel wings at eve have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.
And oft from that secluded bower
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour,
A swell of viewless harps, a sound
Of warbled anthems pealing round.
O, none but voices of the sky
Might wake that thrilling harmony,
Whose tones, whose very echoes, made
An Eden of the lonely shade!
Years have gone by; the hermit sleeps
Amidst Gargano's woods and steeps;
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown
And veiled his low sepulchral stone:
Yet still the spot is holy, still
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;
And oft the awe-struck mountaineer
Aerial vesper-hymns may hear
Around those forest-precincts float,

Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
To that rude shrine's departed saint,
And deem that spirits of the blest
There shed sweet influence o'er her breast.

Felicia Hemans.

NAPLES.

This region, surely, is not of the earth.
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by.
And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
Was with his household sacrificing there,
From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening hymn
Steals o'er the trembling waters.

Samuel Rogers.

NAPLES.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote ;—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—

O'erveiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
And gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystals at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

NAPLES.

VESUVIUS.

O thou Vesuvius! that risest there
Image of drear eternity, alone
Seated in thy own silent fields of air;
Titan! whose chainless struggles have been shown,
The annihilating powers are still thine own,
Parent of lightnings, and the tempest's shroud,
Crowning, or round thy giant shoulders thrown
In majesty of shadow, ere the cloud
Break on the nether world in fulmined wrath avowed.

Grave of dead cities thou! thy heart is fire,
Thy pulse is earthquake, from thy breast are rolled
The flames in which shall penal earth expire;
Thy robes are of the lava's burning fold,
Thine armed hand the thunderbolt doth hold,
Thy voice is as the trump that calls to doom;
Creator and destroyer! who hath told
What world of life lies buried in thy womb,
What mightiest wrecks are sunk in thy absorbing tomb?

Hark! as we onward pass, the sullen ground
Reverberates beneath the hollow tread,
Where Herculaneum sleeps in trance profound;
A city rises o'er her ashes' bed,
All life, all joy, the living on the dead!
The tear unbidden dims the eye and swells
The heart with its quick throbings fuller sped;
Deeper than thought a feeling in us tells
Our kindred with the world beneath our feet that dwells.

Spirit of desolation! here thou art
A Presence palpably bodied on the eye:
Thy sternness to the mind thou dost impart,
Awed while inspired by thy sublimity,
Thou that stand'st here aloof, and draw'st a high
And thrilling grandeur from the sense impressed
Thou giv'st, that thou dost make a mockery
Of death and ruin: Destiny confessed
Art thou, thy throne yon mountain's thunder-splitten breast!

John Edmund Reade.

NEMI.

Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And, calm as cherished hate, its surface wears
A deep, cold, settled aspect naught can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley; and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprang the Epic war,
"Arms and the Man," whose reascending star
Rose o'er an empire;—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome; and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was tilled, the weary bard's delight.

Lord Byron.

THE RUINS OF OSTIA.

Say they, a famous seaport town?
One look abroad I bid thee cast,
Then tell me if thou canst descry
A dwelling here, or there a mast.

Of all its old magnificence
Stands one poor skeleton of brick,
With grass are sown the hidden streets,
The palace ploughed in furrows thick.

And this, the temple of a god,
The body of a mighty thought!
Here vowed the heart, elate with hope
When priests the struggling victim brought,—

Hearts like these hearts of ours; that drink
Existence, as an endless cup,
And smile to hear of an abyss
Where life and strength are swallowed up.

These men our brothers were, but built
Of sturdier frame and mind than we;
Tamed by their will, the unruly flood
Led their proud galleys to the sea.

Walk further, let my guidance show
One crumbling tower of Trajan's port.
Strange that Christ's vicar, God-inspired,
Has never had as wise a thought.

* * * *

Julia Ward Howe.

PÆSTUM.

There, down Salerno's bay,
In deserts far away,
Over whose solitudes
The dread malaria broods,
No labor tills the land,—
Only the fierce brigand,
Or shepherd, wan and lean,
O'er the wide plains is seen.
Yet there, a lovely dream,
There Grecian temples gleam,
Whose form and mellowed tone
Rival the Parthenon.
The Sybarite no more
Comes hither to adore,
With perfumed offering,
The ocean god and king.
The deity is fled

Long since, but, in his stead,
The smiling sea is seen,
The Doric shafts between;
And around the time-worn base
Climb vines of tender grace,
And Pæstum's roses still
The air with fragrance fill.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

PONTE A MARE, PISA.

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flittering fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and forever
It trembles, but it never fades away.

* * * * *

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled, but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd;
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

Percy Byssche Shelley.

CAMPANILE DI PISA.

Snow was glistening on the mountains, but the air was that of
June;
Leaves were falling, but the runnels playing still their summer
tune,
And the dial's lazy shadow hovered nigh the brink of noon.
On the benches in the market rows of languid idlers lay,
When to Pisa's nodding belfry, with a friend, I took my way.

From the top we looked around us, and as far as eye might
strain,
Saw no sign of life or motion in the town or on the plain.
Hardly seemed the river moving, through the willows to the
main;
Nor was any noise disturbing Pisa from her drowsy hour,
Save the doves that fluttered 'neath us, in and out and round
the tower.

Not a shout from gladsome children, or the clatter of a wheel,
Nor the spinner of the suburb, winding his discordant reel,
Nor the stroke upon the pavement of a hoof or of a heel.

Even the slumberers in the churchyard of the Campo Santo
seemed
Scarce more quiet than the living world that underneath us
dreamed.

Dozing at the city's portal, heedless guard the sentry kept,
More than Oriental dullness o'er the sunny farms had crept,
Near the walls the ducal herdsman by the dusty roadside slept;
While his camels, resting round him, half alarmed the sul-
len ox,

Seeing those Arabian monsters pasturing with Etruria's flocks.

Then it was, like one who wandered, lately, singing by the
Rhine,

Strains perchance to maiden's hearing sweeter than this verse
of mine,

That we bade Imagination lift us on her wing divine,
And the days of Pisa's greatness rose from the sepulchral
past,

When a thousand conquering galleys bore her standard at the
mast.

Memory for a moment crowned her sovereign mistress of the
seas,

When she braved, upon the billows, Venice and the Genoese,
Daring to deride the Pontiff, though he shook his angry keys.
When her admirals triumphant, riding o'er the Soldan's waves,
Brought from Calvary's holy mountain fitting soil for knightly
graves.

When the Saracen surrendered, one by one, his pirate isles,
And Ionia's marbled trophies decked Lungarno's Gothic piles,
Where the festal music floated in the light of ladies' smiles;
Soldiers in the busy courtyard, nobles in the hall above,
O, those days of arms are over,—arms and courtesy and love!

Down in yonder square at sunrise, lo! the Tuscan troops
arrayed,

Every man in Milan armor, forged in Brescia every blade:
Sigismondi is their captain,—Florence! art thou not dis-
mayed?

There's Lanfranchi! there the bravest of Gherardesca stem,
Hugolino,—with the bishop; but enough, enough of them.

Now, as on Achilles' buckler, next a peaceful scene succeeds;
Pious crowds in the cathedral duly tell their blessed beads;
Students walk the learned cloister; Ariosto wakes the reeds;
Science dawns; and Galileo opens to the Italian youth,
As he were a new Columbus, new discovered realms of truth.

Hark! what murmurs from the million in the bustling market
rise!

All the lanes are loud with voices, all the windows dark with
eyes;

Black with men the marble bridges, heaped the shores with
merchandise;

Turks and Greeks and Libyan merchants in the square their
councils hold,

And the Christian altars glitter gorgeous with Byzantine gold.

Look! anon the masqueraders don their holiday attire;
Every palace is illumined,—all the town seems built of fire,—
Rainbow-colored lanterns dangle from the top of every spire.
Pisa's patron saint hath hallowed to himself the joyful day,
Never on the thronged Rialto showed the Carnival more gay.

Suddenly the bell beneath us broke the vision with its chime.
"Signors," quoth our gay attendant, "it is almost vesper time."
Vulgar life resumed its empire,—down we dropt from the
sublime.

Here and there a friar passed us, as we paced the silent
streets,
And a cardinal's rumbling carriage roused the sleepers from
the seats.

Thomas William Parsons.

POSILIPPO.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

We seek, as twilight saddens into gloom,
A poet's sepulchre; and here it is,—
The summit of a tufa precipice.
Ah! precious every drape of myrtle bloom
And leaf of laurel crowning Virgil's tomb!
The low vault entering, hark! what sound is this?
The night is black beneath us in the abyss,
Through one damp port disclosed, as from earth's womb,
That rumbling sound appalls us! Through the steep
Is hewn Posilipo's most marvellous grot;
And to the prince of Roman bards, whose sleep

Is in this singular and lonely spot,
 Doth a wild rumor give a wizard's name,
 Linking a tunnelled road to Maro's fame!

William Gibson.

RAVENNA.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er
 To where the last Caesarean fortress stood,
 Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's lore
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
 Were the sole echoes, save thy steed's and mine,
 And vesper bells that rose the boughs along:
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
 His hell-dogs and their chase, and the fair throng
 Which learned from this example not to fly
 From a true lover,—shadowed my mind's eye.

Lord Byron.

ROME.

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning-ray
 Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
 Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
 And from within a thrilling voice replies,

Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!

Thou art in Rome! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by the river-side?)
Grew into everything; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly, working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But ever hand to hand and foot to foot,
Through nations numberless in battle-array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

Thou art in Rome! the city, where the Gauls,
Entering at sunrise through her open gates,
And through her streets silent and desolate
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The city, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell,—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.

Samuel Rogers.

ROME.

"If ever I in Rome should dwell,—
Rome, the desired of all my heart,—
Amidst that world loved long and well,
The infinite world of ancient art;

"And there, by graves so dear to fame,
A dreaming poet cast my lot;
What voice within would whisper shame,
Were England and her needs forgot!"

So to myself, with museful mouth,
I said long since, the while I paced,
With heart that trembled towards the south,
Through London's coiled and stony waste.

How doubly dreary seemed the smoke,
The sunless noon, the starless even,
When o'er my dream a vision broke,—
Italy! or the courts of Heaven!

Now, walking on this Pincian Hill,
And watching where the day declines
(Gilding the Cross of Peter still)
By Monte Mario's fringe of pines,

Almost, I think, the heart might grow
Forgetful of its earlier ties,
And all its life-blood learn to flow
Familiar with Italian skies.

Not with the love of brain or soul,
But with that fiery strength we use
In leaning towards the strong control
Of what we must, not what we choose.

As mother for child, as wife for spouse,
As one long exiled yearns for home,
As sinner for the Heavenly House,
So yearned, so loved I thee, O Rome!

Now I have seen thee,—seen the plains,
The desolate plains where thou dost lie;
Where many a rock-built tomb complains
Of some great name or race gone by,

And past the walls that round thee sweep
Have daily ridden,—walls sublime!
Which girdle in thy power, and keep
Inviolate from the hands of Time.

Just touched and softened by decay,
Each gate some glorious year recalls;
Kings! Consuls! Emperors! Saints! were they
Who mile by mile linked walls to walls.

All ancient cities, though great they be
(And London counts by tens of tens),
Seem pygmy towns compared to thee;
While Lincoln, throned amidst her fens,

And York upon her meadow-side
(A thousand milestones on her road),
Are footprints, just to show the stride
With which the giant Caesar strode!

Yet here, where Caesar lies in state,
Amidst the cypress and the rose,
A lovelier mountain mourns his fate,
A nobler river swiftlier flows.

O starlit streets of ancient Rome,
Baptized in blood of Christian men!
Happy the hearts that call ye home,
And feet that toward ye turn again!

I oft in dreams shall seem to see
Hills where the olive and the vine
Fall rippling down to meet the sea;
Or underneath the branching pine

Shall watch the storm-clouds sweeping by,
Down from the Alban Mount in swirls,
And, blackening all the vaulted sky,
Rush tangling through our sculptor's curls.

Ah! not too distant fall that day
When I, a pilgrim far from home,
Shall hear upon the Aurelian Way,
"Allons, postillon, vite! à Rome."

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

ROME.

'T is sunset on the Palatine. A flood
Of living glory wraps the Sabine hills,
And o'er the rough and serrate Apennines
Floats like a burning mantle. Purple mists
Rise faintly o'er the gray and ivied tombs
Of the Campagna, as sad memory steals
Forth from the twilight of the heart, to hold
Its mournful vigil o'er affection's dust.
Was that thy camp, old Romulus? where creeps
The clinging vine-flower round yon fallen fanes
And mouldering columns?

Lo! thy clay-built huts,
And band of malcontents, with barbarous port,
Up from the sea of buried ages rise,
Darkening the scene. Methinks I see thee stand,
Thou wolf-nursed monarch, o'er the human herd
Supreme in savageness, yet strong to plant
Barrier and bulwark, whence should burst a might
And majesty, by thy untutored soul
Unmeasured, unconceived. As little dreams
The truant boy, who to the teeming earth
Casts the light acorn, of the forest's pomp,
Which, springing from that noteless germ, shall rear
Its banner to the skies, when he must sleep
A noteless atom.

Hark! the owlet's cry
That, like a muttering sibyl, makes her cell
Mid Nero's house of gold, with clustering bats
And gliding lizards. Would she tell to man,

In the hoarse plaint of that discordant shriek,
The end of earthly glory?

See how meek

And unpretending, mid the ruined pride
Of Caracalla's circus, yon white flock
Do find their sweet repast. The playful lamb,
Fast by its mother's side, doth roam at peace.
How little dream they of the hideous roar
Of the Numidian lion, or the rage
Of the fierce tiger, that in ancient times
Fought in this same arena, for the sport
Of a barbarian throng. With furious haste
No more the chariot round the stadium flies;
Nor toil the rivals in the painful race
To the far goal; nor from yon broken arch
Comes forth the victor, with flushed brow, to claim
The hard-earned garland. All have past away,
Save the dead ruins, and the living robe
That Nature wraps around them. Anxious fear,
High-swollen expectancy, intense despair,
And wild, exulting triumph, here have reigned,
And perished all.

'T were well could we forget

How oft the gladiator's blood hath stained
Yon grass-grown pavement, while imperial Rome,
With all her fairest, brightest brows looked down
On the stern courage of the wounded wretch
Grappling with mortal agony. The sigh
Or tone of tender pity were to him
A dialect unknown, o'er whose dim eye
The distant vision of his cabin rude,
With all its echoing voices, all the rush

Of its cool, flowing waters, brought a pang
 To which the torture of keen death was light.
 A haughtier phantom stalks! What dost thou here,
 Dark Caracalla, fratricide? whose step
 Through the proud mazes of thy regal dome
 Pursued the flying Geta; and whose hand
 Mid that heaven-sanctioned shrine, a mother's breast,
 Did pierce his bosom. Was it worth the price
 Thus of a brother's blood, to reign alone,
 Those few, short, poisoned years?

* * * *

Again the scene

Spreads unempurpled, unimpassioned forth;
 The white lambs resting 'neath the evening shade,
 While dimly curtained mid her glory, Rome
 Slumbereth, as one o'erwearied.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

ROME.

THE APPIAN WAY.

Awe-struck I gazed upon that rock-paved way,
 The Appian Road; marmorean witness still
 Of Rome's resistless stride and fateful will,
 Which mocked at limits, opening out for aye
 Divergent paths to one imperial sway.
 The nations verily their parts fulfil;
 And war must plough the fields which law shall till;
 Therefore Rome triumphed till the appointed day.
 Then from the Catacombs, like waves, upburst
 The host of God, and scaled, as in an hour,

O'er all the earth the mountain-seats of power.
Gladly in that baptismal flood immersed
The old Empire died to live. Once more on high
It sits; now clothed with immortality!

Aubrey de Vere.

ROME.

THE COELIAN HILL.

Of all the seven which Rome doth boast,
(Fair hills and nobly crowned!)
I love the Coelian Hill the most,
And think it holy ground.

'T was here the deacon Laurence died,
And here was Gregory's cell;
The heart by honors sorely tried
Remembered it right well;—

And as his pious envoys bore
The British cross on high,
He, like a sailor turned from shore,
Looked backward with a sigh,

And though he held within his hand
The Church from east to west,
He thought of all the Christian land
This Coelian Hill the best.

I cannot tell, I know not why,
But Rome from hence doth wear
Peculiar brightness in the sky
And beauty in the air.

A dreamy light is in the trees,
The winding walks are still,
And quietly the perfumed breeze
Creeps o'er the Coelian Hill.

As tranquil Convents faintly chime
The passing hours of prayer,
They give the only hints that time
Has marked its progress there.

The martyr's home, the saint's retreat,
Have filled the place with rest,
The centuries with silent feet
Have touched its leafy crest;

And Gregory, rising from his sleep,
Himself would scarcely know
That past of his was buried deep
A thousand years ago !

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

ROME.

THE COLISEUM.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. Wherefore not?

What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms,—on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who
won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday,—
All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here where murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain-stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman millions blame or praise

Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much,—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void,—seats crushed, walls bowed,
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin,—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air,
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's head;
When the light shines serene, but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot, 't is on their dust ye tread.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls —the World.” From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still

On their foundations, and unaltered all;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The world--the same wide den--of thieves, or what ye will.

* * * *

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
 As 't were its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illume
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of Heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

Lord Byron.

ROME—THE TIBER.

HORATIUS.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still his mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.

“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.

“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So spake he, and speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!”
“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land
 That was of public right
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see;
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee:
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

Thomas B. Macaulay.

ROME.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

The Coliseum lifts at night
 Its broken cells more proudly far
 Than in the noonday's naked light,
 For every rent enshrines a star:

On Caesar's hill the royal Lar
Presides within his mansion old:
Decay and Death no longer mar
The moon's atoning mist of gold.

Still lingering near the shrines renewed,
We sadly, fondly, look our last;
Each trace concealed of spoilage rude
From old or late iconoclast,
Till, Trajan's whispering forum passed,
We hear the waters, showering bright,
Of Trevi's ancient fountain, cast
Their woven music on the night.

The Genius of the Tiber nods
Benign, above his tilted urn:
Kneel down and drink! the beckoning gods
This last libation will not spurn.
Drink, and the old enchantment learn
That hovers yet o'er Trevi's foam,—
The promise of a sure return,
Fresh footsteps in the dust of Rome!

Kneel down and drink! the golden days
Here lived and dreamed shall dawn again;
Albano's hill, through purple haze,
Again shall crown the Latin plain.
Whatever stains of Time remain,
Left by the years that intervene,
Lo! Trevi's fount shall toss its rain
To wash the pilgrim's forehead clean.

Drink, and depart! for Life is just;
She gives to Faith a master-key
To ope the gate of dreams august,
And take from joys in memory
The certainty of joys to be;
And Trevi's basins shall be bare
Ere we again shall fail to see
Their silver in the Roman air.

Bayard Taylor

ROME.

THE LATERAN CLOISTERS.

The very roses, thick with bloom,
Are golden in the golden light;
What sanctifies that belt of gloom?
What makes this court so bright?

Are other pillars half so rich,
So dainty delicate as these,
Which curl and twist like woodland niche
Set in a frame of trees!

Two legendary stones are here,
And cast a mystery round the spot;
Let none to whom his Lord is dear
Say he believes them not!

Behold the well where Jesus stayed,
(The heart which questioned also nigh!)
And, "wearied with his journey," bade
To fountains never dry.

Until for her who stood beside
His words alone sufficed,
And as she went her way, she cried,
"But is not this the Christ!"

She measured on that pillar's round
The stature of his sacred head;
Let that be counted holy ground
Of which such things are said.

And do not weigh what men believe,
When thus from age to age is told
A tale which eager hearts receive
With love that grows not cold.

A garden blessed by many prayers,
And centuries of sacred fame,
A pilgrim's tender footstep spares,
If only for the claim!

So pluck the golden Lateran rose
Which blooms about each ancient stone;
And faith which towards a legend flows
Shall not be left alone!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

ROME.

THE PANTHEON.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus,—spared and blest by time:
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods

Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes,—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee,—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety,—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

Relic of nobler days and noblest arts!
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts,—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honored forms, whose busts around them close.

Lord Byron.

ROME.

ST. PETER'S.

But lo! the dome,— the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell,—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle,—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyena and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee,—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that he
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His holy of holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles, richer painting, shrines where flame
The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye, so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,
 Not by its fault, but thine. Our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp, and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression, even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
 Defies at first our nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

Lord Byron.

ROME.

ST. JOHN LATERAN.

Of temples built by mortal hands,
 Give honor to the Lateran first;
 'T was here the hope of many lands—
 The infant Church—was nursed;

 And grew unto a great estate,
 And waxed strong in grace and power,
 With Christ for head and faithful mate,
 And learning for her dower.

Since first this house to him was raised,
Three times five hundred years have run;
For this let Constantine be praised,
An English mother's son!

He with his own imperial sword
Did dig foundations broad and deep,
That henceforth in his hand the Lord
Rome and her hills should keep.

In after ages, one by one,
Arose the altars vowed to Heaven;
Each crest is sacred now, but none
Like this of all the Seven!

Behold she stands! The Mother Church!
A queen among her countless peers!
Ah! open be that sacred porch
For thrice five hundred years!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

ROME.

THE LAOCOÖN.

Laocoön! thou great embodiment
Of human life and human history!
Thou record of the past, thou prophecy
Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,
Pealing along the ages from old time!
Thou wail of agonized humanity!

There lives no thought in marble like to thee!
Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,
But standest separate among the dreams
Of old mythologies,—alone,—alone!

* * * *

A voice from out the world's experience,
Speaking of all the generations past
To all the generations yet to come,
Of the long struggle, the sublime despair,
The wild and weary agony of man.

* * * *

In the quick sunlight on the Esquiline,
Where thou didst sleep, De Fredis kept his vines,
And long above thee grew the grapes whose blood
Ran wild in Christian arteries, and fed
The fire of Christian revels. Ah! what fruit
Sucked up the marrow of thy marble there!
What fierce, mad dreams were those that scared the souls
Of men who drank, nor guessed what ichor stung
Their crimson lips, and tingled in their veins!
Strange growths were those that sprang above thy sleep:
Vines that were serpents; huge and ugly trunks
That took the forms of human agony,—
Contorted, gnarled, and grim,—and leaves that bore
The semblance of a thousand tortured hands,
And snaky tendrils that entwined themselves
Around all forms of life within their reach,
And crushed or blighted them!

At last the spade

Slid down to find the secret of the vines,

And touched thee with a thrill that startled Rome,
And swiftly called a shouting multitude
To witness thy unveiling.

Ah! what joy

Greeted the rising from thy long repose!
And one, the mighty master of his time,
The king of Christian art, with strong, sad face
Looked on, and wondered with the giddy crowd,—
Looked on and learned (too late, alas! for him),
That his humanity and God's own truth
Were more than Christian Rome, and spoke in words
Of larger import. Humbled Angelo
Bowed to the masters of the early days,
Grasped their strong hands across the centuries,
And went his way despairing!

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

ROME.

THE VATICAN.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain,—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending: vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life and poesy and light,—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot,—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are express
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest,—
A ray of immortality,—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory,—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust,—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 't was
wrought.

Lord Byron.

ROME.

VIA SACRA.

Along the Sacred Way

Hither the triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopped at the sacred stair that then appeared,
Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As though it led to heaven. 'T was night; but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day,
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Entered the Capitol. But what are they
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well pleased with all they see,
Staggers along, the last? They are the fallen.
Those who were spared to grace the chariot-wheels;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquished,—there withdrew;
He to the festal board, and they to die.

Samuel Rogers.

SICILY.

A pleasant land looms up against the sky:
Green hills and slopes, bright with perennial spring,
And domes and airy spires, faint glittering
Through their light wreaths of sea-mist, greet the eye,

While, floating wildly o'er the deep-blue sea,
The boatman's music lulls the enchanted ear.
Sicilia's island this, the sister fair
Who sweetly smiles on vine-clad Italy:
Alike the sharer of her sons of song,
Her black-eyed maids, her heroes, and her arts;
And drunk alike with blood of patriot hearts,
She rises, phoenix-like, from tyrants' wrong,
And asks thee, traveller, if thy wandering e'en
Have ever gazed upon a lovelier scene.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

SORRENTO.

Italian paradise, Sorrento! thou
Hast spells enchanting; lo, yon bosomed bay
Where the lone crag upheaves its cloven brow,
Round with the blue waves chafe in idle play;
Know'st thou whose mighty spirit casts a ray
O'er its dim cavern? know'st thou who stood there
Embodying in his world-inspiring lay
Its tale? whose genius fills, informs the air,
Whose phantoms round that spot forever shall repair?

Even now, reclining on this mossy stone,
I see the sail spread from Lachaea's isle:
They scale the Cyclop's cave, a shout, a groan,
In his red eye is plunged the fiery pile!
Lo, with the morning's light the goats defile
Slowly beneath the blinded monster's hand:
Free stands at length the hero of the wile;

And now the giant's clamors fill the strand,
As shouting bound from shore the Ulysséan band!

Thou everlasting Homer! every nook
Of this all wild yet lovely coast is thine;
The Sirens yon gray islets have forsook,
Yet is each vestige of their haunt divine:
Doth not thy awful genius o'er them shine,
Bright as yon setting sun that steeps them o'er
With hues of life? so thy embodying line
From phantasy dost hero life restore,
Until we hear their tongues and see the forms they wore.

For by thy hand truth, sceptre-like, was wielded;
Lo, yon blue promontory, Circe's spell
There changed to brutes the slaves to vice who yielded;
Speaks not thy moral eloquently well?
What herb save reason could her power compel,
And bid her kneel to virtue? o'er the foam
Why sighed the chief in Ithaca to dwell,
Her charms unfelt and loathed her starry dome?
Grave duty showed afar his wife, his son, his home.

There was a dwelling on the sea-cliff's side,
No ruined vestige doth its site attest;
A secret nook where love would choose to hide
Its loved one from the world, a haven nest
Of shelter, when of all it asks possessed,
The heart would find or make its earthly heaven
Where only found, in woman's answering breast;
All other ties save that sole life-tie riven:
The world's neglect forgot, its injuries forgiven.

A sacred spot! create it on thine eye;
Hallowed by suffering and by virtue's tear,
And this is sanctified by memory
Of venerating bosoms that revere
The martyrs of the past who suffered here;
O'er whom are offered human sympathies,
Heart-flowers, whose dews spiritualize the bier:
A woman by that shore with heedful eyes
Watches a nearing sail whose white wing homeward flies.

The sister's love, the vestal, and the pure,
Recalls again affection's wasted force
In exiled Tasso: other loves endure
To perish, lighted at an earthlier source,
Satiate with passion, buried in remorse;
If the heart own one pure receptacle,
One feeling flowing holier in its course,
Love that a spirit might not blush to tell,
'T is when a sister's heart to thine doth fondly swell.

The wanderer came for quiet: to forget
The blighted hope, the inexpiable wrong,
To soften here in solitude regret
Of a love stamped immortal in his song,
That but for him had lain the dead among;
Vain essay! if thou wouldest the thought conceal,
Or forms that ghost-like to the past belong,
If the heart's wounds corroding thou wouldest heal,
That solitude thou seek'st to thee shall all reveal:

Making the past one present; odors bear
Vibrations thrilling along memory's chain,
Felt in the chords of being till they wear
Its pulse away: so did he feel how vain
To realize his boyhood's hope again;
Till his last refuge from self-tyranny,
He flew from nature's ever-populous reign
Back to the desert of humanity,
To bear hate, scorn, repulse, to madden, and to die.

John Edmund Reade.

TIVOLI.

Spirit! who lovest to live unseen,
By brook or pathless dell,
Where wild woods burst the rocks between
And floods, in streams of silver sheen,
Gush from their flinty cell!

Or where the ivy waves her woof,
And climbs the crag alone,
Haunts the cool grotto, daylight proof,
Where loitering drops that wear the roof
Turn all beneath to stone.

Shield me from summer's blaze of day,
From noontide's fiery gale,
And, as thy waters round me play,
Beneath the o'ershadowing cavern lay,
Till twilight spreads her veil.

Then guide me where the wandering moon
Rests on Maecenas' wall,
And echoes at night's solemn noon
In Tivoli's soft shades attune
The peaceful waterfall.

Again they float before my sight
The bower, the flood, the glade;
Again on yon romantic height
The Sibyl's temple towers in light,
Above the dark cascade.

Down the steep cliff I wind my way
Along the dim retreat,
And mid the torrents' deafening bray
Dash from my brow the foam away,
Where clashing cataracts meet.

And now I leave the rocks below,
And, issuing forth from night,
View on the flakes that sunward flow,
A thousand rainbows round me glow,
And arch my way with light.

Again the myrtles o'er me breathe,
Fresh flowers my path perfume,
Round cliff and cave wild tendrils wreath,
And from the groves that bend beneath
Low trail their purple bloom.

Thou grove, thou glade of Tivoli,
 Dark flood and rivulet clear,
 That wind, where'er you wander by,
 A stream of beauty on the eye,
 Of music on the ear;

And thou that, when the wandering moon
 Illumed the rocky dell,
 Didst to my charmed ear attune
 The echoes of night's solemn noon,—
 Spirit unseen! farewell!

Farewell!—o'er many a realm I go,
 My natal isle to greet,
 Where summer sunbeams mildly glow,
 And sea-winds health and freshness blow
 O'er freedom's hallowed seat.

Yet there, to thy romantic spot
 Shall fancy oft retire,
 And hail the bower, the stream, the grot,
 Where earth's sole lord the world forgot,
 And Horace smote the lyre.

William Southey.

VENICE.

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
 So wonderfully built among the reeds
 Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
 As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!

White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
Lifting thy golden pistils with their seeds,
Thy sun-illumined spires, thy crown and crest!
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

VENICE.

There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city,—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently,—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

* * * * *

A few in fear,

Flying away from him whose boast it was,
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south,—where they that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis, with glistering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorned;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

Samuel Rogers.

VENICE.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

In the narrow Venetian street,
On the wall above the garden gate
(Within the breath of the rose is sweet,
And the nightingale sings there, soon and late),

Stands Saint Christopher, carven in stone,
With the little child in his huge caress,
And the arms of the baby Jesus thrown
About his gigantic tenderness;

And over the wall a wandering growth
Of darkest and greenest ivy clings,
And climbs around them, and holds them both
In its netted clasp of knots and rings,

Clothing the saint from foot to beard
In glittering leaves that whisper and dance
To the child, on his mighty arm upreared,
With a lusty summer exuberance.

To the child on his arm the faithful saint
Looks up with a broad and tranquil joy;
His brows and his heavy beard aslant
Under the dimpled chin of the boy,

Who plays with the world upon his palm,
And bends his smiling looks divine
On the face of the giant mild and calm,
And the glittering frolic of the vine.

He smiles on either with equal grace,—
On the simple ivy's unconscious life,
And the soul in the giant's lifted face,
Strong from the peril of the strife:

For both are his own,—the innocence
That climbs from the heart of earth to heaven,
And the virtue that greatly rises thence
Through trial sent and victory given.

Grow, ivy, up to his countenance,
But it cannot smile on my life as on thine;
Look, Saint, with thy trustful, fearless glance,
Where I dare not lift these eyes of mine.

William Dean Howells.

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the wingéd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone, but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway :
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away,—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

* * * * *

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud place where an emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns,—
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine loosened from the mountain's belt:
O for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled? Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very byword sprung from victory,
The “Planter of the Lion,” which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite:
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

* * * * *

I loved her from my boyhood,—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

I can repeople with the past,—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chastened down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colors caught;
There are some feelings time cannot benumb,
Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

Lord Byron.

VENICE.

THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK AT MIDNIGHT.

Hushed is the music, hushed the hum of voices;
Gone is the crowd of dusky promenaders,—
Slender-waisted, almond-eyed Venetians,
Princes and paupers. Not a single footfall
Sounds in the arches of the Procuratie.

One after one, like sparks in cindered paper,
Faded the lights out in the goldsmiths' windows.
Drenched with the moonlight lies the still Piazza.

Fair as the palace builded for Aladdin,
Yonder St. Mark uplifts its sculptured splendor,—
Intricate fretwork, Byzantine mosaic,
Color on color, column upon column,
Barbaric, wonderful, a thing to kneel to !
Over the portal stand the four gilt horses,
Gilt hoof in air, and wide distended nostril,
Fiery, untamed, as in the days of Nero.
Skyward, a cloud of domes and spires and crosses ;
Earthward, black shadows flung from jutting stone-work.
High over all the slender Campanile
Quivers, and seems a falling shaft of silver !

Hushed is the music, hushed the hum of voices.
From coigne and cornice and fantastic gargoyle,
At intervals the moan of dove or pigeon,
Fairly faint, floats off into the moonlight.
This, and the murmur of the Adriatic,
Lazily restless, lapping the mossed marble,
Staircase or buttress, scarcely break the stillness.
Deeper each moment seems to grow the silence,
Denser the moonlight in the still Piazza.
Hark ! on the Tower above the ancient gateway,
The twin bronze Vulcans, with their ponderous hammers,
Hammer the midnight on their brazen bell there !

T. B. Aldrich.

VENICE.

LIDO.

I went to greet the full May-moon
On that long narrow shoal
Which lies between the still Lagoon
And the open ocean's roll.

How pleasant was that grassy shore,
When one for months had been
Shut up in streets,—to feel once more
One's foot fall on the green!

There are thick trees too in that place;
But straight from sea to sea,
Over a rough uncultured space,
The path goes drearily.

I passed along, with many a bound,
To hail the fresh free wave;
But, pausing, wonderingly found
I was treading on a grave.

Then, at one careless look, I saw
That, from some distance round,
Tombstones, without design or law,
Were scattered on the ground:

Of pirates or of mariners
I deemed that these might be
The fitly spoken sepulchres,
Encircled by the sea.

But there were words inscribed on all,
I' the tongue of a far land,
And mark of things symbolical,
I could not understand.

They are the graves of that sad race
Who from their Syrian home,
For ages, without resting-place,
Are doomed in woe to roam;

Who, in the days of sternest faith,
Glutted the sword and flame,
As if a taint of moral death
Were in their very name:

And even under laws most mild,
All shame was deemed their due,
And the nurse told the Christian child
To shun the curséd Jew.

Thus all their gold's insidious grace
Availed not here to gain
For their last sleep a seemlier place
Than this bleak-featured plain.

Apart, severely separate,
On the verge of the outer sea,
Their home of death is desolate
As their life's home could be.

The common sand-path had defaced
 And pressed down many a stone;
 Others can be but faintly traced
 I' the rank grass o'er them grown.

I thought of Shylock,—the fierce heart
 Whose wrongs and injuries old
 Temper, in Shakespeare's world of art,
 His lusts of blood and gold;

Perchance that form of broken pride
 Here at my feet once lay,—
 But lay alone,—for at his side
 There was no Jessica!

Fondly I love each island-shore,
 Embraced by Adrian waves;
 But none has memory cherished more
 Than Lido and its graves.

Lord Houghton.

VERONA.

Cross Adria's gulf, and land where softly glide
 A stream's crisp waves, to join blue Ocean's tide;
 Still westward hold thy way, till Alps look down
 On old Verona's walled and classic town.
 Fair is the prospect; palace, tower, and spire,
 And blossomed grove, the eye might well admire;
 Heaven-piercing mountains capped with endless snow

Where winter reigns, and frowns on earth below;
Old castles crowning many a craggy steep,
From which in silver sounding torrents leap:
Southward the plain where summer builds her bowers,
And floats on downy gales the soul of flowers;
Where orange-blossoms glad the honeyed bee,
And vines in festoons wave from tree to tree;

While, like a streak of sky from heaven let fall.
The deep blue river, glittering, winds through all;
The woods that whisper to the zephyr's kiss,
Where nymphs might taste again Arcadian bliss;
The sun-bright hills that bound the distant view,
And melt like mists in skies of tenderest blue,—
All charm the ravished sense, and dull is he
Who, cold, unmoved, such glorious scene can see.

Here did the famed Catullus rove and dream,
And godlike Pliny drink of Wisdom's stream;
Wronged by his friends, and exiled by his foes,
Amid these vales did Dante breathe his woes,
Raise demons up, call seraphs from the sky,
And frame the dazzling verse that ne'er shall die.
Here, too, hath Fiction weaved her loveliest spell,
Visions of beauty float o'er crag and dell;
But chief we seem to hear at evening hour
The sigh of Juliet in her starlit bower,
Follow her form slow gliding through the gloom,
And drop a tear above her mouldered tomb.

Sweet are these thoughts, and in such favored scene
Methinks life's stormiest skies might grow serene,
Care smooth her brow, the troubled heart find rest,
And, spite of crime and passion, man be blest.
But to our theme: The pilgrim comes to trace
Verona's ruins, not bright Nature's face;
Be still, chase lightsome fancies, ere thou dare
Approach yon pile, so grand yet softly fair;
The mighty circle, breathing beauty, seems
The work of genii in immortal dreams.
So firm the mass, it looks as built to vie
With Alps' eternal ramparts towering nigh.
Its graceful strength each lofty portal keeps,
Unbroken round the first great cincture sweeps;
The marble benches, tier on tier, ascend,
The winding galleries seem to know no end.
Glistening and pure, the summer sunbeams fall,
Softening each sculptured arch and rugged wall,
We tread the arena; blood no longer flows,
But in the sand the pale-eyed violet blows,
While ivy, covering many a bench, is seen,
Staining its white with lines of liveliest green,—
Age-honoring plant! that weds not buildings gay,
With love, still faithful, clinging to decay.

Nicholas Mitchell.

GREECE.

ATHENS.

Nymphs of the rain,
Let us visit again
The city by Pallas beloved, the home,—
The populous home of choicest delights,
Where for the appointed secret rites
From year to year the mystic dome
Duly unfolds its hallowed portals;
And gifts are there to the Powers Divine,
And many a statue and lofty shrine,
And pomps for all the blessed immortals;
Banquet and wreathy sacrifice
Hallow each season as it flies;
And ever, at the voice of spring,
Bacchus his graceful mirth renewes;
Sweet choirs in strife melodious sing,
And all the festive echoes ring
With thunders of the Scenic Muse.

Aristophanes. (Tr. J. B. Patterson.)

ATHENS.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts

And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing;
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

John Milton.

ATHENS.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas,
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire,—
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone,—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First, in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away,—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come,—but molest not yon defenceless urn!
Look on this spot,—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield,—religions take their turn:
'T was Jove's,—'t is Mahomet's; and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense roars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven,—
Is 't not enough, unhappy thing, to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldest be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies!
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling nations mourned around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demigods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the Soul.
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gray recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Lord Byron.

ATHENS.

ACADEME.

Pleasanter than the hills of Thessaly,
Nearer and dearer to the poet's heart
Than the blue ripple belting Salamis,
Or long grass waving over Marathon,
Fair Academe, most holy Academe,
Thou art, and hast been, and shalt ever be.
I would be numbered now with things that were,
Changing the wasting fever of to-day
For the dear quietness of yesterday:
I would be ashes, underneath the grass,
So I had wandered in thy platane walks
One happy summer twilight,—even one:
Was it not grand and beautiful and rare,
The music and the wisdom and the shade,
The music of the pebble-paven rills,
And olive boughs, and bowered nightingales,
Chorusing joyously the joyous things
Told by the gray Silenus of the grove,
Low-fronted and large-hearted Socrates!
O, to have seen under the olive blossoms
But once,—once only in a mortal life,
The marble majesties of ancient gods!
And to have watched the ring of listeners,
The Grecian boys gone mad for love of truth,
The Grecian girls gone pale for love of him
Who taught the truth, who battled for the truth;
And girls and boys, women and bearded men,
Crowding to hear and treasure in their hearts
Matter to make their lives a happiness,
And death a happy ending.

Edwin Arnold.

ATHENS.

THE ACROPOLIS.

Blue-eyed Athena! what a dream wert thou!
O! what a glory hovered o'er thy shrine,—
Thy hill, where darker error nestles, now!
Yet art thou hallowed, though no more divine!
The worship of all noblest hearts is thine,—
Though the dull Moslem haunts the sacred earth
Where sprung the olive o'er its bower of vine,
And watched above thine own Cecropia's birth!
Truth that should chase such dreams were surely little worth!

For, O, thou art the very purest thought
That fable e'er conceived! and on thy hill.—
Thine own blue hill, where time and Turk have wrought
In vain to break the spell that lingers still,—
The heart that owns a better faith may kneel,
Nor wrong his creed, while bending o'er the sod
Where gods, and men like gods in act and will,
Are made immortal, by the wizard rod
Of him whose every thought aspired to be a god!

Mount of the free, Olympus of the earth!
Fair as a temple, lonely as a tomb!
Shall the dark robber rear his household hearth,
Where fabled gods contended for a home!
Thou bright abstractions of a truth to come!
No, by the gift Trazene's monarch gave!
No, by the withered olive's early bloom!
The sea-god's offering calls upon thy brave,
Mount, and replant the tree, once more, upon the Moslem's
grave!

Thomas Kibble Hervey.

MARS HILL.

Here, where wild Fancy wondrous fictions drew,
And knelt to worship, till she thought them true,
Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,
The great Apostle preached the Unknown God!

Silent the crowd were hushed; for his the eye
Which power controls not, sin cannot defy;
His the tall stature, and the lifted hand,
And the fixed countenance of grave command;
And his the voice which, heard but once, will sink
So deep into the hearts of those that think,
That they may live till years and years are gone,
And never lose one echo of its tone.

Yet when the voice had ceased, a clamor rose,
And mingled tumult rang from friends and foes;
The threat was muttered, and the galling gibe,
By each pale sophist and his paltry tribe;
By haughty stoic passed in gloomy state,
The heartless cynic scowled his grovelling hate,
And the soft garden's rose-encircled child
Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled.

Tranquil he stood; for he had heard,—could hear
Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;
O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought
The dark deep lines of courage and of thought;
And if the color from his cheek was fled,
Its paleness spoke no passion and no dread.
The meek endurance and the steadfast will,
The patient nerve, that suffers and is still,
The humble faith, that bends to meet the rod,

And the strong hope, that turns from man to God,—
And these were his; and his firm heart was set,
And knew the hour must come,—but was not yet.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

THE PARTHENON.

This rock was once the seat of pomp and power;
Here rest the chiefs of olden time,
And here the orator sublime
Shed on their willing ears his golden shower.

Here stood their temple in its beauty's blaze,
When like a thing of light it rose,
And proudly on their dazzled foes
So brightly beamed, it quelled their daring gaze.

Here stood Minerva with her guardian shield,
And from her threatening lance
Shot such a lightning glance,
None dared to try the heaven-protected field.

Here genius, glory, piety, were shrined,
And hence that spirit flew,
Whose wing has hurried through
The darkened world, and fired the inglorious mind.

James Gates Percival.

COLONOS.

CHORUS IN OEDIPUS.

Stranger, here thy wanderings end,—
White Colonos welcomes thee;
Darling of this knightly land,
Fairest spot of earth to see.
Here, the leafy nooks among,
Warbles oft the nightingale;
Softly sounds her plaintive song,
From the wine-dark ivied dale,
Or from out yon hallowed wood,
Pure of haunting feet profane;
Where nor storms nor heats intrude,
Where mid fruits of richest grain,
Oft the revelling god of wine
Paces with his rout divine.

Here, the dew of heaven beneath,
The narcissus, clustering fair,
Twines for mightiest powers a wreath;
Here the crocus-blossoms glare
With a golden shine; and here,
Gushing from Cephisus' streams,
Joyous waters, pure and clear,
Flash about in silver gleams:
So that o'er the laughing plains
Sleepless fountains, quick of birth,
Wanton, offspring of the rains,
Welling from the breast of earth.
Here the Muses oft are seen,
And the golden-reinéd queen.

Here, unknown to Asia's land,
 Or old Pelops' ancient seat,—
 Terror of a hostile brand,
 Unsubdued and self-create,—
 Doth the soft green olive flower;
 Sacred to the nascent birth,
 Youth's array and age's power,
 Fail to wrest it from our earth;
 Aye may Morian Zeus defend it,
 And the blue-eyed Pallas tend it!

Yet once more my voice I raise,
 'T is my country's right divine,
 To control the courser's ways,
 And the bark upon the brine:
 Laud we then Poseidon's name,
 Queller of the bitted steed,—
 Laud we him, from whom it came
 That our strong-oared galleys speed,
 Flashing o'er the surging sea
 With the nereid company!

Sophocles. (Tr. Anon.)

COLONOS, THE HILL.

ŒDIPUS.

Where are we now, my dear Antigone?
 Know'st thou the place? Will any here afford
 Their scanty alms to a poor wanderer,
 The banished Œdipus? I ask not much,

Yet less receive; but I am satisfied:
 Long time hath made my woes familiar to me,
 And I have learned to bear calamity.
 But tell me, daughter, if thou seest a place,
 Or sacred or profane, where I may rest,
 There set me down, from some inhabitant
 A chance but we may learn where now we are,
 And act, so strangers ought, as he directs us.

ANTIGONE.

O Œdipus! my poor, unhappy father!
 Far as my eyes can reach, I see a city
 With lofty turrets crowned, and, if I err not,
 This place is sacred, by the laurel shade
 Olive and vine thick planted, and the songs
 Of nightingales sweet-warbling through the grove;
 Here set thee down, and rest thy wearied limbs
 On this rude stone; 't is a long way for age
 Like thine to travel.

* * * * *

ATHENIAN.

I'll tell thee what I know.
 This place is sacred all: great Neptune here
 Presides, and he who bears the living fire,
 Titan Prometheus; where thou tread'st is called
 The brazen way, the bulwark of our state:
 From this equestrian hill, their safest guard,
 The neighboring villagers their general name
 Derive, thence called Colonians all.

Sophocles. (Tr. T. Francklin.)

CORFU (THE ISLAND.)

THE HOUSE OF ALCINOÜS.

The blue-eyed Pallas, having spoken thus,
Departed o'er the barren deep. She left
The pleasant isle of Scheria, and repaired
To Marathon and to the spacious streets
Of Athens, entering there the massive halls
Where dwelt Erectheus, while Ulysses toward
The gorgeous palace of Alcinoüs turned
His steps, yet stopped and pondered ere he crossed
The threshold. For on every side beneath
The lofty roof of that magnanimous king
A glory shone as of the sun or moon.

There from the threshold, on each side, were walls
Of brass that led towards the inner rooms,
With blue steel cornices. The doors within
The massive building were of gold, and posts
Of silver on the brazen threshold stood,
And silver was the lintel, and above
Its architrave was gold; and on each side
Stood gold and silver mastiffs, the rare work
Of Vulcan's practised skill, placed there to guard
The house of great Alcinoüs, and endowed
With deathless life, that knows no touch of age.
Along the walls within, on either side,
And from the threshold to the inner rooms,
Were firmly planted thrones on which were laid
Delicate mantles, woven by the hands
Of women. The Phœacian princes here
Were seated; here they ate and drank, and held

Perpetual banquet. Slender forms of boys
In gold upon the shapely altars stood,
With blazing torches in their hands to light
At eve the palace guests; while fifty maids
Waited within the halls, where some in querns
Ground small the yellow grain; some wove the web
Or twirled the spindle, sitting, with a quick
Light motion, like the aspen's glancing leaves.
The well-wrought tissues glistened as with oil.
As far as the Phœacian race excel
In guiding their swift galleys o'er the deep,
So far the women in their woven work
Surpass all others. Pallas gives them skill
In handiwork and beautiful design.
Without the palace-court, and near the gate,
A spacious garden of four acres lay.
A hedge enclosed it round, and lofty trees
Flourished in generous growth within,—the pear
And the pomegranate, and the apple-tree
With its fair fruitage, and the luscious fig
And olive always green. The fruit they bear
Falls not, nor ever fails in winter time
Nor summer, but is yielded all the year.
The ever-blowing west-wind causes some
To swell and some to ripen; pear succeeds
To pear; to apple apple, grape to grape,
Fig ripens after fig. A fruitful field
Of vines was planted near; in part it lay
Open and basking in the sun, which dried
The soil, and here men gathered in the grapes,
And there they trod the wine-press. Farther on

Were grapes unripened yet, which just had cast
The flower, and other still which just began
To redder. At the garden's furthest bound
Were beds of many plants that all the year
Bore flowers. There gushed two fountains: one of them
Ran wandering through the field; the other flowed
Beneath the threshold to the palace-court,
And all the people filled their vessels there.
Such were the blessings which the gracious gods
Bestowed on King Alcinoüs and his house.

Homer. (Tr. W. C. Bryant.)

CORFU.

Now doth not summer's sunny smile
Sink soft o'er that Ionian isle,
While round the kindling waters sweep
The murmured music of the deep,
And many melodies that swell
From breaking wave and red-lipped shell?
Love mine! how sweet it were to leave
This weary world of ours behind,
And borrow from the blushing eve
The wild wings of the wandering wind.
Would we not flee away and find
Some lonely cave beside the shore?
One where a nereid dwelt of yore,
And sheltered in its glistening bowers
A love almost as fond as ours?
A diamond spar incrusts the walls,

A rainbow light from crystal falls;
And musical amid the gloom,
A fountain's silvery showers illume
The further darkness, as with ray
And song it finds its sparkling way.
A natural lute and lamp,—a tone,
A light, to wilder waves unknown.
The cave is curtained with the vine,
And inside wandering branches twine,
While from the large green leaves escape
The blooming clusters of the grape;
Fruit with such hyacinthine glow
As southern sunbeams only know.
We will not leave it till the moon
Lulls with her languid look the sea;
Sleep, shadow, silence for the noon;
But midnight, love, to wake with thee,
When the sweet myrtle-trees exhale
The odors of their blossoms pale,
And dim and purple colors steep
Those blossoms in their perfumed sleep;
Where closed are the cicala's wings,
And no leaf stirs, nor wild bird sings,
Lulled by the dusk air warm and sweet;
Then, kneeling, dearest, at thy feet,
Thy face the only sight I see,
Thy voice the only sound I hear,
While midnight's moonlit mystery
Seems the full heart's enchanted sphere,
Then should thy own low whisper tell
Those ancient songs thou lovest so well;

Tales of old battles which are known
To me but from thy lip alone;
Dearer than if the bard again
Could sound his own imperial strain.
Ah, folly! of such dreaming hours
That are not, that may not be ours.
Farewell! thou fair Ionian isle
That lighted for my love awhile
A sweet enchantment formed to fade;
Of darker days my life is made;
Imbittering my reality
With dreams of all that may not be.
Such fairy fancies when they part
But leave behind a withered heart;
Dreaming o'er all it hath not known;
Alas! and is such heart mine own?

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

CORINTH.

RUINS OF CORINTH.

Where are thy splendors, Dorian Corinth? Where
Thy crested turrets, thy ancestral goods,
The temple of the blest, the dwellings of the fair,
The high-born dames, the myriad multitudes?
There's not a trace of thee, sad doomed one, left;
By ravening war at once of all bereft.
We, the sad nereids, offspring of the surge,
Alone are spared to chant the halcyon's dirge.

Antipator of Sidon. (Tr. Anon.)

CORINTH.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A Roman master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the concourse of the Isthmian games
He, by his herald's voice, aloud proclaims
"The liberty of Greece"; the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
A melancholy echo of that noise
Doth sometimes hang on musing Fancy's ear;
Ah! that a conqueror's words should be so dear;
Ah! that a boon should shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.

William Wordsworth.

CORINTH.

Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,

As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below:
Or could the bones of all the slain
Who perished there be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capped Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

Lord Byron.

AT CORINTH.

On a tribunal raised, Flaminius sat:
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierced
Of iron-coated Macedon; and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repelled,
In the high thoughtless gayety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possessed; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald: "To the states of Greece
The Roman people, unconfined, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."

The crowd, astonished half, and half informed,
Stared dubious round; some questioned, some exclaimed
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy), "Be that again,
Be that again proclaimed, distinct and loud."
Loud and distinct it was again proclaimed;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devoured.
Awhile severe amazement holds them mute,
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellowed to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook,
And, from the void above of shattered air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
Mixed in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each others training in a strict embrace,
Nor strained a slave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.

James Thomson.

DELOS.

Though Syria's rock was passed at morn,
The wind so faintly arched the sail,
That ere to Delos we were borne,
The autumn day began to fail,
And only in Diana's smiles
We reached the bay between the isles.

In sweet serenity of force
She ruled the heavens without a star,—
A sacred image that the course
Of time and thought can hardly mar,—
As dear and nearly as divine
As ever in Ephesian shrine.

I knew that on the spot I trod
Her glorious twins Latona bore,
That for her sake the pitying God
Had fixed the isle afloat before;
And, fearful of his just disdain,
I almost felt it move again.

For the delicious light that threw
Such clear transparency on the wave,
From the black mastick-bushes drew
Column and frieze and architrave,
Like rocks, which, native to the place,
Had something of mysterious grace.

“Strong was the power of art to bid
Arise such beauty out of stone,
Yet Paros might as well have hid
Its wealth within its breast unknown,
As for brute Nature to regain
The fragments of the fallen fane.

“Who can rebuild these colonnades
Where met the ancient festal host,
The peasant from Arcadia’s glades,
The merchant from Ionia’s coast,

Gladdening their Grecian blood to stand
On one religious Fatherland?"

So in my angry discontent
I cried, but calmer thoughts came on,
And gratitude with sorrow blent,
And murmur turned to orison:
I thanked the gods for what had been,
And Nature for the present scene.

I felt that while in Greece remained
Signs of that old heroic show,
Hope, Memory's sister, so sustained,
Would sink not altogether low,
And Grecian hearts once more might be
Combined in powerful amity.

Long ere the sun's most curious ray
Had touched the morning's zone of pearl,
I and my boat were far away,
Raised on the water's freshening curl;
And barely 'twixt the rose and blue
The island's rim was still in view.

So Delos rests upon my mind,
A perfect vision of the night,
A picture by moon-rays designed,
And shaded into black and bright,—
A true idea borne away,
Untroubled by the dreamless day.

Lord Houghton.

DELPHI.

I have seen Delphi: I no more shall see it:
I go contented, having seen it once;
Yet here awhile remain, prisoner well-pleased
Of reboant winds. Within this mountain cove
Their sound alone finds entrance. Lightly the waves,
Rolled from the outer to the inner bay,
Dance in blue silver o'er the silver sands;
While, like a chain-bound antelope by some child
Mocked oft with tempting hand and fruit upheld,
Our quick caique vaults up among the reeds,
The ripples that plunge past it upward sending
O'er the gray margin matted with sea-pink
Ripplings of light. The moon is veiled; a mile
Below the mountain's eastern range it hangs:
Yon gleam is but its reflex, from white clouds
Scattered along Parnassian peaks of snow.

I see but waves and snows. Memory alone
Fruition hath of what this morn was mine:
O'er many a beauteous scene at once she broods,
And feeds on joys without confusion blent
Like mingling sounds or odors. Now she rests
On that serene expanse (the confluence
Of three long vales) in sweetness upward heaved,
Ample and rich as Juno's breast what time
The thunderer's breath in sleep moves over it:
Bathes in those runnels now, that raced in light
This morn as at some festival of streams,
Through arbutus and ilex, wafting each
Upon its glassy track a several breeze,

Each with its tale of joy or playful sadness.
Fair nymphs, by great Apollo's fall untouched!
Sing, sing forever! When did golden Phœbus
Look sad one moment for a fair nymph's fall?

A still, black glen; below, a stream-like copse
Of hoary olives; rocks like walls beside,
Never by Centaur trod, though these fresh gales
Give man the Centaur's strength. Again I mount,
From cliff to cliff, from height to height ascend;
Glitters Castalia's Fount; I see, I touch it!
That rift once more I reach, the oracular seat,
Whose arching rocks half meet in air suspense;
'Twixt them is one blue streak of heaven; hard by
Dim temples hallowed in the stone, for rites
Mysterious shaped, or mansions of the dead:
Released, I turn, and see, far, far below,
A vale so rich in floral garniture,
And perfume from the orange and the sea,
So girt with white peaks flashing from sky chasms,
So lighted with the vast blue dome of heaven,
So lulled with music from the winds and waves,
The guest of Phœbus claps his hands and shouts,
"There is but one such spot; from heaven Apollo
Beheld; and chose it for his earthly shrine!"

Aubrey de Vere.

DELPHI.

Beneath the vintage moon's uncertain light,
And some faint star that pierced the flim of cloud,
Stood those Parnassian peaks before my sight,
Whose fame throughout the ancient world was loud.

Still could I dimly trace the terraced lines
Diverging from the cliffs on either side;
A theatre whose steps were filled with shrines
And rich devices of Hellenic pride;
Though brightest daylight would have lit in vain
The place whence gods and worshippers had fled;
Only, and they too tenantless, remain
The hallowed chambers of the pious dead.
Yet those wise architects an ample part
To Nature gave in their religious shows,
And thus, amid the sepultures of art,
Still rise the Rocks and still the Fountain flows.
Desolate Delphi! pure Castalian spring!
Hear me avow that I am not as they,
Who deem that all about you ministering
Were base impostors, and mankind their prey:
That the high names they seemed to love and laud
Were but the tools their paltry trade to ply;
This pomp of Faith a mere gigantic fraud,
The apparatus of a mighty lie!
Let those that will believe it; I, for one,
Cannot thus read the history of my kind;
Remembering all this little Greece has done
To raise the universal human mind:
I know that hierarchs of that wondrous race,
By their own faith alone, could keep alive
Mysterious rites and sanctity of place,—
Believing in whate'er they might contrive.

It may be that these influences, combined
 With such rare nature as the priestess bore,
 Brought to the surface of her stormy mind
 Distracted fragments of prophetic lore;

For, howsoe'er to mortals' probing view
 Creation is revealed, yet must we pause,
 Weak to dissect the futile from the true,
 Where'er imagination spreads her laws.

So now that dimmer grows the watery light,
 And things each moment more fantastic seem,
 I fain would seek if still the gods have might
 Over the undissembling world of dream:

I ask not that for me aside be cast
 The solemn veil that hides what is decreed;
 I crave the resurrection of the past,
 That I may know what Delphi was indeed!

Lord Houghton.

IOLCHOS, THESSALY.

THE BUILDING OF THE ARGO.

When Argos' sons, the golden fleece to gain
 That hung in Colchis, dared the briny main
 In a swift vessel, and the azure sea
 Cleaving with oars, urged on their rapid way,
 Then the tall pines that grew on Pelion's steep
 First learned to float along the watery deep,
 Far as where Phasis rolls its copious waves,

And the wide realms of old Æétes laves:
 The inventive Goddess, whose imperial throne
 From the proud citadel o'erlooks the town,
 First bade the ship each varying blast obey,
 And curved to floating hulks the obedient tree;
 Fair Amphitrite's crystal bosom taught
 To bear the work her magic hands had wrought;
 Scarce its swift prow through the cleaved ocean flew;
 And, vexed with oars, the billows whiter grew;
 Then rose the Nereids from the foamy tide,
 To see this wonder o'er their dwellings ride:
 Daily the enormous structure they beheld,
 To mortal eyes their naked frames revealed;
 And full to view, emerging from the flood,
 Their swelling breasts and shapes half-human stood.

Catullus. (Tr. F. Nott.)

IOLCHOS.

THE SAILING OF THE ARGO.

By Juno, kindled in the heroes' breast,
 For the ship Argo, a sweet longing rose;
 That with his mother none at home would rest,
 Ripening unperilled days but rather chose,
 E'en unto death, amid his peers, to find
 The cure most beautiful for noble mind.

But when the flower of mariners
 To Iolchos was gone down,
 Jason, with praises on them all,
 There numbered every one.

Next did the soothsayer for him,
Mopsus, his aid afford,
With holy lots and auguries,
To put the band aboard.

And soon as by the vessel's bow,
The anchor was hung up;
Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands, a golden cup;
And on great Father Jove did call;
And on the winds, and waters all,
Swept by the hurrying blast;
And on the nights, and ocean ways;
And on the fair auspicious days,
And loved return at last.
From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came;
And shook in glistening beams around
Burst out the lightning-flame.
The chiefs breathed free; and at the sign,
Trusted in the power divine.
Hinting sweet hopes, the seer cried,
Forthwith their oars to ply;
And swift went backward from rough hands,
The rowing ceaselessly.

Conducted by the breezy south,
They reached the stormy Axine's mouth;
There a shrine for Neptune reared;
Of Thracian bulls, a crimson herd
Was ready; and heaven-founded stone,
Wide-spread, to lay the altar on.
Peril deep before them lay;

And to the Lord of ships they pray,
 Amidst their ever-raging shocks,
 To 'scape the justle of fierce rocks.
 For twain there were, alive, that whirled
 Swifter than bellowing winds are hurled.
 But now to them, that voyage blest
 Brought their final day of rest.

After the band of heroes bright
 Had glided into Phasis' flood;
 With dusk-faced Colchians, mingling might,
 Before Æetes' self they stood.

The first the Cyprian Queen,
 Mistress of weapons keen,
 Her maddening bird from earth to mortals bore;

To the four-spoked round,
 Indissolubly bound,
 Iynx, with motley plumage speckled o'er:
 And whispered into Jason's ear
 Soft prayers and fond enchantments dear,
 Of power Medea to disarm
 Of daughter's shame; and work a charm
 That should for Greece her bosom fire,
 Dizzied with scourge of strange desire.

Pindar. (Tr. H. F. Cary.)

IONIAN ISLANDS.

Thou pleasant island, whose rich garden-shores
 Have had a long-lived fame of loveliness,
 Recorded in the historic song, that framed
 The unknown poet of an unknown time,

Illustrating his native Ithaca,
And all her bright society of isles,—
Most pleasant land! To us, who journeying come
From the far west, and fall upon thy charms,
Our earliest welcome to Ionian seas,
Thou art a wonder and a deep delight,
Thy usual habitants can never know.
Thou art a portal, whence the Orient,
The long-desired, long-dreamt-of Orient,
Opens upon us, with its stranger forms,
Outlines immense and gleaming distances,
And all the circumstance of fairyland.
Not only with a present happiness,
But taking from anticipated joys
An added sense of actual bliss, we stand
Upon thy cliffs, or tread the slopes that leave
No interval of shingle, rock, or sand,
Between their verdure and the ocean's brow,—
Whose olive groves (unlike the darkling growth,
That earns on western shores the traveller's scorn)
Can wear the gray that on their foliage lies,
As but the natural hoar of lengthened days.—
Making, with their thick-bossed and fissured trunks,
Bases far-spread and branches serpentine,
Sylvan cathedrals, such as in old times
Gave the first life to Gothic art, and led
Imagination so sublime a way.
Then forth advancing, to our novice eyes
How beautiful appears the concourse clad
In that which, of all garbs, may best befit
The grace and dignity of manly form:

The bright red open vest, falling upon
The white thick-folded kirtle, and low cap
Above the high-born brow.

Nor less than these,
With earnest joy, and not injurious pride,
We recognize of Britain and her force
The wonted ensigns and far-known array;
And feel how now the everlasting sea,
Leaving his old and once imperious spouse,
To faint, in all the beauty of her tears,
On the dank footsteps of a mouldering throne,
Has taken to himself another mate,
Whom his uxorious passion has endowed,
Not only with her ancient properties,
But with all other gifts and privilege,
Within the circle of his regal hand.
Now forward,—forward on a beaming path,
But be each step as fair as hope has feigned it,
For me, the memory of the little while,
That here I rested happily, within
The close-drawn pale of English sympathies,
Will bear the fruit of many an afterthought,
Bright in the dubious track of after years.

Lord Houghton.

IOS (NIO), THE ISLAND.

THE GRAVE OF HOMER.

The visionary dream of life is o'er;
The bard of heroes sleeps on Ios' shore:
Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,

And wake the funeral dirge or solemn lay.
 O'er his pale lifeless corse and drooping head
 Ambrosial sweets the weeping nereids shed,
 And on the shore their sleeping poet laid,
 Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
 Nor undeserved their care,—his tuneful tongue
 Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung;
 His strains Laetres' son in triumph bore,
 Through woes unnumbered, to his native shore.
 Blest isle of Ios! On thy rocky steeps
 The Star of Song—the Grace of Graces—sleeps.

Alcæus of Messene. (Tr. W. Haygrath.)

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among the fettered race.
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush,—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah, no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain,—in vain: strike other chords:

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave,—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates,—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!

O that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade,—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,—
Dash down your cup of Samian wine!

Lord Byron.

TOWN AND HARBOR OF ITHACA.

By another light surrounded
Than our actual sky:
With the purple ocean bounded
Does the island lie

Like a dream of the old world.
Bare the rugged heights ascending
Bring to mind the past,
When, the weary voyage ending,
Was the anchor cast,

And the stranger sails were furled
Beside the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

Still does Fancy see the palace
With its carved gates;
Where the suitors drained the chalice,
Mocking at the Fates.

Stern and dark and veiled are they,
Still their silent thread intwining
Of our wretched life;
With their cold, pale hands combining
Hate and fear and strife.

Hovers the avenging day
O'er the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

Grant my fancy pardon
If amid these trees
Still it sees the garden

Of old Laertes,

Where he met his glorious son.

The apple boughs were drooping
Beneath their rosy fruit,

And the rich brown pears were stooping
To the old man at their foot,

While his daily task was done

In the glorious island

Where Ulysses was the king.

'T is a vain and cold invention,

'T is the spirit's wrong,

Which to some small mind's pretension
Would subdue that song,

Shrined in manhood's general heart,
One almighty mind, one only,

Could such strain have sung;

Ever be the laurel lonely

Where such lyre is hung.

Be the world a thing apart

Of the glorious island

Where Ulysses was the king.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

LEPANTO.

ON A GROTTO AND WARM SPRING AT THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF LEPANTO.

Within this grot did Amphitrite,

Willing a beauteous shore to bless,

Expose the full unshaded light

Of all her ocean-queenliness.

Into the rock the vital glow
Past out from her translucid form,
And thus the springs that hither flow
Are made forever summer-warm.

Alas! the name of her who wrought
This work, and all her glorious train,
Have faded far from common thought,
And never will be there again.

But thou,—who in these tempered waves
Delightest thy dust-severed brow,—
For thee the past has no such graves,
Where poets worshipped, worship thou.

Lord Houghton.

LEUCADIA.

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;
And onward viewed the mount, nor yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which earth's children may aspire.

'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar:
A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave:

Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
 Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;
 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight.
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.

But when he saw the evening star above
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
 And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
 He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow;
 And as the stately vessel glided slow
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
 He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
 More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

Lord Byron.

LEUCATÉ.

Thou seest yonder snowy promontory
 Jutting out o'er the sea. That is the rock
 Of Leucaté. From it Deucalion,
 To cure himself of love for matchless Pyrrha;
 Phobus, Phocension of the house of Codrus,
 And Cephalus, the son of Dyonesus,
 And sad rejected lover of Ptaola,
 To heal love's wounds, headlong impetuous leaped.

Estella Delmonte Lewis.

LEPANTO.

THE SONG OF LEPANTO.

Lo! the Paynim's pride is broken,
Torn and shattered, wings and van,
Where we closed, with fiery gun-decks,
Plank to plank, and man to man.

Where is now vain Uluc-Ali?
Fled to sea in shame and fear:
And the Pasha's head, grim ensign,
Frowns on Spain's avenging spear.

Slaves are free, who toiled in galleys:—
. Pitying God, thy grace alone
Saved them by the threefold succors
In the bond of truth made one.

Victory! let the shout in thunder
Roll afar to seas and sky;
Memory waft it on, and Glory
Wake her trump with “Victory.”

Glory waits on thy returning,
John of Austria, to the sound
Of the cannon's voice, and clarions,
Heard these sea-girt isles around,

Where all fiery red with slaughter
Breaks the bubbling foam and spray;
Smouldering spars and turbans floating
 Crowd each cove and inland bay.

Victory speak each blazing beacon,
 Victory speak each booming gun !
 Victory speak each rock and headland
 By the Christian victors won !

Victory ! let the shout in thunder
 Roll afar to seas and sky ;
 Memory waft it on, and Glory
 Wake her trump with "Victory."

Luis de Góngora. (Tr. E. Churton.)

MARATHON.

Miltiades, thy victories
 Must every Persian own,
 And hallowed by thy prowess lies
 The field of Marathon.

From the Greek. (Tr. Anon.)

MARATHON.

EUCLES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.

He cometh from the purple hills,
 Where the fight has been to-day ;
 He bears the standard on his hand,—
 Shout round the victor's way.
 The sunset of a battle won
 Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,
 And fling them on his path ;
 Take from her braided hair

The flowers the maiden hath,
A welcome to the welcome one
Who hastens now from Marathon.

They crowd around his steps,
Rejoicing young and old;
The laurel branch he bears,
His glorious tale hath told,
The Persian's hour of pride is done,
Victory is on Marathon.

She cometh with brightened cheek;
She who all day hath wept
The wife and mother's tears
Where her youngest infant slept;
The heart is in her eyes alone,
What careth she for Marathon!

But down on his threshold, down!
Sinks the warrior's failing breath,
The tale of that mighty field
Is left to be told by Death.
'T is a common tale,—the victor's sun
Sets in tears and blood o'er Marathon.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

"FROM MARATHON."

Just these two words beneath a little spray
Still freshly green, and tipped with brilliant red;
What wonder should they snatch my faith away?
Such noble birth! can it be credited?
Ay! this has sprung from Glory's very heart,

Who gave it to me plucked it from the mound;
I see and press what somehow had its part
With those who made the spot immortal ground.
No stony relic; daily breath it drew
In airs that blew two thousand years ago;
Over the deathless hundred ninety-two,
The green of victory budded into glow.
'T is a rich life drop that I look upon,
The ruddy fruit of blood-sown Marathon.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

MELOS (MILO), THE ISLAND.

TO THE VENUS OF MELOS.

O Goddess of that Grecian isle
Whose shores the blue Ægean laves,
Whose cliffs repeat with answering smile
Their features in its sun-kissed waves,—

An exile from thy native place,
We view thee in a northern clime,
Yet mark on thy majestic face
A glory still undimmed by time.

Through those calm lips, proud Goddess, speak!
Portray to us thy gorgeous fane,
Where Melian suitors thronged to seek
Thine aid, love's paradise to gain;

Where, oft as in the saffron east
Day's jewelled gates were open flung,
With stately pomp the attendant priest
Drew back the veil before thee hung;

And as the daring kiss of morn,
Empurpling, made thy charms more fair,
Sweet strains, from unseen minstrels born,
Awoke from dreams the perfumed air.

Vouchsafe at least our minds to free
From doubts pertaining to thy charms;
The meaning of thy bended knee,
The secret of thy vanished arms!

Wast thou in truth conjoined with Mars?
Did thy fair hands his shield embrace,
The surface of whose golden bars
Grew lovely from thy mirrored face?

Or was it some bright scroll of fame
Thus poised on thine extended knee,
Upon which thou didst trace the name
Of that fierce god so dear to thee?

Whate'er thou hadst, no mere delight
Was thine, the glittering prize to hold;
Not thine the form which met thy sight
Relying from the burnished gold!

Unmindful what thy hands retained,
Thy gaze was fixed beyond, above;
Some dearer object held unchained
The goddess of immortal love!

We mark the motion of thine eyes
And smile,—for heldst thou shield or scroll,
A tender love-glance we surprise
Which tells the secret of thy soul!

J. L. Stoddard.

MISSOLONGHI.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, JANUARY 22, 1824.

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 't is not thus,—and 't is not here,—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece,—she is awake!)

Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,

Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?

The land of honorable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—

A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Lord Byron.

MISSOLONGHI.

LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

Just at the point
Of facing death in fronting Moslem steel,
Lo! in the fever's silent strife he sank!
Out of the valorous yet chaotic Greeks
His skill and nerve had gathered ordered ranks.
May not the chaos of his passions first
Have heard "light" summoned, and have felt its dawn?

May not the liberty of God's own truth
Have struck some shackles of his bondage off
While he was seeking to make others free?
Amid the blackness we must see and shun
Gleams out a light wherein is read the hint
Of the surpassing glory sin eclipsed
Who knows what age or illness might have wrought;
Those two reformers of an evil life,
That have of vilest sinners moulded saints?
Be it not ours to cover vice of his,
But to remember we have seen his worst,
Which most men hide as niggards do their hoard.

While thought drinks in the purest tones he struck,
All her nerves tremble with bewildered joy:
Round some creations such a splendor burns,
He seems himself the very lyric god,
Encircling whom great passions of the soul
With linked hands, like maids of Helicon,
Accord his power in faultless harmonies.
Greece lives forever in his splendid verse,
Which, should her relics utter ruins lie,
Could bound her glory with immortal lines.
Fitting that he who loved and sang of her
Should breathe his life out on her lovely shore!
Wave-beaten Missolonghi, it is thou
That hold'st the parting secrets of that soul
Not walled, like thee, with strength, but like thyself
Beaten forever by the mighty sea!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

ARIADNE AT NAXOS.

High upon the hill of Drios,
As the day began to waken,
All alone sat Ariadne,
Watching, weary, and forsaken :
With her dark dishevelled tresses
Dank with dewdrops of the night,
And her face all wan and haggard,
Still she waited on the height :
Watching, praying that the morning
Might reveal her love returning,
Swiftly o'er the quivering water ;
To the lonely isle returning,
And the king's deserted daughter.

From her couch of orient forests,
From the chamber of her rest,
Came, with queenly step, the Morning,
Journeying onward to the west :
And the glory of her presence
Tinged the sea and filled the air,
Smote the lofty Hill of Drios,
And the lonely watcher there ;
Yet no bark across the water
Came to lighten her despair.
But with sighing of the pine-trees,
By the low wind gently shaken,
All day long in mournful snatches
Rose the plaint of Ariadne,
Watching, weary, and forsaken.

“In vain! in vain! The seventh bright day
Is breaking o'er yon eastern land,
That mid the light, a long dark band,
Lies dim and shadowy far away;
And still from morn till eve I've scanned
That weary sea from strand to strand,
To mark his sail against the spray.
In vain! in vain! the morning ray
Shows not his bark mid all the seas,
Though I may trace from where I stand
All the flowery Cyclades.

“Seven days! But O, how tardily
Those lonely hours have crept away!
And yet it seems but yesterday
That, sailing o'er the Cretan Sea,
I watched the melting shadows gray,
And hailed the dawn as emblem gay
Of all the rapture yet to be,
When I with him should wander free,
Through fair Ilissus' bowers of green.
But now my love has gone for aye,
And I am left alone alway,
To brood o'er all that might have been!

“O, had I to the shadows passed,
Before the dark-eyed stranger came
To light with love the fatal flame
That aye will burn within my breast!
The maids of Crete had named my name,
Nor thought of love, nor yet of shame,

But of a sister pure and chaste,
In death's cold arms untimely pressed,
And all from joy and sorrow reft:

He might have lived his life of fame,
And I had ne'er been loved and left.

"Or had the North Wind woke from sleep,
As with our dark sails all outspread,
Across the southern wave we fled,—
Down in the great sea's twilight deep,
Some silent grot had been our bed,
Where many a long-haired Nereid,
With ocean-flowers all garlanded,
Had knelt by our low couch to weep:
But softly o'er the brine the breeze did creep,
Bearing us all too gently on our way;
While I of strong Poseidon prayed
To guard the life I mourn to-day!

"Ye memories of days gone by
Ere clouds of woe began to lower,
When life stretched all so bright before,
And love was warm and hope was high;
Of moonlight nights beside the shore,
When by the infinite heaven he swore,
And every star that gemmed it o'er,
That love like his could never die:
Unbidden guests of mine adversity!
Dead hopes and haunting memories of the past,
That cling about my heart forevermore,
O, to forget you all, and die and be at rest!

“For rest alone awaiteth me
Beyond death’s portal dark and grim,
Where Nature whispers that I soon shall be;
For robes of rest I cannot see
Seem folding round each languid limb;
My weary eyes are waxing dim,
Scarce may I hear the evening hymn
The birds are chanting joyously:—
But O, for one more glimpse of thee,
Theseus! before mine eyelids sink for aye.—
Or of thy sail beneath the westering day,
O’er the horizon’s utmost rim,
Looming far away!”

Darkness o’er land and sea resumed her sway;
The fair moon rose, dispensing silvery light;
And softly fell the tears of mother Night
O’er the outworned watcher where she lay,
Till in the Orient dawned again the Day,
And all for joy o’er his triumphant birth
Arose the hymnéd praises of the Earth:
The River murmured, rolling on his way;
The wind-swept forest sighed, and carols gay
The wild bird lilted from the dewy brake,—
But Ariadne sleeps, and nevermore shall wake!

Thomas Davidson.

OLYMPIA.

NEWS FROM OLYMPIA.

Olympia? Yes, strange tidings from the city
Which pious mortals builded, stone by stone,
For those old gods of Hellas, half in pity
Of their storm-mantled height and dwelling lone
Their seat upon the mountain overhanging
Where Zeus withdrew behind the rolling cloud,
Where crowned Apollo sang, the phorminx twanging,
And at Poseidon's word the forests bowed.

Ay, but that fated day
When from the plain Olympia passed away;
When ceased the oracles, and long unwept
Amid their fanes the gods deserted fell,
While sacerdotal ages, as they slept,
The ruin covered well!

The pale Jew flung his cross, thus one has written,
Among them as they sat at the high feast,
And saw the gods, before that token smitten,
Fade slowly, while His presence still increased,
Until the seas Ionian and Ægæan
Gave out a cry that Pan himself was dead,
And all was still: thenceforth no more the pæan,
No more by men the prayer to Zeus was said.

Sank, like a falling star,
Hephaistos in the Lemnian waters far;
The silvery Huntress fled the darkened sky;

Dim grew Athene's helm, Apollo's crown;
 Alpheios' nymphs stood wan and trembling by
 When Hera's fane went down.

News! what news? Has it in truth then ended,
 The term appointed for that wondrous sleep?
 Has Earth so well her fairest brood defended
 Within her bosom? Was their slumber deep
 Not this our dreamless rest that knows no waking,
 But that to which the years are as a day?
 What? are they coming back, their prison breaking,—
 These gods of Homer's chant, of Pindar's lay?

Are they coming back in might,
 Olympia's gods, to claim their ancient right?
 Shall then the sacred majesty of old,
 The grace that holy was, the noble rage,
 Temper our strife, abate our greed for gold,
 Make fine the modern age?

Yes, they are coming back, to light returning!
 Bold are the hearts and void of fear the hands
 That toil, the lords of War and Spoil unurning,
 Or of their sisters fair that break the bands;
 That loose the sovran mistress of desire,
 Queen Aphrodite, to possess the earth
 Once more; that dare renew dread Hera's ire,
 And rouse old Pan to wantonness of mirth.

The Herald Niké, first,
 From the dim resting-place unfettered burst,
 Winged victor over fate and time and death!

Zeus follows next, and all his children then;
 Phoibos awakes and draws a joyous breath,
 And Love returns to men.

Ah, let them come, the glorious Immortals,
 Rulers no more, but with mankind to dwell,
 The dear companions of our hearts and portals,
 Voiceless, unworshipped, yet beloved right well!
 Pallas shall sit enthroned in wisdom's station,
 Eros and Psyche be forever wed,
 And still the primal loveliest creation
 Yield new delight from ancient beauty bred.

Triumphant as of old,
 Changeless while Art and Song their warrant hold,
 The visions of our childhood haunt us still,
 Still Hellas sways us with her charm supreme.
 The morn is past, but Man has not the will
 To banish yet the dream.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

PIRÆUS (PORTO LEONE).

ON THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
 Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
 By this directed, to thy native shore
 The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
 And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
 Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

Plato, the Comic Poet. (Tr. R. Cumberland.)

PLATÆA (LAPSI).

THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA.

And there they sleep!—the men who stood
In arms before the exulting sun,
And bathed their spears in Persian blood,
And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

They sleep!—the Olympic wreaths are dead,
The Athenian lyres are hushed and gone;
The Dorian voice of song is fled,—
Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on!

They sleep, and seems not all around
As hallowed unto glory's tomb?
Silence is on the battle-ground,
The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

And stars are watching on their height,
But dimly seen through mist and cloud,
And still and solemn is the light
Which folds the plain, as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen! here thy beams
Are not as those the shepherd loves,
Nor look they down on shining streams,
By Naiads haunted, in their laurel groves:

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,
In shadowy quiet, midst its vines;
No temple gleaming from the steep,
Midst the gray olives or the mountain-pines:

But o'er a dim and boundless waste
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb lamp's, brood,
Where man's departed steps are traced
But by his dust, amid the solitude.

And be it thus! What slave shall tread
O'er freedom's ancient battle-plains?
Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,
When their bright land sits weeping o'er her chains:

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,
And where the Spartan sword flashed high,
And where the Pæan strains were sung,
From year to year swelled on by liberty!

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,
Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word,
Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven!

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave!
No vines festoon your lonely tree!
No harvest o'er your war-fields wave,
Till rushing winds proclaim,—the land is free!

Felicia Hemans.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;

He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered,—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurra,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,
Come to the mother’s, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born’s breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption’s ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;

Come when the heart breaks high and warm,
With banquet song and dance and wine,—
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh,
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,—
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

SALAMIS (KOLOURI), THE ISLAND.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

Some evil god, or an avenging spirit,
Began the fray. From the Athenian fleet
There came a Greek, and thus thy son bespoke:
"Soon as the gloom of night shall fall, the Greeks
No more will wait, but, rushing to their oars,
Each man will seek his safety where he may
By secret flight." This Xerxes heard, but knew not
The guile of Greece, nor yet the jealous gods,
And to his captains straightway gave command
That, when the sun withdrew his burning beams,
And darkness filled the temple of the sky,
In triple lines their ships they should dispose,
Each wave-plashed outlet guarding, fencing round
The isle of Ajax surely. Should the Greeks
Deceive this guard, or with their ships escape
In secret flight, each captain with his head
Should pay for his remissness. These commands
With lofty heart, thy son gave forth, nor thought
What harm the gods were weaving. They obeyed.
Each man prepared his supper, and the sailors
Bound the blithe oar to its familiar block.
Then, when the sun his shining glory paled,
And night swooped down, each master of the oar,
Each marshaller of arms, embarked; and then
Line called on line to take its ordered place.
All night they cruised, and with a moving belt
Prisoned the frith, till day 'gan peep, and still
No stealthy Greek the expected flight essayed.

But when at length the snowy-steeded day
Burst o'er the main, all beautiful to see,
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout uprose,
Well omened, and, with replication loud,
Leaped the blithe echo from the rocky shore.
Fear seized the Persian host, no longer tricked
By vain opinion; not like wavering flight
Billowed the solemn pæan of the Greeks,
But like the shout of men to battle urging,
With lusty cheer. Then the fierce trumpet's voice
Blazed o'er the main; and on the salt sea flood
Forthwith the oars with measured splash descended,
And all their lines, with dextrous speed displayed,
Stood with opposing front. The right wing first,
Then the whole fleet, bore down, and straight uprose
A mighty shout: "Sons of the Greeks, advance!
Your country free, your children free, your wives!
The altars of your native gods deliver,
And your ancestral tombs,—all's now at stake!"
A like salute from our whole line back rolled
In Persian speech. Nor more delay, but straight
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak,
Dashed furious. A Greek ship led on the attack,
And from the prow of a Phœnician struck
The figure-head; and now the grapple closed
Of each ship with his adverse desperate.
At first the main line of the Persian fleet
Stood the harsh shock; but soon their multitude
Became their ruin: in the narrow frith
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,

And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn.
And the rough rocks, with dead: till, in the end,
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.
As men that fish for tunnies, so the Greeks,
With broken booms, and fragments of the wreck,
Struck our snared men, and hacked them, that the sea
With wail and moaning was possessed around,
Till black-eyed Night shot darkness o'er the fray.
These ills thou hearest: to rehearse the whole,
Ten days were few; but this, my queen, believe,
No day yet shone on earth whose brightness looked
On such a tale of death.

Æschylus. (Tr. J. S. Blackie.)

SPARTA.

O'er all two rival cities reared their brow,
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft rising hills,
The patient Sparta one; the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a tempered state;
Where mixed each government, in such just poise;

Each power so checking, and supporting each;
That firm for ages, and unmoved, it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drained the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Loved not the soil; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confined, and pressed into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same.
The children of the nursing public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toiled,
For that they lived entire, and even for that
The tender mother urged her son to die.

James Thomson.

SUNIUM (COLONNA), THE CAPE.

SUNIUM.

High o'er the billows Sunium glances now,
An airy temple gleaming on its brow.
Fair mount! the first, the last to greet the eyes
Of those who sail beneath blue Attic skies,
How many a banished Greek, in ancient days,
Hath viewed yon rocks with sadly wistful gaze!
There Simon looked in silence: o'er these seas

Heaved many a sigh the wronged Themistocles;
 And he whom gold ne'er tempted, fear ne'er moved,
 Exiled by foes he saved, by friends he loved,
 Prayed for the land fast fading from his view,
 Gazed, while his veteran soul all weakness grew,
 Called on the gods,—ah! not to curse, but bless,
 Till blinding tears relieved his heart's distress.

What though no more on Sunium's sacred steep
 Altars shall blaze, and light the midnight deep,
 Or hymns resound at morning's opening smile,
 Answered by songs from neighboring cape and isle,
 While clouds of incense floating through the calm,
 Sweeten the sea, and fill all heaven with balm;
 Those snow-white columns ages still shall brave,
 Charm seamen's eyes, and gleam across the wave,
 Dead Art's sweet spirit watching on that shore
 Which glory owns and gods protect no more.

Nicholas Michell.

TANAGRA.

CORINNA TO TANAGRA.

Tanagra! think not I forget
 Thy beautifully storied streets;
 Be sure my memory bathes yet
 In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
 The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
 Whose sunny bosom swells with joy,
 When we accept his matted rushes
 Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

I promise to bring back with me
 What thou with transport wilt receive,
 The only proper gift for thee,
 Of which no mortal shall bereave
 In later times thy mouldering walls,
 Until the last old turret falls ;
 A crown, a crown from Athens won,
 A crown no God can wear, besides Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
 To their own child the honors due,
 And look urgently on the Muse ;
 But ever shall those cities rue
 The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
 Offering no nourishment, no rest,
 To that young head which soon shall rise
 Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where caverned Dirce flows
 Do white-armed maidens chant my lay,
 Flapping the while with laurel-rose
 The honey-gathering tribes away ;
 And sweetly, sweetly, Attic tongues
 Lisp your Corinna's early songs ;
 To her with feet more graceful come
 The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O, let thy children lean aslant
 Against the tender mother's knee,
 And gaze into her face, and want
 To know what magic there can be

In words that urge some eyes to dance,
 While others as in holy trance
 Look up to heaven; be such my praise!
 Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

Walter Savage Landor.

TEMPE.

Lapped in Thessalia's forest-mantled hills
 Lies the fair vale of Tempe: down the gorge,
 O'ercanopied with groves, old Peneus rolls
 From Pindus' foot his waters to the sea,
 Wreathing the woods with mist of silvery spray,
 And resonant, through many a league around,
 With many a fall. There, in the caverned rock
 That makes his palace-home, the River-God
 Sits sovereign o'er the stream that bears his name
 And all its haunting nymphs. And thither throng
 The brother-powers of all the neighbor-floods,
 Doubtful or to congratulate or condole
 The parent's hap: Spercheüs, poplar-crowned,—
 Enipeus turbulent, Apidonus
 Hoary with age, and smooth Amphrysus came,
 And Æas, and the rest, that lead their waves,
 Weary with many wanderings, to the sea.

Ovid. (Tr. H. King.)

TEMPE, THE VALE, THESSALY.

TEMPE.

From Tempe's vale next ancient Peneus came,
That fertile vale immortalized in fame!
Where Messos' blue-eyed nymphs delight to rove,
Tempe o'erhung with many a circling grove!
The bay's aspiring and straight trunk he brought;
The uprooted beech, with stately branches fraught;
The plane, whose foliage spreads a trembling shade;
The cypress tall, that lifts to heaven its head;
And the fam'd tree, that wept, with sister love,
The youth destroyed by the red bolts of Jove,—
All these he amply wove around the throne,
And varying greens in the gay covert shone.

Catullus. (Tr. F. Nott.)

THERMOPYLÆ.

Who at Thermopylæ stood side by side,
And fought together and together died.
Under earth-barrows now are laid in rest,
Their chance thrice-glorious, and their fate thrice-blest:
No tears for them, but memory's loving gaze;
For them no pity, but proud hymns of praise.
Time shall not sweep this monument away,—
Time the destroyer; no, nor dank decay.
This not alone heroic ashes holds;
Greece's own glory this earth-shrine enfolds,—
Leonidas, the Spartan king; a name
Of boundless honor and eternal fame.

Simonides. (Tr. M. P. Fitz-Gerald.)

THESSALIA (THESSALY).

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

He made a lyre, and drew therefrom
Music so strange and rich,
That all men loved to hear,—and some
Muttered of fagots for a witch.

But King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well-pleased with being soothed,
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their firstborn brother as a god.

James Russell Lowell.

ZACYNTHUS (ZANTE).

To ZANTE.

Fair isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take !
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake !

How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombéd hopes!
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more,—no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! alas, that magical, sad sound
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please no more,
Thy memory no more! Accurséd ground
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
“Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!”

Edgar Allan Poe.

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